

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

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No. 6.

A FIVE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR COSMOPOLITAN CUP FOR NEW TYPE SAILING-VESSELS.

In his article in the September COSMOPOLITAN, written before the yacht-races, Sir Thomas Lipton, reviewing his several attempts to win the "America's" cup, called attention to the fact that the world had outgrown the kind of contest involved in sailing boats which, at their best, can serve no useful purpose. Sir Thomas said:

"If I should win the cup, I think I know what I would do. American yachtsmen would have to build a different kind of boat from either 'Shamrock' or 'Reliance' to bring it back again."

The Emperor of Germany, who combines a love of sport with a development of what is best—the original conception of sport—had already taken a similar stand. At the launching of the "Meteor," he gave as his reason for building a schooner-yacht that he wished to secure America's best design in a form of boat which would be useful in the affairs of actual navigation.

Undoubtedly the evolution of the cup-defenders has been forced into the lines adopted because of the original limitations placed upon the sport. Speed was the only factor laid down. Usefulness could cut no figure under the regulations. And so the Americans, being compelled to proceed upon the theory of speed alone, have developed the most perfect creation that the world has ever seen—a thing of almost inconceivable skill in designing, so wonderful is its spread of canvas over such a narrow margin of deck. All America feels a just pride in the designer and in the members of the club which has so successfully defended the cup against the world.

But there is no reason why, while the "America's" cup continues to be offered for speed with its accompanying lightness of construction, there should not be offered another which would have a regard for a development in the most modern phases of useful navigation.

It is to this end that THE COSMOPOLITAN offers

A FIVE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR CUP AS AN INTERNATIONAL TROPHY

to be sailed for annually or biannually by the ships of all nations—under the direction of the New York Yacht Club, if the Club will accept the trust.

As four hundred feet is already a development of the seven-masted sailing-vessel, a length of three hundred and fifty feet water-line is fixed upon as the minimum of the size which promises most for commerce.

A FIVE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR COSMOPOLITAN CUP.

The main points of excellence required by such vessels have relation to three qualities:

First: CARRYING CAPACITY.

Second: ECONOMY OF EQUIPMENT.

Third: ECONOMY OF TIME OF VOYAGE.

Therefore, if we suppose the division of points to be made one hundred, we should have a relative importance somewhat in the following order; or, in such other order as the careful consideration which would be given by the club would decide upon as best.

The following would be the factors of the contest:

I. TO ECONOMY OF CREW would be assigned thirty points.

Every man under a maximum of thirty operating the ship, would entitle to two points.

II. TO MAXIMUM OF TONNAGE would be assigned thirty points.

Every increase of fifty tons above ——— tons would entitle to one point.

III. TO SPEED would be assigned forty points.

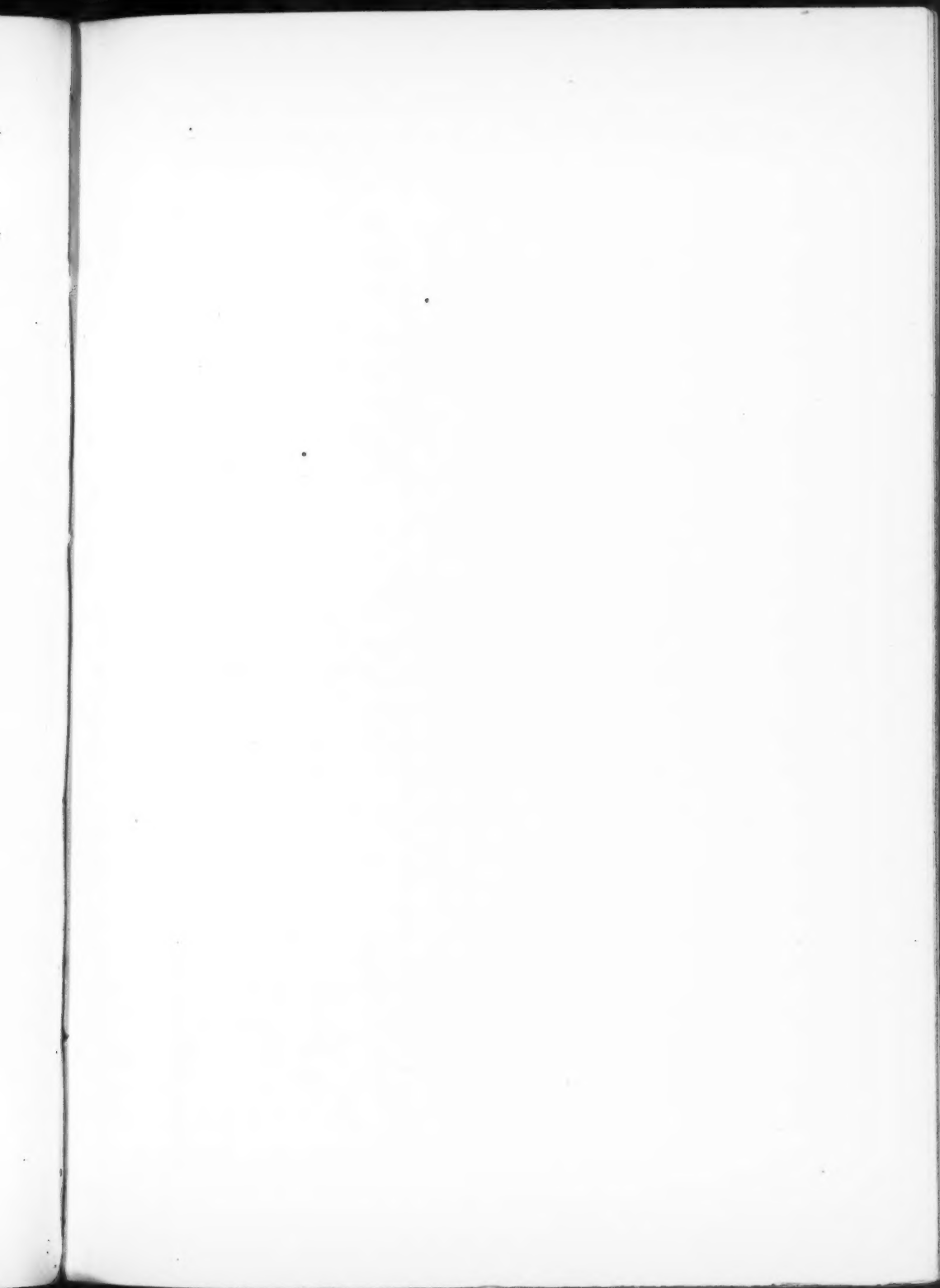
THE COSMOPOLITAN'S apology for assuming the part of offering a cup is found in the service which such a contest must render to the mercantile marine of the world. Undoubtedly, the Emperor William of Germany, who has the interests of his shipbuilders and the increase of German commerce closely at heart, would make an entry for the German people in such a contest. The King of Italy is a far-seeing young man and could be depended upon to have the Italian nation represented. The King of Spain and the Czar of Russia would have interests too important not to be represented. Prominent shipyards of Great Britain and the United States would have much to gain in coming out a victor.

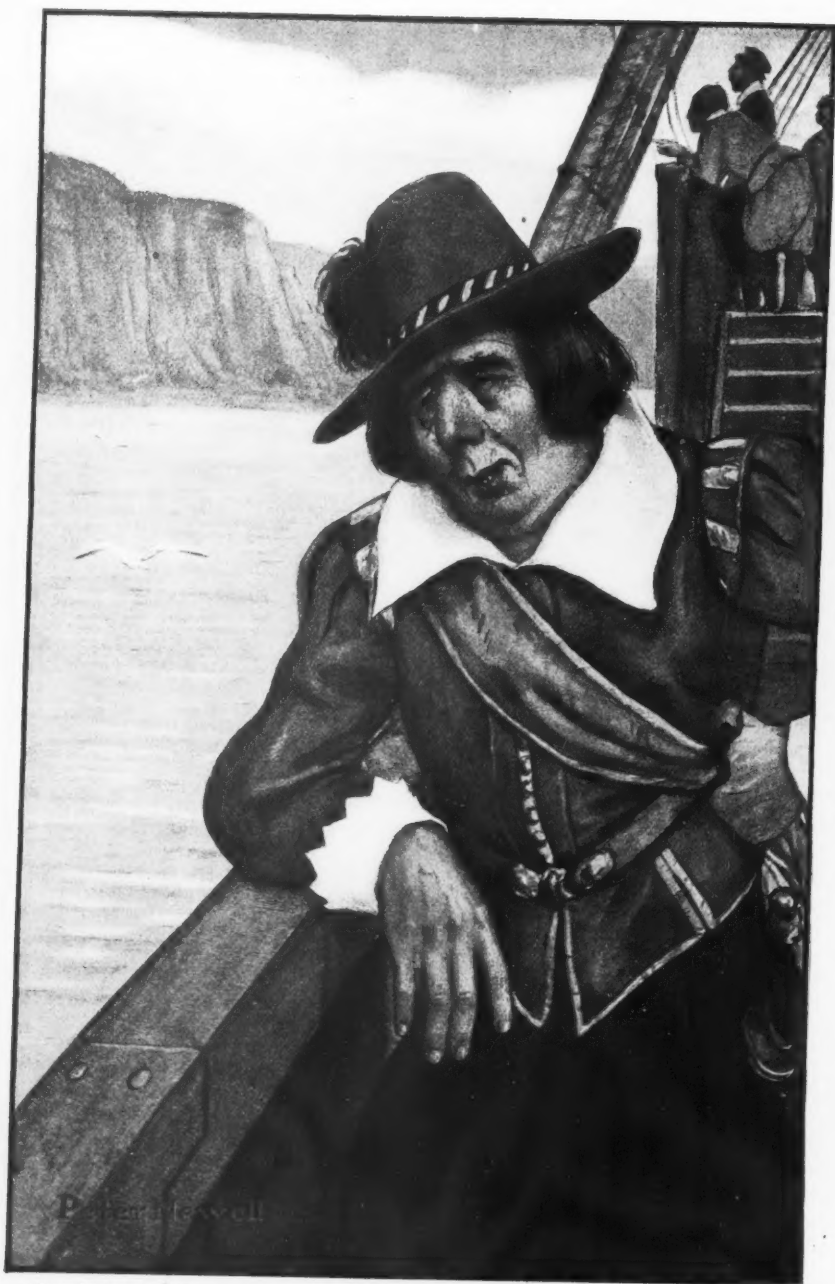
New York offers exceptional advantages for a meeting of this character: first, triangular race outside the Hook; then on the inland water through the Sound, presenting difficult problems of navigation; the final race to be across the ocean itself. Shipbuilders who have been consulted have welcomed the idea of a contest of this character.

THE RESULTS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED.

The relative importance of the factors of the race being carefully adjudged—the questions of speed, of carrying capacity, economy of handling and economy of voyage—it would be possible for free range to be given to the ideas of the designer. The length of water-line above the minimum, the width of hull, the tonnage above the minimum, the class of sails, all being left without trammel, would permit the greatest skill to be shown in producing a vessel of the highest type for mercantile purposes.

The building of a seven-masted schooner, four hundred feet in length, manned by a crew with a curiously small complement of seven, has attracted the attention of the world. A still more remarkable development has been the launching of a fourteen-masted "auxiliary" vessel in Scotland. These types show renewed mental activity in naval architecture and give some conception of the development which may be brought about if the attention of the best naval architects of the world is concentrated upon the sailing type.





Drawn by Peter Newell.

HUDSON BEFORE THE PALISADES.

(See page 608.)

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability : to every one according to his needs.

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From the painting by Chappel.
HUDSON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION FROM THE DUTCH EAST INDIA COMPANY.

HENRY HUDSON.

IN 1909 NEW YORK WILL CELEBRATE THE THREE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRIVAL OF HENRY HUDSON.

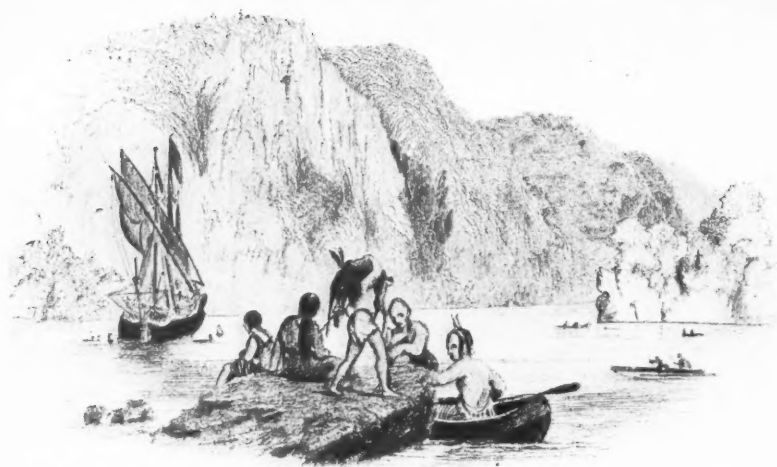
By THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

IF ever a compelling Fate set its grip upon a man and drove him to an accomplishment beside his purpose and outside his thought, it was when Henry Hudson—having headed his ship upon an ordered course northeastward—directly traversed his orders by fetching that compass to the southwestward, which ended by bringing him into what now is Hudson's River, and

which led on quickly to the founding of what now is New York.

Indeed, the late Thomas Aquinas, and the later Calvin, could have made out from the few known facts in the life of this navigator so pretty a case in favor of Predestination that the blessed St. Augustine and the worthy Arminius—supposing the four come together for a friendly dish of theological talk—would have had their work cut out for them to formulate a



From an old etching.

HUDSON NEAR THE PRESENT SITE OF WEST POINT.

countercase in favor of Free Will. It is a curious truth that every important move in Hudson's life of which we have record seems to have been a forced move: sometimes with a look of chance about it—as when the directors of the Dutch East India Company called him back and hastily renewed with him their suspended agreement that he should search for a passage to Cathay on a northeast course past Nova Zembla, and so sent him off on the voyage that brought the "Half Moon" into Hudson's River; sometimes with the fatalism very much in evidence—as when his own government seized him out of the Dutch service, and so put him in the way to go sailing to his death on that voyage through Hudson's Strait that ended in his mutineering crew casting him adrift to starve with cold and hunger in Hudson's Bay. And, being dead, the same inconsequent Fate that harried him while alive has preserved his name, and very nobly, by anchoring it fast to that river and strait and bay forever: and this notwithstanding the fact that all three of them were discovered by other navigators before his time.

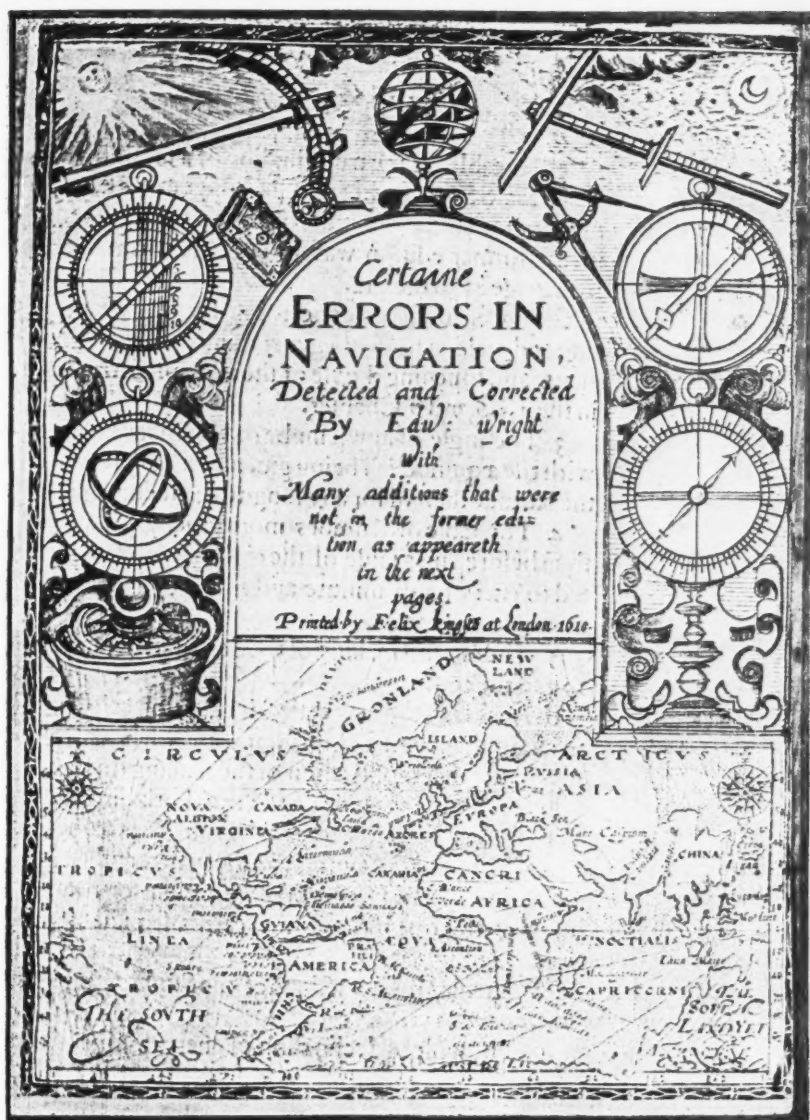
II.

Excepting only that of Columbus, the name of Hudson is the best known of all the names of explorers by land or sea. From Purchas's time onward it has headed

the list of Arctic discoverers; in every history of America it has a leading place; on every map of North America it thrice is written large; here in New York, which owes its founding to his exploring voyage, we repeat it—as we refer to the river, the county, the city, the street, the railroad, bearing it—a thousand times a day. And yet, in despite of this familiarity with his name, our certain knowledge of Hudson's life is limited to a period (April 19, 1607—June 22, 1611) of little over four years.

Of that period, during which he did the work that has made him famous, we have a partial record—much of it under his own hand—that certainly is authentic in its general outlines until it reaches the culminating tragedy. At the very last, where we most want the clear truth, we have only the one-sided account presented by his murderers; and murderers, being at odds with moral conventions generally, are not, as a rule, models of veracity. And so it has fallen out that what we know about the end of Hudson's life, save that it ended foully, is as uncertain as the facts of the earlier and larger part of his life are obscure.

An American investigator, the late Gen. John Meredith Read, has gone farthest in unearthing facts which enlighten this obscurity; but with no better result than to establish certain strong probabilities as to Hudson's ancestry and antecedents. By



A SEA HAND-BOOK OF HUDSON'S TIME.

General Read's showing, the Henry Hudson mentioned by Hakluyt as one of the charter members (February 6, 1555) of the Muscovy Company, possibly was our navigator's grandfather. He was a freeman of London, a member of the Skinners Company, and sometime an alderman. He died in De-

cember, 1555, according to Stowe, "of the late hote burning fevers, whereof died many olde persons, so that in London died seven Aldermen in the space of tenne monthes."

They gave that departed worthy a rousing funeral! Henry Machyn, who had charge of it, describes it in his delightful



APPARATUS FOR CORRECTING ERRORS OF THE COMPASS.

"Diary" in these terms: "The xx day of December was bered at Sant Donstones in the Est master Hare Herdson, altherman of London and Skynner, and on of the masters of the gray frere in London with men and xxiiij women in mantyl fresse [frieze?] gownes, a herse [catafalque] of wax and hong with blake; and there was my lord mare and the swordberer in blake, and dyvers oder althermen in blake, and the resedew of the althermen, atys berying; and all the masters, boyth althermen and odor, with ther gren staffes in ther hands, and all the chylders of the gray frersse, and iiij in blake gownes bayring iiij gret stayffes-torchys bornying, and then xxiiij men with torchys bornying; and the morrow iij masses songe; and after to ye plaspe to dener; and ther was ij goodly whyt branches, and mony prestes and clarkes syngying." Stowe adds that the dead alderman's widow, Barbara, caused to be set up in St. Dunstan's to his memory—and also to that of her second husband, Sir Richard Champion, and prospectively to her own—a monument in keeping with their worldly condition and with

the somewhat mixed facts of their triangular case. This was a "very faire Alabaster Tombe, richly and curiously gilded, and two ancient figures of Aldermen in scarlet kneeling, the one at the one end of the Tombe in a goodly arch, the other at the other end in like manner, and a comely figure of a lady between them, who was wife to them both."

The names have been preserved in legal records of three of the sons—Thomas, John and Edward—of this eminent Londoner: who flourished so greatly in life; who was given so handsome a send-off into eternity; and who, presumably, retains in that final state an undivided one-half interest in the lady whose comely figure was sculptured upon his tomb. General Read found record of a Henry Hudson, mentioned by Stowe as a citizen of London in the year 1558, who may also have been a son of the alderman; of a Captain Thomas Hudson, who was associated with the Muscovy Company in the years 1577-81; of a Thomas Hudson, who was the friend of Dr. John Dee, and who is mentioned in the famous "Diary" in connection with the Muscovy Company and northwestern exploration; of a Christopher Hudson, who was factor for the Muscovy Company at Moscow, in the year 1555, and who twenty years later, in London, was one of its governors.

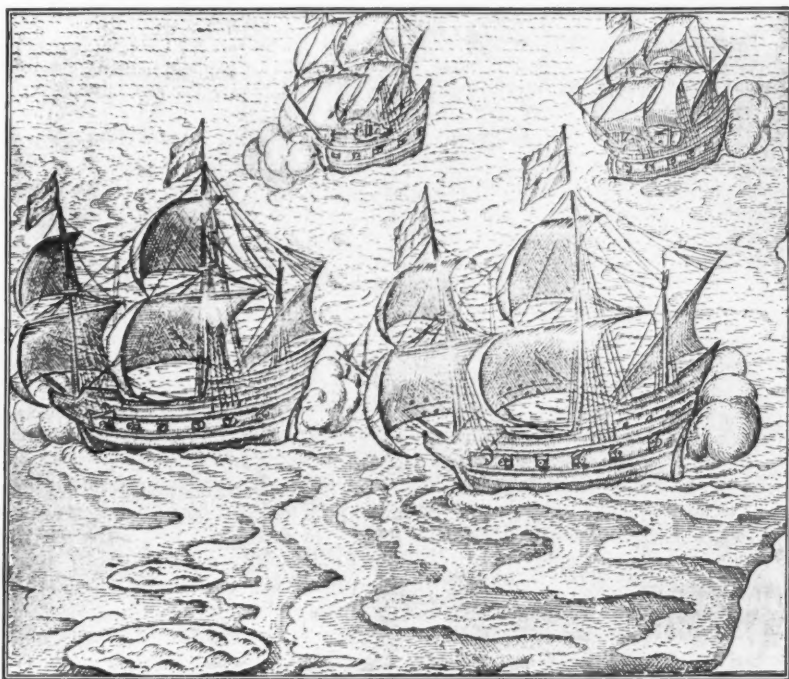
That is the net result of General Read's investigations. The facts for which he searched so diligently, and so longed to find, he did not find. In a foot-note he added: "The place and date of Hudson's birth will doubtless be accurately ascertained in the course of the examinations now being made in England under my directions. The result of these researches I hope to be able to present to the public at no distant day." That note was written nearly forty years ago, and its writer died long since with his hope unrealized.

But while General Read failed to accomplish his main purpose, he did, as I have said, more than any other investigator has done to throw light on Hudson's ancestry, and on his connection with the Muscovy Company in whose service he sailed. Our navigator may or may not have been a grandson of the alderman who cut so fine a figure in the city three centuries and a half ago; but beyond a reasonable doubt he was of the

family—so eminently distinguished in the annals of discovery—to which that alderman, one of the founders of the Muscovy Company, and Christopher Hudson, one of its later governors, and Captain Thomas Hudson, who sailed in its service, all belonged. And, being kinsman to such folk, the natural disposition to adventure was so strong within him that it led him on to accomplishments which have made him the most illustrious bearer of his name.

ton. Eighthly, John Pleyce. Ninthly, Thomas Baxter. Tenthly, Richard Day. Eleventhly, James Knight. Twelfthly, John Hudson, a boy."

With those words Purchas prefaced his account of what is known—because we have no record of earlier voyages—as Hudson's first voyage; and with those words our certain knowledge of Hudson's life begins. Purchas is a bothersome old body. He knew more, a great deal more, and he



DUTCH SHIPS OF HUDSON'S TIME.

III.

"Anno. 1607, April the nineteenth, at Saint Ethelburge, in Bishops Gate street, did communicate with the rest of the parishioners these persons, seamen, purposing to goe to sea foure days after, for to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China. First, Henry Hudson, master. Secondly, William Colines, his mate. Thirdly, James Young. Fourthly, John Colman. Fifthly, John Cooke. Sixthly, James Beubery. Seventhly, James Skrut-

might just as well have told it. But he did not tell it; and so we must rest content with that poetic beginning, at the chancel-rail of St. Ethelburga's, of the strong life that less than four years later came to its epic ending—and be thankful that a record of the great doings which have made Hudson famous has been preserved.

The voyage made in the year 1607, for which Hudson and his crew prepared by making their peace with God in St. Ethelburga's, had nothing to do with America; nor did his voyage of the year

following have anything to do with this continent. Both of those adventures were set forth by the Muscovy Company in search of a northeast passage to the Indies; and, while they failed in the main purpose, they added important facts to the existing stock of geographical knowledge, and yielded practical results in that they extended England's Russian trade.

The most notable scientific accomplishment of the first voyage was the high northing made. By observation (July 23, 1607) Hudson was in $80^{\circ} 23'$. By reckoning, two days later, he was in 81° . His reckoning, because of his ignorance of the currents, is considered doubtful. His observed position is accepted—and until the year 1773, when Captain Phipps reached $80^{\circ} 48'$, Hudson held the record for "farthest north."

To the second voyage belongs the often-quoted incident of the mermaid. The log of that voyage that has come down to us was kept by Hudson himself; and this is what he wrote in it (June 15, 1608) with his own hand: "All day and night cleere sunshine. The wind at east. The latitude at noone 75 degrees 7 minutes. We held westward by our account 13 leagues. In the afternoon, the sea was asswaged, and the wind being at east we set sayle, and stood south and by east, and south south-east as we could. This morning one of our companie looking over boord saw a

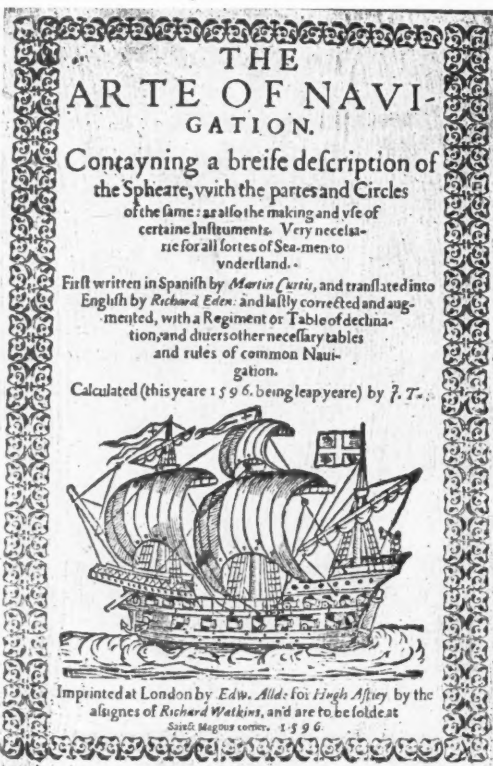
mermaid, and calling up some of the companie to see her, one more came up, and by that time shee was come close to the ships side, looking earnestly on the men. A little after a sea came and overturned her. From the navill upward her backe and breasts were like a womans, as they say that saw her, but her body as big as one of us. Her skin very white, and long haire hanging downe behinde of colour blacke. In her

going downe they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a porposse, and speckled like a macrell. Their names that saw her were Thomas Milles and Robert Rayner."

I am sorry to say that the too-conscientious Doctor Asher, in editing this log, felt called upon to add, in a foot-note: "Probably a seal"; and to quote, in support of his prosaic suggestion, various irrelevant facts about seals observed a few centuries later in the same waters by Doctor Kane. For my own part, I much prefer to believe in the

mermaid—and by so believing to create in my own heart somewhat of the feeling which was in the hearts of those old seafarers in a time when sea-prodiges and sea-mysteries were to be counted with as among the perils of every ocean voyage.

This belief of mine is not a mere whimsical fancy. Unless we take as real what the shipmen of Hudson's time took as real, we not only miss the strong romance which was so large a part of their life, but we go



A FAMOUS HAND-BOOK OF THE SEA USED BY HUDSON.

wide of understanding the brave spirit in which their exploring work was done. Adventuring into tempests in their cockle-shell ships they took as a matter of course—and were brave in that way without any thought of their bravery. As a part of the day's work, also, they took their wretched quarters aboard ship and their wretched, and usually insufficient, food. Their highest courage was reserved for facing the fearsome dangers which existed only in their imaginations—but which were as real to them as were the dangers of wreck and of starvation and of battlings with wild beasts, brute or human, in strange, new-found

navigator, in that cruel and harsh and yet ardently romantic time.

IV.

It is Hudson's third voyage—the one that brought him into our river, and that led on directly to the founding of our city—that has the deepest interest to us of New York. He made it in the service of the Dutch East India Company: but how he came to enter that service is one of the unsolved problems in his career.

In itself, there was nothing out of the common in those days in an English ship-master going captain in a Dutch vessel.



From an old print.

THE "HALF MOON" ASCENDING THE HUDSON TO THE HIGHLANDS.

lands. It followed of necessity that men leading lives so full of physical hardship, and so beset by wondering dread, were moody and discontented—and so easily went on from sullen anger into open mutiny. And equally did it follow that the shipmasters who held those surly brutes to the collar—driving them to their work with blows, and now and then killing one of them by way of encouraging the others to obedience—were as absolutely fearless and as absolutely strong of will as men could be. All of these conditions we must recognize, and must try to realize, if we would understand the work that was cut out for Hudson, and for every master

But Hudson—by General Read's showing—was so strongly backed by family influence in the Muscovy Company that it is not easy to understand why he took service with a corporation that in a way was the Muscovy Company's trade rival. Lacking any explanation of the matter, I am inclined to link it with the action of the English Government—when he returned from his voyage and made harbor at Dartmouth—in forcibly detaining him in England and in ordering him to serve only under the English flag: and to refer his going to Holland to a quarrel with the Muscovy directors, and his arrest, when his voyage was made, to their desire to have him punished for de-

asserting them. What renders this view of the case the more probable is the fact that, when he was seized out of the Dutch service, the Muscovy Company did not reemploy him, but left him to shift for himself—and so put him in the way to take up with the adventure that led him straight onward to his death. In all of which may be seen the working-out of that fatalism which to my mind is so apparent in Hudson's doings, and which is most apparent in his third voyage; that evidently had its origin in a series of curious mischances, and that ended in his doing precisely what those who sent him on it were resolved he should not do.

All that we know certainly about his taking service with the Dutch Company is told in a letter from President Jeannin—the French envoy who was engaged in the years 1608-9, with representatives of other nations, in trying to patch up a truce or a peace between the Netherlands and Spain—to his master, Henry IV. Along with his open instructions, Jeannin seems to have had private instructions—in keeping with the customs and principles of the time—to do what he could in the way of stealing from Holland for the benefit of France a share in the East India trade. In regard to this amiable phase of his mission, under date of January 21, 1609, he wrote:—

"Some time ago I made by your Majesty's orders, overtures to an Amsterdam merchant named Isaac Le Maire, a wealthy man of a considerable experience in the East India trade. He offered to make himself useful to your Majesty in matters of this kind. . . . A few days ago he sent me to his brother, to inform me that an English pilot who has twice sailed in search of a northern passage has been called to Amsterdam by the East India Company to tell them what he had found, and whether he hoped to discover that passage. They had been well satisfied with his answer, and had thought they might succeed in the scheme. They had, however, been unwilling to undertake at once the said expedition; and they had only remunerated the Englishman for his trouble, and had dismissed him with the promise of employing him next year, 1610. The Englishman, having thus obtained his leave, Le Maire, who knows him well, has since conferred

with him, and has learnt his opinions on these subjects; with regard to which the Englishman had also intercourse with Plancius, a great geographer and clever mathematician. Plancius maintains, according to the reasons of his science, and from the information given him, . . . that there must be in the northern parts a passage corresponding to the one found near the south pole by Magellan. . . . The Englishman also reports that, having been to the north as far as 80 degrees, he has found that the more northwards he went, the less cold it became."

Hudson's name is not mentioned by Jeannin, but as no other navigator had been so far north as 80°, there can be no doubt as to who "the Englishman" was. The letter goes on to urge that the French king should undertake the "glorious enterprise" of searching for a northerly passage to the Indies, and that he should undertake it openly: as "the East India Company will not have even a right to complain, because the charter granted to them by the States General authorizes them to sail only around the Cape of Good Hope, and not by the north." But Jeannin adds that Le Maire "does not dare to speak about it to any one, because the East India Company fears above everything to be forestalled in this design."

Precisely that fear on the part of the East India Company undercut the French envoy's plans. In a postscript to his letter he adds: "This letter having been terminated, and I being ready to send it to your Majesty, Le Maire has again written to me. . . . Some members of the East India Company, who had been informed that the Englishman had secretly treated with him, had become afraid that I might wish to employ him for the discovery of the passage. For this reason they have again treated with him about his undertaking such an expedition in the course of the present year. The directors of the Amsterdam Chamber have written to the other chambers of the same Company to request their approval; and should the others refuse, the Amsterdam Chamber will undertake the expedition at their own risk."

In point of fact, the other chambers did refuse (although, before Hudson actually

sailed, they seemed to have ratified the agreement made with him); and the Amsterdam Chamber, single-handed, did set forth the voyage.

V.

Mr. Henry C. Murphy—to whose searchings in the archives of Holland we owe so much—found at The Hague a manuscript history of the East India Company, written by P. van Dam in the seventeenth century, in which a copy of Hudson's contract with the Company is preserved. The contract reads as follows:—

with men, provisions and other necessities, with which the above named Hudson shall, about the first of April, sail in order to search for a passage by the north, around the north side of Nova Zembla, and shall continue thus along that parallel until he shall be able to sail southward to the latitude of sixty degrees. He shall obtain as much knowledge of the lands as can be done without any considerable loss of time, and if it is possible return immediately in order to make a faithful report and relation of his voyage to the Directors, and to deliver over his journals, log-books, and



From an old print of the painting by Robert W. Wier.
HUDSON'S FIRST LANDING IN AMERICA.

"On this eighth of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and nine, the Directors of the East India Company of the Chamber of Amsterdam of the ten years reckoning of the one part, and Mr. Henry Hudson, Englishman, assisted by Jodocus Hondius*, of the other part, have agreed in manner following, to wit: That the said Directors shall in the first place equip a small vessel or yacht of about thirty larts [60 tons] burden, well provided

charts, together with an account of everything whatsoever which shall happen to him during the voyage without keeping anything back.

"For which said voyage the Directors shall pay the said Hudson, as well for his outfit for the said voyage as for the support of his wife and children, the sum of eight hundred guilders [say \$320]. And in case (which God prevent) he does not come back or arrive hereabouts within a year, the

* Hondius, an eminent map-engraver of the time, was a Fleming, who, being driven from Flanders by political troubles, made his home in Amsterdam, where he died in the year 1611.



From an old print.

HUDSON LANDING ON MANHATTAN ISLAND.

Directors shall farther pay to his wife two hundred guilders in cash; and thereupon they shall not be farther liable to him or his heirs, unless he shall either afterward or within the year arrive and have found the passage good and suitable for the Company to use; in which case the Directors will reward the before named Hudson for his dangers, trouble, and knowledge, in their discretion.

"And in case the Directors think proper to prosecute and continue the same voyage, it is stipulated and agreed with the before named Hudson that he shall make his residence in this country with his wife and children, and shall enter into the employment of no other than the Company, and this at the discretion of the Directors, who also promise to make him satisfied and content for such farther service in all justice and equity. All without fraud or evil intent. In witness of the truth, two contracts are made hereof . . . and are subscribed by both parties and also by Jodocus Hondius as interpreter and witness."

Of Hudson's sailing-orders no copy has been found; but an abstract of them has been preserved by Van Dam in these words: "This Company, in the year 1609, fitted out a yacht of about thirty lasts burden and engaged a Mr. Henry Hudson, an Englishman, and a skilful pilot, as master

thereof: with orders to search for the aforesaid passage by the north and north-east above Nova Zembla toward the lands or straits of Amian, and then to sail at least as far as the sixtieth degree of north latitude, when if the time permitted he was to return from the straits of Amian again to this country. But he was farther ordered by his instructions to think of discovering no other route or passages except the route around the north and north-east above Nova Zembla; with this additional proviso that, if it could not be accomplished at that time, another route would be the subject of consideration for another voyage."

It is evident from the foregoing that never did a shipmaster get away to sea with more explicit orders than those which were given to Hudson as to how his voyage was, and as to how it was not, to be made. On his obedience to those orders, which essentially were a part of his contract, depended the obligation of the directors to pay him for his services; and farther depended—a consideration that reasonably might be expected to touch him still more closely—their obligation to bestow a solatium upon his wife and children in the event of his death. And yet, with those facts clearly before him, he did precisely what he had contracted, and what in most express terms he was ordered, not to do.

(To be concluded.)



BY CHARLES REGINALD SHERLOCK.

WE are apt to think of the world as we know it to-day as having a softer side than it boasted of, say, when Rome was in the fulness of her glory. We imagine ourselves to be made of finer stuff than entered into the composition of a people, however enlightened, who found relaxation in the bloody sports of the arena, even if in later years such an institution as the prize-ring has made death familiar as a public spectacle. The bull-fight of Spain we know to be the measure of a backward, effete nation, hopelessly out of step with the march of modern progress, and for that, among other reasons, we lay the flattering unction to our souls, we applied the chastening rod to the wicked dons three or four years ago. Whereupon the toreador took his way out of Cuba, leaving a dismantled plaza de toros a speaking monument to the triumph of American civilization over the atrocities of Castilian barbarism!

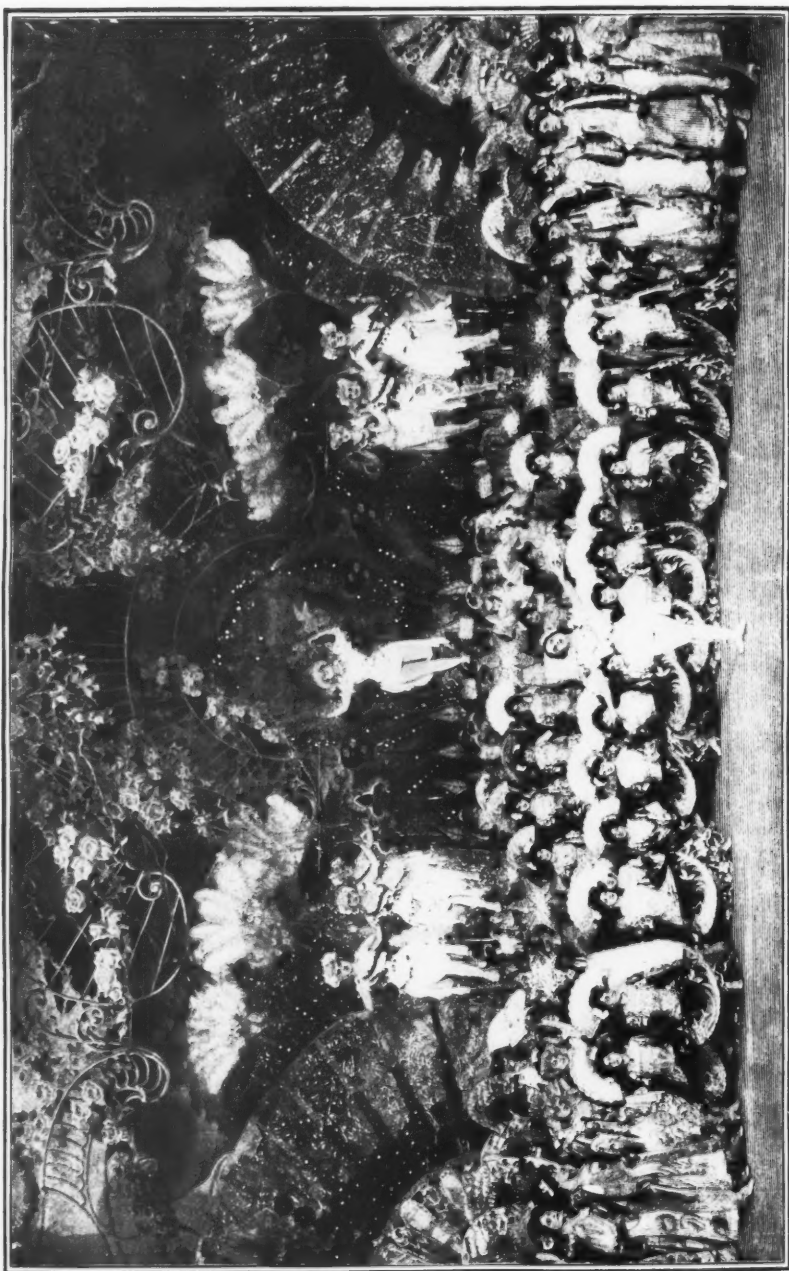
At the same time, we go to the theater and to the circus to witness feats of human daring, in the design of which risk of life is the paramount element. The old Adam, which, when Caesar ruled in Rome, found its glut of blood in gladiatorial fray, asserts

itself anew in complacent contemplation of such a suicidal device as Diavolo's loop-the-loop on a bicycle; in the gathering of

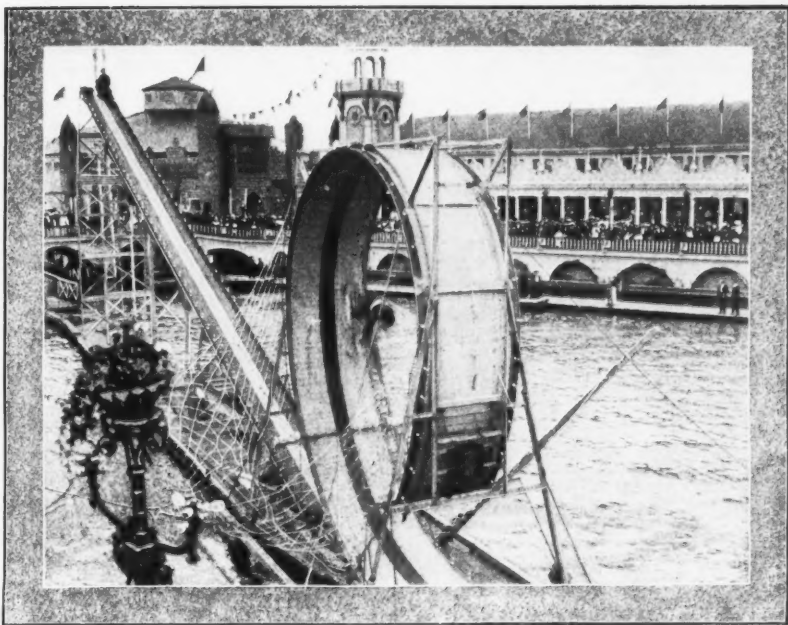
a multitude to watch the death-struggles of a swimmer in the whirlpool of Niagara; in the encouraging cheer which goes with the flight of every balloon from which a parachute-jumper throws out a grim challenge to death. We call these things, and many others akin to them, amusements, and pay admissions to



THE PERFORMER STANDS FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. SUDDENLY JUMPING BACKWARD HE ALIGHTS IN A POOL BUT THREE FEET DEEP.



THE FLYING BALLET. ITS MEMBERS ARE TRAINED ACROBATS SUSPENDED BY INVISIBLE WIRES OPERATED OVER PULLEYS FROM THE WINGS.



IN ATTEMPTING THIS LOOP ONE MAN HAS BEEN KILLED AND ANOTHER SERIOUSLY INJURED. THE POLICE HAVE FORBIDDEN FURTHER PERFORMANCES.

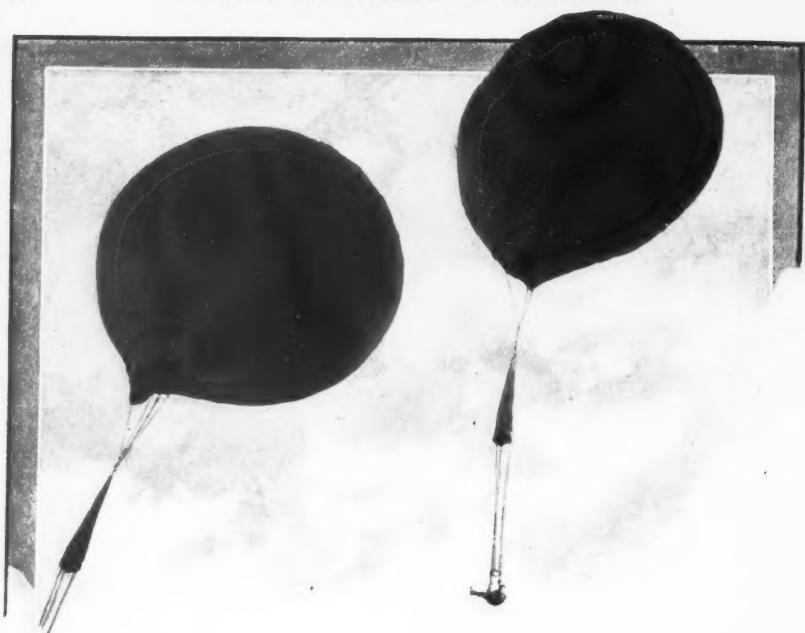
be witnesses of them; and, more's the pity, there are those of us who come away without getting the worth of our money unless that happens which gives to these performances their drawing power. As they did in Rome, we do to-day—turn down our thumbs as a gruesome sign, that, after all, the world is not as old as it looks.

So our diversions tell us that as a race we are as bloodthirsty as ever we were. To-day there is no act that calls for acrobatic skill and personal daring commanding a higher recompense than the bicycle-loop, and, as the astute manager aims chiefly to buy what the public wants, it is fair to suppose the favor in which homicidal achievement is held both here and in Europe correctly represents popular approval of it. The bi-

cycle-loop is comparatively new, but it has already begun its enrolment of foolhardy victims, and that the count of fatalities will augment is to be regarded as its principal advertisement as a public entertainment. It seems to be the most desperate form of chance that has ever been devised



TRAINING THE VOCAL POWERS OF ALLIGATORS. THE TEMPER OF THE ANIMAL IS UNCERTAIN.



TWO PARACHUTE JUMPERS WHO MAKE ASCENSIONS WEEKLY AT CONEY ISLAND. AMONG THEIR DANGERS IS THAT OF BEING BLOWN OUT TO SEA AND COLLISION WITH TALL SPIRES.

to impart novelty to gymnastics. This is saying a good deal, for ever since the bicycle came into vogue it has been a

favorite vehicle on which to ride to death.

Manifestly innocent of harm in itself, it has strewn the race-track with corpses, and, used as an implement of athletic torture, has piled up a mortuary record that makes the Juggernaut look like a child's plaything. But

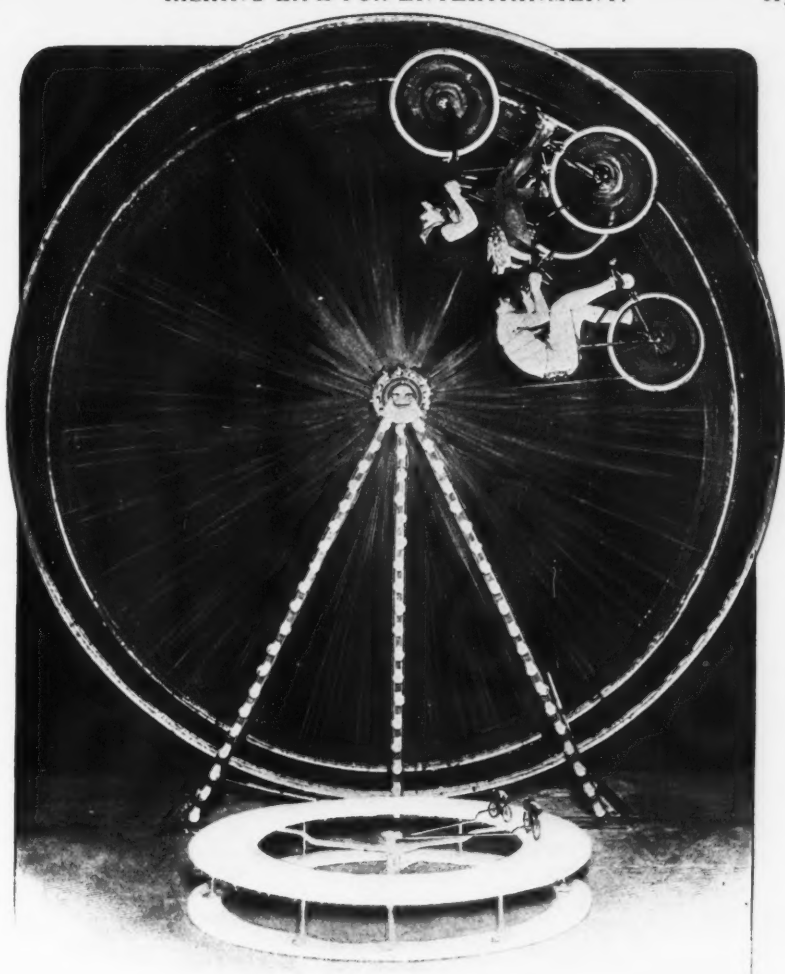
in the bicycle-loop, the daredevils who essay it reach the zenith of risk. Even the feat in which Schreyer coasted down an inclined plane, and dived into the water, was play when compared to the bicycle-loop.

Doubtless the entertainment that has cost the largest number of lives to perpetuate is that of the parachute-jumper. Given a circus-tumbler out of a job, and a hot-air balloon, and you have an equipment for human sacrifice that, according to the record, cannot be beaten.

The hazards of aerial acrobatics have undoubtedly counted heavily in their favor as attractive features of the circus-ring and playhouse. Nevertheless, it is only now and then that an act is brought forward that places life in real jeopardy, and since many of the States of the Union have required these performances to be given over safety-nets, they may be said to have been robbed of their old-time charm. The flying trapeze and its tinsel votaries are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the cycle-whirl and its fearless fol-



THE DANGERS OF "BRONCO-BUSTING" ARE OF MANY UNEXPECTED KINDS.

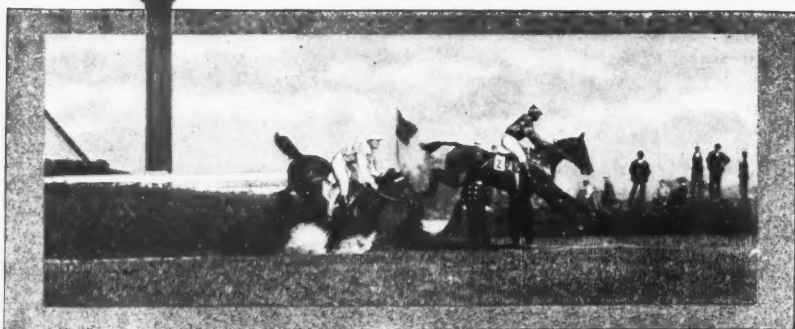


RACING SIDE BY SIDE AT THE TOP OF A THIRTY-FOOT WHEEL.

lowers. Some twenty years ago, a woman gymnast who called herself Zazel was fired from a cannon under Barnum's tent, ostensibly by the force of an explosion, but really by the operation of a spring, which hurled her through space into an outstretched network. Death was eventually her reward, and, though she had a successor in a man who wore woman's clothes, the act proved so hazardous that it was finally abandoned. A feat, introducing the trapeze, which was well-nigh as perilous, was made famous at about the same

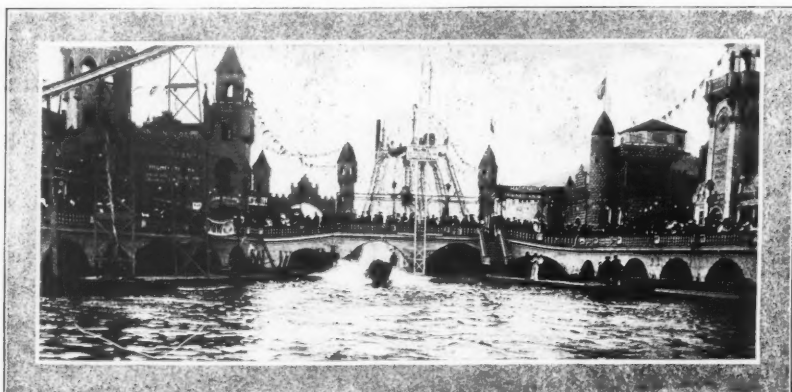
time by Millie Tournour, who accomplished wonderful things in the way of free-hand balancing on a swinging bar. Accident befell her often enough to warn her of the extreme risk of her act; which, however, still remains a more or less popular feature of the circus répertory.

There has been a brood of "human flies," fools in tights who have walked the ceiling, or, to speak by the card, have walked head downward, with suction-plates upon their feet, from a suspended platform. The first of these was a woman of the name



STEEPLECHASING—A SPORT WHICH HAS CLAIMED ITS THOUSAND VICTIMS.

of Aimée Austen, who, if the record be true, finally fell to her death in a Western risk of life, on account of the unnatural position of the performer, the rush of



A CORNER OF LUNA PARK, CONEY ISLAND, IN WHICH SUCH FEATS AS SHOOTING THE CHUTES, WALKING THE TIGHT-ROPE AND TRAINING WILD ANIMALS ARE PRACTICED.

city. This act, even when surrounded with every safeguard, calls for a wanton blood to the head having the effect of dulling the senses, so that, when a misstep



EVERY SEASON PRODUCES ITS ACCIDENTS TO TRAINERS OF WILD BEASTS. A MOMENT'S LACK OF CONCENTRATION MAY MEAN INSTANT DEATH.



A HIGH-WIRE ACT WITHOUT NETS, THE PERFORMER RELYING SOLELY UPON HIS BALANCING POLE.

plunges him headlong down, he fails to make the usual turn when falling to bring him upright on the net beneath.

Then there are the trainers of wild animals, women as well as men, who hold beasts of the jungle at bay to the music of the band. This has become so common an incident of the advent of a circus that it is now a part of the free show for the gaping thousands who watch the street-parades. A long line of trainers tell us there is something in the eye of a man that awes a lion or a tiger, but children and children to men and women grown would find these exploits in the barred cage very tame indeed did they not know that from Daniel's time

to ours these kingly animals have been tearing their prey to pieces, and all to make a holiday. It is a solemn truth that the history of animal-training is a narrative of

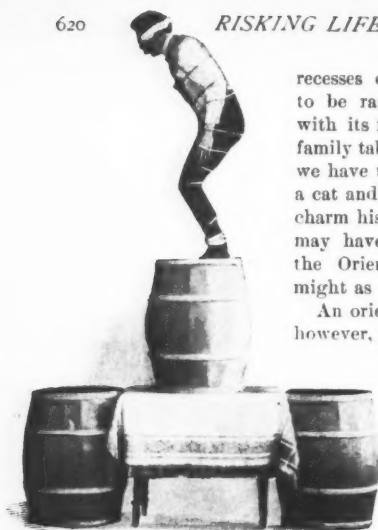
death. The roll of victims is not quite so long, perhaps, as the gazette of the Battle of Gettysburg,

but it is long enough to show how dearly we buy our amusement. The men and women who beard the lion in his den (despite the awe-inspiring faculty of the human eye) immolate themselves on the altar of fun which, in the pride of our progress, we think we have reared.

The snake-charmers have had an easier time of it, and possibly on that account they have long been relegated to the deep



THE LEADER OF THE FLYING BALLET SWINGING OUT FROM THE WINGS.

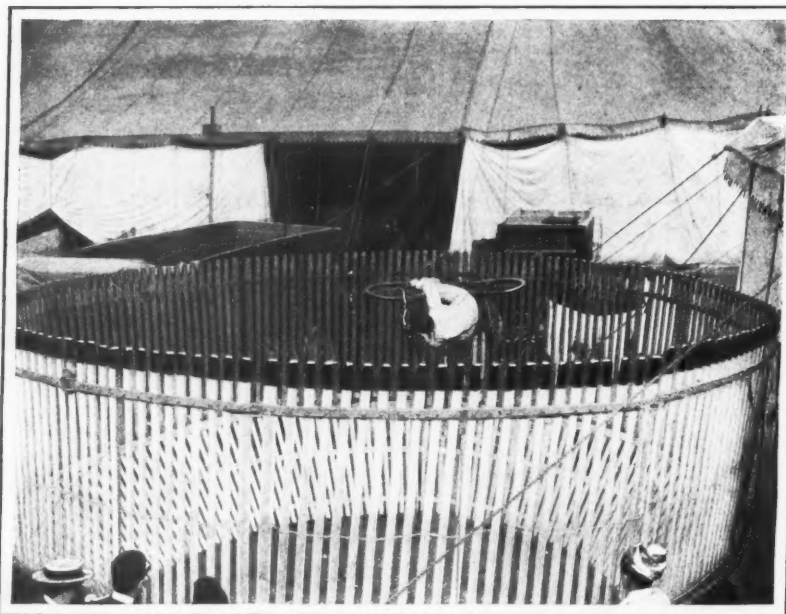


THE PERFORMER TURNS A BACK SOMERSAULT IN THE AIR, WITH HANDS AND FEET TIED AND EYES BANDAGED, AND ESCAPES A BROKEN BACK ONLY BY FALLING EXACTLY INTO THE BARREL.

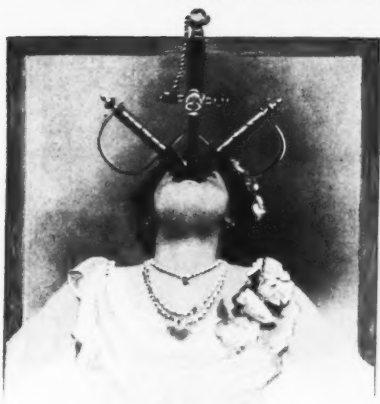
recesses of the side-show at the circus, as persons unworthy to be ranked with the animal-trainers. A cobra or a boa with its fangs drawn is hardly less companionable than the family tabby, albeit most of us incline to bestow what affection we have to spare on pussy when it comes to choosing between a cat and a snake. The Hindoo fakir, who is said actually to charm his serpents unimpaired in all their venomous powers, may have been on an American midway somewhere out of the Orient, but there is so much doubt about it that it might as well be left out of the record.

An oriental importation that is obviously the real thing, however, is the Japanese performer who makes an ascent of a ladder on the keen-edged blades of as many swords as there should be rungs in the hazardous climb. No doubt, there is more or less trick in this feat; but that the men are barefooted, and that the swords are sharp, is too obvious to be disputed. We may consider the achievement as of lighter moment, perhaps, just because no great harm has come to the dexterous orientals who perform it as a public entertainment. Thus, it will be seen, we hark back to the blood-stained pit of Roman days, when blood-letting wore no mask.

Knife-throwing has been practised as a branch of the juggler's profession for many years. It, too, is of Eastern origin, and, in the accomplishments of the Japanese, has reached what may be called high proficiency.



PRACTICING BICYCLE RIDING IN A BASKET MADE OF STRONG SLATS, WHICH IS ELEVATED FOR THE PERFORMANCE AND IS OPEN AT THE BOTTOM.



SWORD SWALLOWING REVIVED FROM THE TRICKS
OF ANCIENT JUGGLERY.

The risk of death, or injury, attending these exhibitions, is always apparent, and if it does not count its fatalities in such large numbers as some other devices for public diversion it is because it has not enlisted so many devotees. In the profession where such things obtain, it is said that knife-throwing would have a better inning if those who followed it had less difficulty in finding human targets. Intrepidity stops, it would appear, at the point of being willing to stand against a board to be silhouetted by knife-pricks when the least little slip of the handle or twist of the wrist might mean a knife through the heart of the target instead of be-

tween the arm and the side. In other words, the throwers far exceed the number of available marks. Courage to undertake acts that appear to be, and plainly are, most dreadful to the beholder is by no means wanting in our professional entertainers; but, as a rule, the performer goes to the greatest lengths when success or failure depends solely on himself. Among this class of people there is a decided indisposition to hang the hazard on the skill of another.

Should you ask the first performer you met on what he rested this self-confidence, you may trust him to answer in the name of I. Frank Frayne. A tragedy of which he was the central figure remains to-day,



AN UNEXPECTED MOVEMENT MAY RESULT
IN DEATH.

after all these years, the bogey of every mountebank who makes the risk of life a trade. Frayne was a marksman, turned actor, who, in a lurid play in which he postured as a hero, shot an apple from his wife's head. The feat was all reality; no make-believe. Every repetition of it was an honest test of his nerve and skill as a rifle-shot. Hundreds of times he went through with it, while his audiences sat breathlessly awaiting the puff of smoke,



AN IMPROMPTU HIGH WIRE ACT.



A NOVEL COMBINATION. THE BICYCLE RIDER PERFORMS FEATS ON HIS MACHINE WHILE HIS COMPANION GIVES EXHIBITIONS ON THE FLYING RINGS AND TRAPEZE.

the flight of the bullet. The performance was so much of a marvel, in that it showed alike the fearlessness of one and the skill of the other, that it finally provoked no end of incredulity. It was often set down in the newspapers as an obvious piece of charlatanism. The day came when an answer was made to the growing doubt. At Cincinnati, in the early eighties, Frayne's wife fell dead, shot through the fore-

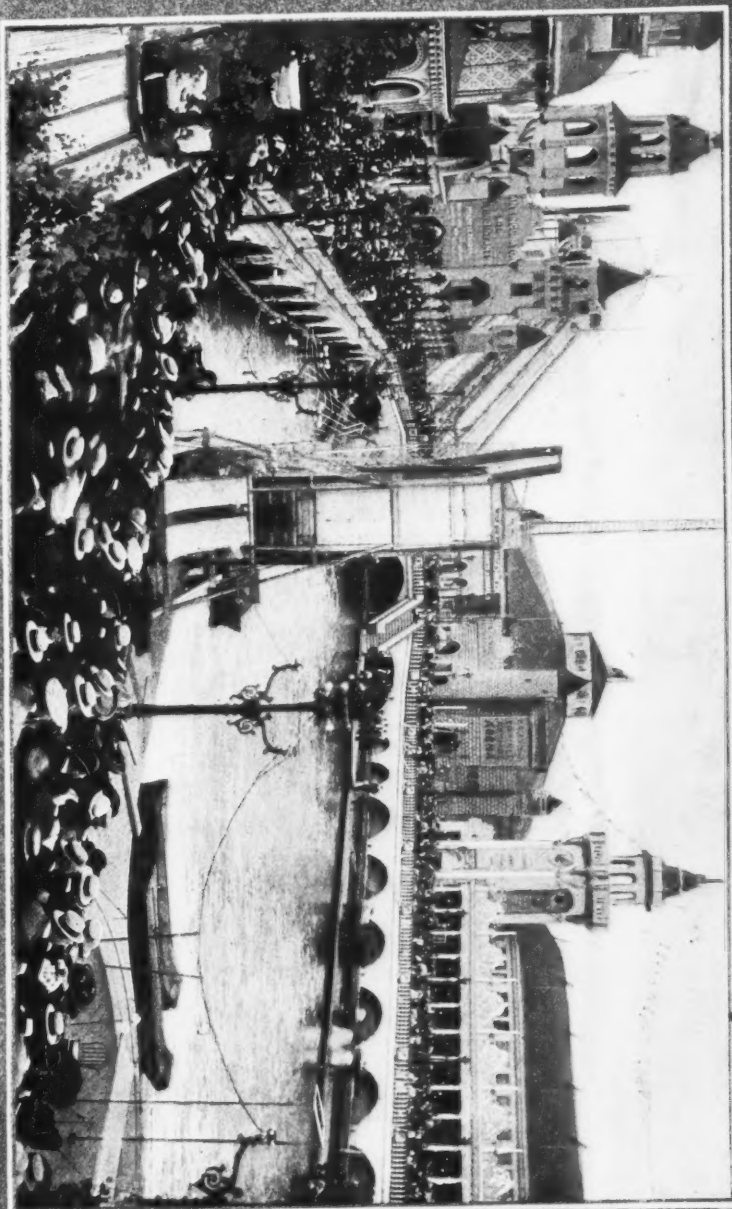
head. Of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives that have paid forfeit to dare-deviltry on the stage, in the sawdust ring, and elsewhere in the public gaze, the killing of this man's wife looms up as the most fearful spectacle. Painful recollections of it, nevertheless, do not deter men from putting their own lives in jeopardy to earn the golden guerdon the public pays its entertainers; but when they think of the day on which so true an aim as Frayne's was at fault, they make their desperate efforts individual, and take the chances alone, whatever they are. This is the odd superstition of the profession which will send a man a mile high in a toy balloon to drop to earth dangling from a parachute for a fee as low as fifty dollars when money wouldn't hire him to play boy to a tried marksman's William Tell. Yet the relative chances are as one in a thousand.

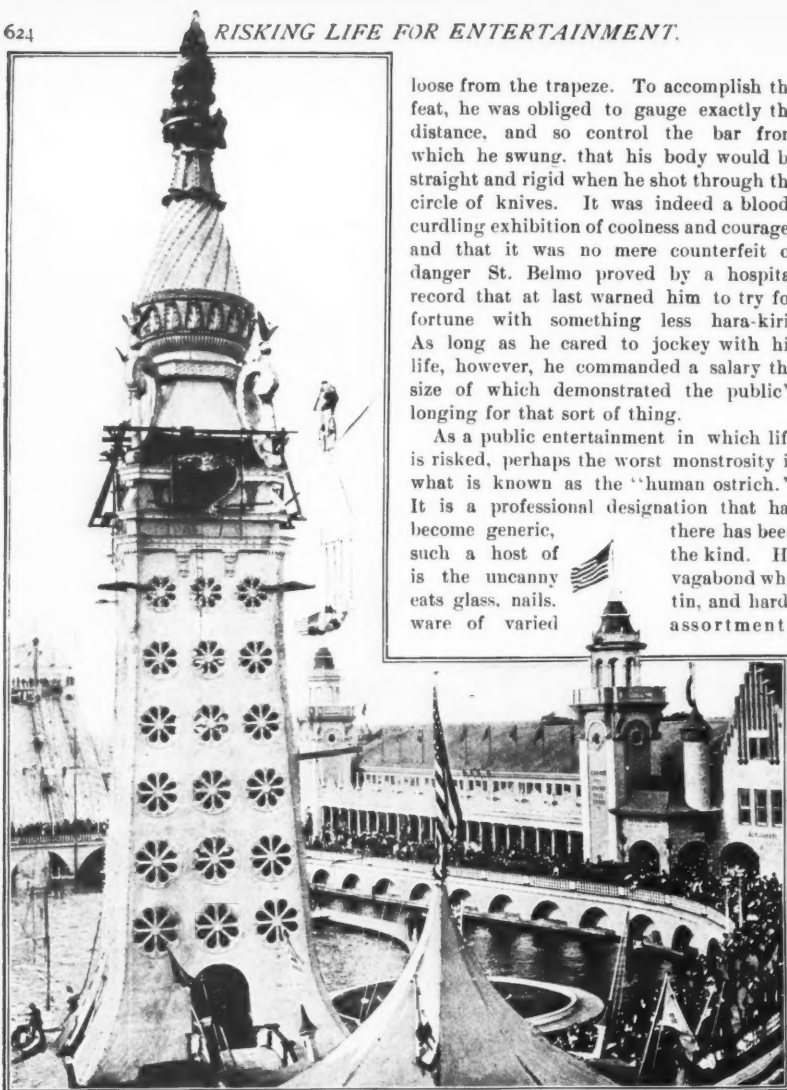
There was a circus act of a startling character several years ago that again illus-



HER VIGILANCE AND NERVE ARE THE ONLY GUARDS AGAINST DANGER.

A PARK DEVOTED TO DARING FEATS. THE CROWD IS WATCHING TWO BALLOONS WHOSE OCCUPANTS ARE ABOUT TO JUMP WITH PARACHUTES.





APPROACHING THE PLATFORM WHERE THE RIDER DISMOUNTS. THE ACROBAT CLIMBS UP THE ROPE HAND OVER HAND TO THE SAME PLATFORM.

trates the willingness of performers to concentrate in themselves all the risk in what they set out to do. This act was made famous by Harry St. Belmo, an acrobat, who, as a finale to a trapeze performance, threw himself head foremost through a swinging hoop into an opening made by a angle of sharpened knives pointed at the angle of spokes from the rim. It looked as if the man must be impaled every time he cast

loose from the trapeze. To accomplish the feat, he was obliged to gauge exactly the distance, and so control the bar from which he swung, that his body would be straight and rigid when he shot through the circle of knives. It was indeed a blood-curdling exhibition of coolness and courage, and that it was no mere counterfeit of danger St. Belmo proved by a hospital record that at last warned him to try for fortune with something less hara-kiri. As long as he cared to jockey with his life, however, he commanded a salary the size of which demonstrated the public's longing for that sort of thing.

As a public entertainment in which life is risked, perhaps the worst monstrosity is what is known as the "human ostrich." It is a professional designation that has become generic, there has been such a host of the kind. He is the uncanny vagabond who eats glass, nails, tin, and hardware of varied assortment,

and apparently thrives on the diet. The "human ostrich" was formerly a much-heralded accompaniment of the side-show and dime museum, but of late he has reached the level of the curbstone, and takes what he can get by passing the hat. That people can be found at all disposed to pay to see a sight so distressing is indeed a sad commentary on popular taste as it bears on entertainment.

A rare bit of audacity was the backward somersault that the Jackley Wonders used to turn from a pedestal built of tables thirty feet high, which brought them, feet down, on the stage, bowing their acknowledgments to a spell-bound audience. It was a long chance that these men took, and that it was no less dangerous than it looked is proved by the fact that its originators had no imitators.

Not so often as one might wish do the inventors of these tests of physical daring invest them with the picturesqueness that

directed attention last winter to the flying chorus in "Mr. Bluebeard," as produced in New York. Without any question the pretty women who were lifted into mid-air by strands of wire so slender as to be virtually invisible placed their lives at the mercy of an apparatus that at any moment might have failed them. It was a happy circumstance that during a

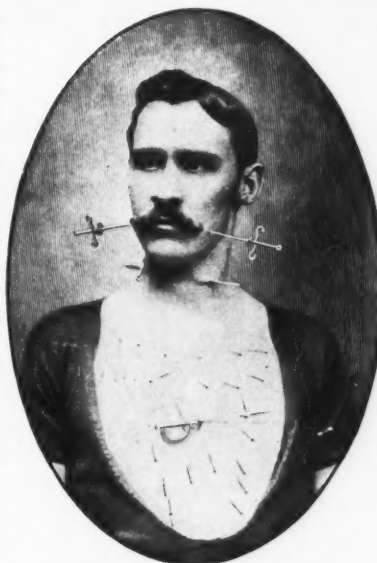
long run of the piece no accident occurred to bring this feature into the category of acrobatic dangers. At the same time the peril was imminent, and to that element of the spectacle, perhaps, was due a share of its popularity. But the fear that, as these wholesome sprites waved

back and forth above the glimpse of fairyland which the stage presented, they might break from their fastenings, and fall mangled to the floor, was plainly overshadowed by the brilliant illusion of the scene.

The theater has long known the use of wire as a valuable aid to similar illusions, but in "Mr. Bluebeard" something was done that sets a new mark. In the seventies, Donaldson, a celebrated acrobat, made a great deal of an act which he performed while disguised as a monk.

He was marvelously skilful in threading the course of a slack wire stretched the full length of a theater auditorium, and with a coil of steel wire concealed under his dress, would hook its end suddenly to the wire he walked, and drop fifteen or twenty feet in the truest monkey fashion. There

was risk in this, and Donaldson liked risk. He died as a public entertainer, not in a monkey's hair coat, but as an acrobat engaged in announcing Barnum's circus. He made an ascent from Detroit, Michigan, with a reporter named Grimwood, and from the hour of their departure neither he nor his companion was ever heard from.



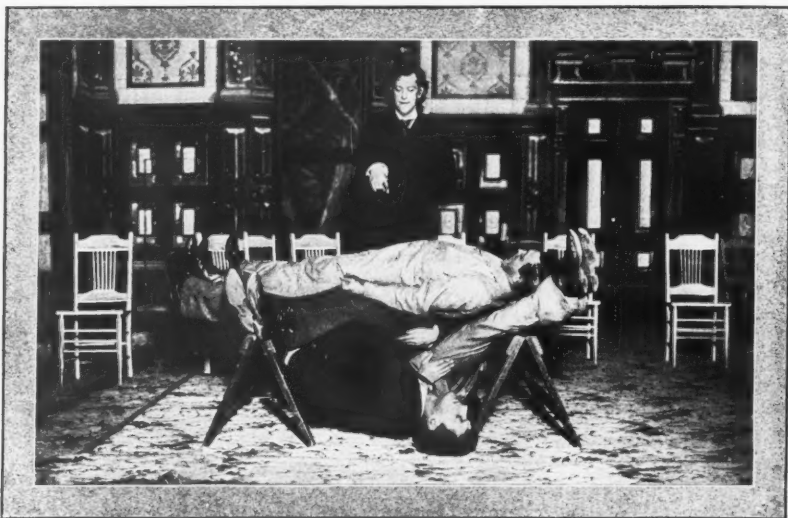
THE HUMAN PINCUSHION WHO INCURS CONSTANT RISKS OF BLOOD POISONING.



A PERFORMER HOLDING IN HER TEETH A STRAP SUSPENDED BELOW A TROLLEY WIRE COASTS FROM THE TOWER TO THE GROUND. THE GIVING WAY OF WIRE, TEETH OR STRAP MEANS INSTANT DEATH.



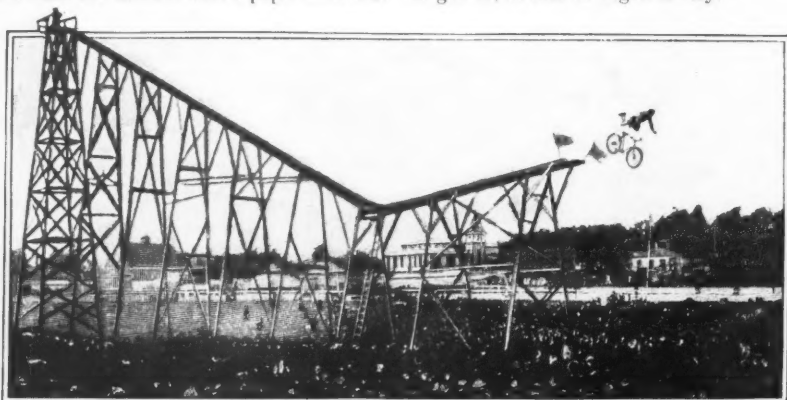
A WEIGHT SUFFICIENT TO CRUSH AN ORDINARY MAN.



HYPNOTIC SUBJECTS WHOSE WILLS BECOME WEAKENED AND BODIES PERMANENTLY INJURED BY THE REPEATED EXHIBITIONS.

The gymnastic act called the "slide for life" takes its origin from the slack wire. It is old enough to be rusty, but it is not infrequently performed in these progressive days when something more exciting is in demand. The Japs introduced it in this country thirty or forty years ago. Is there an old playgoer who does not recall the thrill received when "Little All-right" shot from dome to stage on a silver thread of taut steel, clinging by his tiny toes while he balanced himself with a paper umbrella?

So the story runs. Public entertainment is ever drafting into the death-column a train of willing victims. We must be amused as the old Romans were amused, and if the gladiators have decayed with the amphitheaters, we must take the best substitutes our civilization provides. Our cruelties, exhibited in the name of sport and skill, may be refined, but they are cruelties none the less. The habit of turning down our thumbs, which the old Romans taught us, is still in vogue to-day.



RIDING DOWN FROM AN ELEVATION OF 102 FEET AND MAKING A FLYING HIGH DIVE OVER HIS WHEEL, CLEARING A DISTANCE THROUGH SPACE OF 95 FEET, BEFORE LANDING HEAD FOREMOST IN A THREE-FOOT TANK OF WATER.

THE HANDSOME MAN.

BY RAFFORD PYKE.

ALMOST every popular magazine or illustrated periodical arranges to have, in each of its numbers, what is known in editorial slang as "a beauty article." By this name is meant an article which admits of the introduction of a number of portraits of beautiful women, real or imaginary. They may be women of distinction,—court beauties and princesses, or they may be lyric artists, or actresses, or they may be merely typical faces selected from a group in the streets by a discriminating photographer; yet whether the face be that of a queen or that of an unknown peasant girl, it must have loveliness and charm. Over these portraits thousands upon thousands of men linger in outspoken admiration. They enjoy the presentation of feminine beauty. They dwell upon it. They compare the different faces and study them, and half-unconsciously select one or another of them as approaching the ideal which each man constructs for himself according to his individual predilection. In fact, men gladly contemplate loveliness of face and form in the other sex, and the pleasure which is derived from this contemplation has nothing whatever to do with the personality or rank of those who are so beautiful.

Now is it true that women, in like manner, enjoy the sight of masculine beauty? Are they attracted by a handsome face as readily as men are? Do good looks in a man appeal with the same strength to women as

loveliness in a woman appeals to men? If so, our magazine editors have overlooked an important "feature" in their publications; for they never provide "beauty articles" illustrated by portraits of typically handsome men. And the shops where photographs are sold display in their windows every possible variety of womanly attractiveness, while the men's faces that appear there are not selected for their looks at all.



A BRITISH MILITARY TYPE—GENERAL KITCHENER.

Wherever, in a magazine or in a show-window, you find a collection of men's portraits, they will invariably prove to be portraits of men who are somebody or who have done something to raise them above the level of their fellows. They may be young or old, attractive or unattractive, handsome or hideous. Their likenesses are set there to be gazed at by the passing throng, not because they delight the eye or because they make a covert appeal to the senses, but because they represent either exalted rank or recognized achievement.

This fact suggests the interesting inquiry as to how far the beauty of the male, taken by itself, appeals to the eye and the imagination of the average woman.

First of all, it must be remembered that in the love between the sexes there is a strong infusion of vanity, especially in the period when the preference is still crystallizing in the mind and heart. This is most true of the love of woman for man; because woman far more than man is sensitive to the opinion of those about her. Most



A TEUTONIC TYPE—PRINCE ALEXANDER OF
BATTENBERG.

men take pleasure in going their own way in defiance of what other men may think. They will even do foolish things or unreasonable things in order to demonstrate their own independence of authority or guidance. The son of a clergyman is proverbially the wildest of youths. The young voter casting his first ballot is very apt to give it to the party to which his father does not belong. He wants to show that he is not in leading-strings, that he is his own master, that nobody can "run" him. This is the way of a man. But very seldom does a woman feel any such impulse as this. She prefers the safety which lies in remembering the conventional; and the conventional is marked out for her by the inherited opinions of average men and women. Therefore (to come to the application of a general truth) most women prefer what those about them will recognize as well worth while. So, in their choice of lovers or admirers, they are much given to thinking of what other women will think, and they will be pleased directly in proportion to the amount of approbation which other women will bestow. This approbation may take the form of praise or it may take the still more delicious form of envy; but the winning

of it gives the greatest zest to feminine success.

Now very young girls (by which I mean girls under twenty) are not often sought out by men who have gone forth into the world and have made a place and a name for themselves. Their male associates are, for the most part, youths whose future is still indeterminate, and who are probably even less mature than the young women to whom they pay their rather hobbledehoy addresses.

In experience, in knowledge of life, in achievement, they are as like as two peas. The only thing that differentiates one of them from another is to be found in the sphere of purely physical attractiveness. The good-looking, broad-shouldered, well set-up young fellow is therefore marked out as more desirable and in consequence more of an acquisition than his fellow who



A TYPE OF THE AMERICAN OFFICER—GENERAL
NELSON A. MILES.

is delicate of health, or homely or gawkish. George Osborne dazzles Amelia, while Dobbin is unheeded or regarded with compassionate contempt. Osborne may be, *au fond*, a selfish cad in embryo, and Dobbin may be a manly, chivalrous, true-hearted gentleman still undeveloped; but neither has yet been tested by the touchstone of life. And so the Amelias, who are themselves without experience, are proud when they can attract an Osborne and feel vexed by the uncouth adoration of a Dobbin. Young girls, then, think very much of masculine good looks. Their favorite heroes are of the Byronic style, or of the impossible *genus* of Guy Livingstone, or of the equally imaginative type constructed by Mr. Richard Harding Davis—beautiful young men with easy manners, an efful-



ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST MEN IN THE BRITISH ARMY—GENERAL FRENCH.



AN INTELLECTUAL AMERICAN TYPE—ARTHUR BRISBANE, THE EDITOR.

gence of clothes, and an indefinable aroma of clubs and yachts and whatever is expensive.

But it is not true of women in general that good looks in a man are a very important factor with them in determining their serious preferences. Just as soon as they grow a little older and see a little more of life, they find that in the world at large the beautiful man is not the one who counts for very much. Moreover, their own expanding intelligence craves something more substantial and more satisfying than

curly hair and a regular nose, and a thick mustache clustering about a mouth well filled with even teeth, and a dimple dividing a well-modeled chin. It is not long before they begin to distinguish between mere prettiness—the barber's-block type—and the sort of comeliness which may perhaps defy all the canons of the artist.



A GERMAN TYPE—PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.



A TYPE OF GERMAN INTELLECTUALITY—HERMANN
SUDERMANN.

yet which speaks eloquently of manliness and cleverness and power. By this time, also, the discovery is made that men are judged and sought after, not because of their faces or the regularity of their features or their length of limb, but because of what they are, of what they can do, and by reason of the force they exercise upon their world. Thus the cult of the merely handsome man is relegated to the few unfortunate women who never quite grow up, or who have no test save the test of the eye. Fanny Squeers and her maid-servant will always fall into ecstasies over the straight legs of a Nicholas Nickleby; but the women who are worth while soon learn to regard personal beauty in a man as only one of the attributes to be con-

sidered when they think of him, and as one of the least important attributes of all.

A man's good looks, as some one long ago expressed it, are a good letter of introduction. They prepossess every one, both men and women, in his favor. But if he cannot live up to his looks, he falls the more grievously in the opinion of those who at first admired him. Indeed, a very handsome man who is silly in speech, and flatly insipid in thought, and foolish in manner, has something rather repellent about him when you find him out. His inanity is all the more offensive because of its contrast with his beauty; just as a cheap daub of a painting seems doubly hideous when displayed in an exquisite frame. John Wilkes, who was the ugliest man in England, said that good looks in a rival gave that rival only half an hour's start of him; and that with a half hour to himself he could oust the other from any



AN AMERICAN ARTISTIC TYPE—R. HINTON PERRY,
THE SCULPTOR.

lady's favor. Some women even regard beauty in men with a sort of half-confessed resentment, as though it were a possession which belonged of right solely to the softer sex.

It must be admitted, therefore, that the editors and the photographers are wise in their generation when they do not seek for likenesses of handsome nonentities for the benefit of their feminine readers, but give them, instead, the faces of those who have won some share of fame. Even the craze which many women have for collecting photographs of actors, is not to be explained upon the theory that it is a passion for masculine good looks. It is really the love of celebrity, of what seems at least to be renown; for these women identify the commonplace and often unattractive mummer with the gorgeous creature behind the footlights, who is performing deeds imagined for him by the playwright and uttering brilliant sentences which were born of another's brain and put into the actor's mouth by the choice of the man who hires him. Even picturesque ugliness often charms when seen amid the illusions of stageland. Zola knew the heart of woman well when he made Nana turn her back



THE MATINÉE IDOL TYPE—GUY STANDING.



A THEATRICAL TYPE—SIDNEY BOOTH.

insultingly upon the noblest and the richest of her suitors, and find the one overmastering passion of her life with the ape-like contortionist, Fontan.

That beauty of person enhances and makes perfect the attractiveness of one who has all the other gifts, is obvious enough. There is something which suggests to us a god of the old mythologies when a vigorous frame, a handsome face, and eloquent eyes are combined with wit and grace and charm, and when a suggestion of reserved power is felt beneath it all. But mere beauty is at the most only a decorative addition. It is not really needed, and unless it fitly represent the other qualities, it is almost an impertinence. For above and



THE HANDSOMEST OF THE WORLD'S RULERS
EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

beyond mere regularity and color and correctness, is that indescribable something which denotes distinction—one of the rarest and finest gifts that man can have; since it is independent of success or failure, of rank or station; while age only deepens the impression which it makes. All feel its subtle and compelling influence, and it is the quality which more than bulk or stature or beauty of face and form, gives the final finish to a man.

But granting that good looks in themselves are not a primary requisite in rendering a man attractive, it may nevertheless be worth while to consider briefly what are the elements of manly beauty, selecting those upon which almost every one will agree, and putting aside those others as to which individual tastes will always differ. To women there is something peculiarly

fascinating in a thick growth of crisp, wavy hair. It exercises a remarkable influence over them; and while the color of it may be a matter of dispute, its luxuriance always gives pleasure. It is, indeed, a sign of physical health and vigor, and the premature loss of it detracts from the impression made by the face beneath. But if it be abundant, a touch of silver does not mar the general effect. Indeed, the first sprinkling of white about the temples adds an appearance of distinction, and suggests perhaps a knowledge of life without any impairment of activity and physical power. The eyes may be of almost any color and still please, if only they are bright and clear with health. But pale eyes of any hue are a defect, from the washed-out blue which denotes weakness of will, to the peculiar light green which is the sign at once of coldness and of cruelty. A small nose may be piquant in a woman, but never in a man. It means insignificance and vacillation; and the finest nose of all is that



THE INTELLECTUAL TYPE OF ACTOR—WILLIAM
GILLETTE.



A TYPE OF THE INTELLECTUAL AND SUCCESSFUL
AMERICAN—JOHN J. M'COOK.

which has a suggestion of the aquiline. Even a large nose in a man is not a real blemish, for it goes with a masterful spirit and, with a firm chin, tells of courage, temperament, and strength. The mouth is in all men the most expressive feature of the face. It should be rather large, to indicate generosity, and with lips that are rather full though firmly closed. Nothing is more repellent than loose-hung lips; for they are unerring witnesses to a nature that is at once sensual and selfish. Many a handsome face would become disagreeable or mean were its mouth disclosed by the removal of the beard which so often conceals the feature that would otherwise betray the essential badness of its owner's character. Hence, the smooth-shaven face is a severe test both of beauty and of disposition. It gives the whole world a clue to the true nature of the man. A mouth that laughs too easily is not wholly admirable except in a man who is very young; but there is great attraction in one upon which lurks a faint suggestion of a smile—an index to the humor and genial mellow-ness of him who sees life as a comedy and who is not cynical but only entertained. Thin lips are compatible with perfect beauty of face, according to the canons of line and form, yet they convey so strong a hint of calculating coldness as to detract from the pleasure of the whole. A very small

mouth in a man—or for that matter in a woman—denotes pettiness and lack of breadth. It is usually the pretty man whose mouth is small; and nothing is more insignificant than a pretty man, as Martial remarked, two thousand years ago.

In stature, it is a great advantage to a man if he be tall and muscular in build: yet such men as they grow older are apt to display in their bearing a certain consciousness of their own magnificence. General Winfield Scott was one of the most splendid and imposing of men; but after middle life, he was too obviously aware of his own stateliness—a stateliness which finally suggested pomposity, so that his nickname in the army was "Old Fuss and Feathers." Senator Conkling was another conspicuous example of one who was by nature's gift a superb specimen of physical perfection, but who had cultivated a sort of pose and strut which led Mr. Blaine, and after him the caricaturists, to depict the Senator as a turkey-cock. But by way of an example of the other sort of thing, General Hancock, who was as handsome as either Scott or Conkling, never seemed to feel his own perfection; and he may be cited as almost a perfect instance



A TYPE OF THE GOOD-LOOKING BRITISH PEER—
THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

of the supremely handsome man. Mere height and fine physique, however, should be joined to grace—the strength of the lion with the sinuous ease and lightness of the panther. Obesity is fatal to attractiveness. It robs an otherwise handsome man of his distinction and puts him in the category of the bourgeois, so far as external appearance is concerned. For the



A NOT UNCOMMON STAGE TYPE—RICHARD BUHLER.

rest, straight, clean-cut limbs, with hands and feet that are neither small nor large, complete the essentials of a man who will be

styled handsome alike by men and women. The impression that must be made is an impression of vigor, quick intelligence, sympathy, and grace, and above all an absence of anything ignoble, eccentric, or defective. But the curious fact remains that after one has known another long and well, all these externals count for nothing, because we then read into the out-

ward face and form whatever we have learned to know of brain and heart and soul.



A SUNSET FANCY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE west seems an illimitable sea,
 Stretching from shores of earth afar, afar,
 Beyond the white moon and the farthest star
 To the strange shores that edge Infinity,
 And now and then what seems an argosy
 Sails outward from the sunset headland's bar.
 I wonder, often, what their treasures are.
 I cannot know, but it has seemed to me
 That heavenward-faring souls their freightage is.
 Behold!—bark after bark goes sailing out
 Into the golden mystery of the west!
 Wilt pray to-night? Then let thy prayer be this—
 When we set sail from shores of earthly doubt
 God grant we find the Islands of the Blest!



THE MEDDLER

A MONOLOGUE OF THE NEW HAVEN ROAD

By Herman Knickerbocker Viélé

THE characters are:—

The Narrator.

The Victim.

Several Voices.

The scene opens in the second passenger-coach of an afternoon local express, at rest in the Grand Central Station, but on the eve of departure. The car is wrapped in semi-darkness; the windows are closed in anticipation of the tunnel; all the seats, save two, are occupied by passengers, who fan themselves, perspire, and discuss the management without extravagant commendation.

The Narrator enters hurriedly and rather late, carrying several evening papers, and a watermelon in a shawl-strap. He rushes to the nearest vacant seat, but, actuated by a sudden change of purpose, abandons it for the other. The Victim, beside whom the Narrator finally sits down, is apparently asleep, and so continues throughout the story. Such comments as he may have made would be without importance.

The Narrator speaks and keeps on speaking to the end.

"I beg your pardon, is this seat . . . ? Oh, how de do? Good-evening! I did not recognize you at first. They keep the cars so dark. . . . I came near sitting down just now beside a fellow I used to be quite chummy with, but haven't spoken to for a year. I guess you know him, don't you? Arthur Maxwell, man in a panama, underneath the emergency ax, who used to get off at Stamford, but goes on to Bridgeport now? Well, anyway, you must have seen him often on this train. We never quarreled out and out, but there had been a coolness ever since the evening

when, through an intended piece of kindness, I was the means of breaking off his marriage with the elder Overbaugh girl."

(A Voice is heard repeating dolefully: "Broken candy. Broken candy. Bong bongs. Chorklets.")

"I cannot say I knew him well, but a commuter's acquaintance had sprung up between us, and we often sat together, till it got to be a habit for whichever one of us was first to reach the train to hold a place for the other, and I was always sorry when at Stamford he left me to go on to Bridgeport by myself. I used to remember all his stories and amusing sayings—and he was full of them—to entertain my aunt with at tea, and we often spoke of inviting him to spend Sunday with us, though somehow he never did. I am sure now he would have been glad to come, because the Overbaughs, who used to live in Stamford, had moved to our town that spring, and there was not a thing my aunt could not have told him about the family.

"During the last month of our acquaintance, I noticed Maxwell growing daily more nervous and uneasy. But this seemed natural enough, because he was in cotton, as I knew, and cotton had been shrinking. So I let it pass, and, in a quiet way, did all I could to cheer him up, until one evening, when I found him so morose that one could scarcely get a civil word from him. He did not have a joke to tell me, and would not even laugh at mine, but sat gloomily humming to himself a mournful tune and strumming an accompaniment upon the string about a large brown-paper parcel held between his knees. I was almost upon the point of begging him to desist,

when, springing up, he asked me to keep an eye upon his wretched package and went off to the smoker, taking his bad humor with him.

"I read my papers after this, and thought no further of Maxwell and his moods, till suddenly I realized that the train was slowly moving out of the Stamford station, and my eyes fell on his property still beside me on the seat, where he, no doubt, in his abstraction had forgotten all about it. At once I thrust my head out of the window, expecting to see him on the platform. But he was not in sight, and though it would have served him right had I merely turned his bundle over to the brakeman, I bore the fellow no ill will. So, seizing it, I hurled it from the window, and saw it fall directly into the hands of a tall, Western-looking person who stood there, gazing at the train.

"That is the property of Arthur Maxwell!" I called out. "See that he gets it, and he'll be sure to give you something for your trouble."

"You bet he will," replied the Westerner, with a grin, and, as he was obviously not one who would commit a theft, I saw no reason for anxiety. Though it was no more than Maxwell would have done for me, I could not refrain from laughter in anticipation of the joke I should have on him when we next met, and I was still chuckling when the forward door opened and the man himself appeared at the end of the car.

"We were by that time in the open country and, naturally enough, I supposed him to have been carried past his station; so, to give the jest its full effect, I pulled my hat down over my eyes and pretended to be asleep."

(A Voice cries: "All the latest magazines! 'The Century' out to-day.")

"Hello!" said Maxwell. "Where is my bundle?" But I never winked.

"Where is my bundle?" he demanded again, a trifle louder.

"Must have had sense enough to get off at Stamford by itself," I was about to answer merrily, when an interfering man across the aisle broke in:

"I seen that feller chuck it out the window."

"Of course I roused myself at once and

began to explain, expecting every moment to see Maxwell break out laughing. But he never smiled.

"Confound a meddlesome, mutton-headed muf!" he cried, most rudely. "You bungling butter-brain! I'm on my way to be married at Bridgeport at seven o'clock, and in that parcel were my wedding-clothes!"

"Why on earth couldn't you have told me so?" I asked him, reasonably enough. "Why should you, who have got off at Stamford every day for eighteen months, go hide yourself the only day it made a particle of difference?"

"He must have seen the force of this, for he whispered to me hurriedly not to make a row and let the whole car into his affairs. To mollify him further, I offered to go back myself and find his clothes, or to go on and explain matters to the bride while he went back; and I made it clear that I would be responsible for any extra charge the minister might make for waiting. I must say that Maxwell took it very well after the first surprise, especially when I agreed to go back with him, and we found, by consulting the time-table, that, should a certain down-train happen to be one minute late, we might be able to catch it, and his married life need not be shortened by more than a half hour.

"I suppose your name was on the package?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, I wrote it there myself," he said, "and also the name and address of old man Overbaugh, in case of accident."

"Why old man Overbaugh?" I asked, and it was then I learned, for the first time, the name of his prospective bride. I knew the family very slightly, though my aunt had spoken of them often since they moved to our town.

"The elder daughter is engaged to marry Willie Flick," I remarked, assured that the subject was the one most interesting to him. "But the second daughter is much the prettier."

"I guess you're mixed," he answered, somewhat nervously, I thought. "The elder is the pretty one, and she's engaged to marry me."

"Then where does Willie Flick come in?" I asked.

"He doesn't come in at all," said Maxwell.

"Oh, yes, he does," I insisted, for my aunt is rarely wrong in her social information. "When Willie went away to the Klondike, one of the girls promised to marry him the minute he got back."

"Nonsense!" cried Maxwell, flushing very red. "Some boy-and-girl flirtation, nothing more."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "for one thing, Willie isn't coming back. He's married to a young lady in Chilcote."

"I don't believe it," I insisted. "Some one has made up that yarn to cut him out."

(A Voice is heard to call: "Ripe bananas! Getyer oranges! Getyer gripes!")

"I suspected Maxwell's composure at the time to be unnatural, and when we at last slowed up for Bridgeport I was sure of it. A train upon the down-track was at that moment pulling out of the station, and with a bound he made for it, just in time to land upon the final step, even then in perilously rapid motion. But I don't believe he gave the brakeman much for hauling him aboard, because, you see, it proved to be a Boston Limited express that happened to be fifteen minutes late and would not stop again before it reached New York."

"Of course, I might still have gone back myself to recover his confounded bundle, but it takes more than a suit of clothes to make a bridegroom, and Maxwell's own impetuosity had made it impossible now for him to present himself on time. A postponement of the wedding was inevitable, and I confess I was not altogether sorry to have the responsibility lifted from my shoulders, nor to be rid of Maxwell and his affairs, which had given me trouble enough for one day."

"But, try as I would, I could not dismiss the matter. It occupied my thoughts in the trolley all the way home, and during supper, my aunt, who is one of the shrewdest women you ever saw, must have perceived that I put salt on my waffles, and



therefore had something on my mind.

"I can't for the life of me make out what the Overbaughs are up to," she remarked, in her tactful way. "The grocery wagon has been at their back gate at least three times to-day."

"I hope the things they bought will keep," I answered, gloomily, and after that there was no use in attempting to conceal the facts.

"It looks to me as though your friend was trying to get out of it," she said, when she had heard the story just as I tell it now. But, as I hastened to assure her, she did Arthur Maxwell an injustice, for I have never known a man to make such a fuss about a suit of clothes.

"What do you think I had better do?" I asked.

"Do?" cried my aunt. "Why, march right up to the Overbaughs' front door and find out what is going on."

"But I was not invited to the ceremony," I protested.

"I would not have it said of me that I let any ceremony stand between me and people in trouble," she insisted, bringing me my hat. "Just drop in for a friendly call and have a look about. But don't mention that you saw Maxwell on the train, because they've probably had a telegram

by now, and you never can tell what excuse a man will make to cover up his foolishness.'

"I thought this excellent advice as far as it went, but, you may be sure, I was determined to set Maxwell straight before his future relatives, if it could be done without intruding myself into purely family matters.

"The Overbaughs lived then where they do now, in that large house on the corner, half a block from us, and I was not surprised, on going out, to see its windows lighted brilliantly. But one thing did surprise me greatly. Before I reached the gate, I heard the strains of music from within, and I could see the shadows of folks moving to and fro upon the shades, and hear them laughing louder than the band.

"I was convinced then that Maxwell had found some way of getting off the Boston Limited, and, though I hate to go to houses where I am not invited, a natural wish to find out how he had managed it impelled me to the door.

"It was a long while before any one appeared in answer to my ring, and when at last the colored waiter of the Overbaughs thrust out a cautious head, he appeared to be too convulsed with merriment for words.

"'Who is you, mister, anyway?' he sputtered, finally.

"'I am the reporter for the morning paper,' I replied, seeing the necessity for subterfuge, 'and we were informed that there was a wedding here this evening.'

"'That's right,' replied the negro. 'There was a wedding, but it's done been solemnized.'

"'The names of the contracting parties, if you please?' I demanded journalistically, pretending at the same time to make notes upon my cuff. But before the man could answer, the door was torn violently open, and I found myself confronted by a tall and powerful young man who seemed about to grab me by the throat. I knew at once that we had met before, and then it came to me as though by intuition that he could be none other than the Westerner whom I had seen upon the Stamford platform.

"'Dear me! I'm glad to see you here!' I gasped, forgetting personal danger in the thought that all impediment to Maxwell's happiness was now removed. 'I trust you reached the house in time.'

"'You bet your life on that,' he answered, rather

boastfully as I thought. 'It's a cold day when Willie Flick gets left.'

"You could have bowled me over with a ping-pong ball, but I controlled myself sufficiently to cast another glance upon the stranger's bronzed and weatherbeaten features, and sure enough the man was Willie Flick himself.

"I must have looked as though I had seen a ghost, for Willie gave a terrifying Klondike laugh, but I nevertheless managed to extend a cordial hand and assure him that I was glad to see him back, and that my aunt would be much interested and want to talk with him.



" 'Your aunt won't be the only one,' a suit I picked he answered, grinning. up on my way

" 'There have been some changes, here this afternoon.' "

Willie, since you went away,' I remarked. (A Voice is

'Our friends, the Overbaughs, have moved.' heard to wail:

" 'That's so,' he said. 'But I only "Next station

reached home this afternoon, and had not 'Sbridgeport!

heard of it. I should have lost a lot of 'Idgeport! All

time in finding them if some good-natured out.' ")

chump had not thrown me the address at "If you don't

the Stamford station.' mind, I'll just sit

" 'Willie,' I said, 'that chump was me.' still till Maxwell

" 'You!' he exclaimed. 'Why, bless gets ahead. I

me, so it was. I ought to have recognized don't know why

that head of yours in a field of pumpkins. he should con-

Come in, old man, and shake hands with tinue to be down

my wife.' on me. . . .

" 'Willie,' I answered, holding back, for I'm sure the sec-

a suspicion of the truth had flashed upon ond daughter was

me, 'tell me how long you have been far the prettier. . . . Please don't

married.' kick my watermelon; I always buy them

" 'Oh, ten or fifteen minutes,' he replied. in the city to be certain they're fresh."

" 'Willie,' I said, again, 'those clothes The passengers file out, all save the

of yours are not the sort they wear in the Victim, who remains motionless until a

Klondike, are they?' brakeman arouses him.

" 'Oh, no, indeed,' said Willie; 'this is



SONG IN AUTUMN.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

'Tis autumn by the glooming skies,
And the slant raindrops volleying;
But from the azure of your eyes
I dream 'tis spring.

'Tis autumn by the song eclipse
In boughs that shook with lyric ring;
But from the music of your lips
I dream 'tis spring.

'Tis autumn by the shivering land
That cowers beneath the north wind's sting;
But from the touch of your warm hand
I dream 'tis spring.

'Tis autumn. Ah, what nameless art
Again the old delight will bring?—
Lo, from the throb of your dear heart
I dream 'tis spring!



Ole 'possum's fat an' lazy,
Yit 'e's up to every trick,
An' you has to wuk to tote 'im
In de split en' of yo' stick.

'POSSUM-TIME.

By THOMAS R. BOGGS.

OH, summer-time is good ernuf,
Wid de milyuns on de vine,
But wait tell fros' an' 'possum come
To see dis nigger shine !

W'en de trees is fyahly loaded
Wid 'simmons ripe an' sweet,
Den de darky an' de 'possum
Gits w'at dey loves to eat.



W'en de night is clear an' frosty
An' de woods is dark an' still,
You heah ole Rusty barkin'
In de swamp-lan' by de mill.

De ax is like a razzer,
An' de pine-knot's ready split;
I'se boun' we has some 'possum
Ef dey's any dyah to git.

We'll track 'im down de holler
 An' th'u' de cypress-knees;
 He'll soon git tired er runnin'
 An' climb into de trees.

Now keep dat torchlight movin'
 Tell you sees his eyeballs shine;
 I'll chop him out in no time—
 Dat 'possum's good as mine!



Den, marster, w'en you tas' 'im
 An' drink dat 'simmon beer,
 You'll 'gree wid me dat 'possum-time
 Is de bes' time in de year!



Ole Rusty, he'll be waitin',
 An' time de 'possum drop,
 He'll give one grab, an' hol' 'im,
 An' de 'possum bleege to stop.

Lucindy, she will roas' 'im,
 Wid 'taters piled all roun',
 His skin jes' done to cracklin',
 De gravy thick an' brown.





THEY met for the first time on the board walk. They were going in opposite directions.

Her hat suddenly blew off, and went sailing away down on the beach. He darted after it and returned it.

"Thank you!" she said.

"Not at all," he replied.

"I'm afraid it was a lot of trouble," she said.

"It was worth it," he replied.

She looked at him fleetingly, with that absorbing glance that takes in everything. He was a gentleman. She knew that at once.

She bowed pleasantly, as if, having acknowledged the slight obligation, there was nothing more to be said. He bowed in return, and they passed on.

It is a curious illustration of the law of chance that this link, seemingly so slight, and yet in reality so inevitable, should have been established between these two by a fitful gust of wind. Had she not been preoccupied at the time, her hat would not have fallen off. Had he stopped as he hesitated about what he was going to do at the stockbroker's branch office, he would not have been there to run after it. Two hours later, sitting on the beach under her parasol, watching the bathers, she became suddenly aware of his presence. She inclined her head with a slight smile of recognition. He bowed again in return.

At their first meeting nothing more could

have passed between them. For her to have gone one step farther than the simple acknowledgment for his service would have been superfluous, and to do anything superfluous with a stranger is impossible for any girl. Now all was changed. What subtle alchemy of time had made it possible for her to speak to him? But that is a question for psychologists.

"I have been interested," he said, "in watching that young fellow out there on the raft."

He waved his hand seaward.

"I mean the one who is just diving off now—the one who is swimming out."

"He is a good swimmer," she said.

"Yes. But overconfident. He takes chances."

"You must have seen him before, then. He has only just gone in to-day."

"Oh, yes. Several times. Look at him now. It's too bad a man should make a fool of himself because some one is watching him from the shore."

"What makes you think that? He may be in love with the sea."

"More likely he is in love with some one on shore, and——"

"You know him, then?"

There was a touch of interest in her voice.

"Yes. May I sit down?"

"If you like."

"I hate," he continued, "to see a boy make a fool of himself. The best swimmer in the world can't be safe in such an un-

dertow. Look at him now. He is almost out of sight."

She smiled.

"You call him a boy? Why——"

He smiled back.

"Yes. I know what you are thinking—that he isn't much younger than I. Well, he isn't. But he seems younger to me."

He looked out once more at the dot that off in the distance bobbed up at intervals into view, and a sudden thought struck him.

"How did you know he wasn't so much younger than I?" he asked. "At this distance——"

"I also know him."

"Oh! And so you are the girl."

"Indeed! You seem to know a lot. What has he told you about me?"

"Nothing. That is, nothing that a man couldn't say. And then I've known him a long time. He is an old classmate of mine."

"Yes, I know—you are his friend Dick Blashford."

"Yes. But how did you know?"

"I heard him say once that Dick Blashford was the only man who had beaten him at everything—was ahead of him in class, ahead of him in football and ahead of him in business."

"Nonsense. That's Arthur's way of putting it. He's a nice boy, isn't he?"

"Yes."

She looked out at sea.

"I wish he would come back."

He got up.

"He must come back," he said. "I'll put on my bathing-clothes and go and fetch him."

He looked down on her and smiled, as he prepared to go.

"I realize now," he said, "what Arthur has to live for."

In a few moments, his tall, muscular figure emerged from the bathing pavilion, he walked down to the water, and in a moment he was on his way to the raft. He did not stop there, however, but went on beyond—out into the deep, cold-looking, treacherous ocean.

As the girl on the shore sat there and watched him taking his long, firm, easy strokes, she thought to herself what a singular fate it was that, after all, had brought them together.

She liked Arthur. He was tall and

handsome and bright, and when he told her he hoped she would never meet his friend Dick—"that is," he had added, "until it doesn't matter"—she had smiled indifferently, Dick being an unknown character. Now it seemed almost like fate.

Suddenly she heard a cry. She started up. There was a commotion. Men were running. She looked out. Almost as far as the eye could reach, she saw two dots on the ocean's brink. Then one disappeared. And above the water two hands were thrown. The other dot was nearer. Would he be too late? Her heart grew still. There was another shout.

"He has him! He is bringing him back! It's all right! He is bringing him in!"

And then, with a growing sense of exultation, she saw them reach the raft—at last.

It was two months later, on the deck of a yacht off Bar Harbor, that two young men sat quietly smoking.

"Old man," said Arthur Dillton, as he got up and placed his hand on the other's shoulder, "I have wished, many and many a time since that day, that you hadn't saved my life."

Dick Blashford looked solemn.

"I know what you mean, old chap," he replied. "And I feel like a dog myself. But I swear to you I couldn't help it. I loved her from the moment I set eyes on her, and even before I knew you were mixed up in the affair. I simply couldn't help myself. It was fate."

His friend looked at him with a kind of pathetic intensity.

"You've always beaten me at everything," he said; "still, I did think at last that I had that girl for myself. But I knew it was all up with me the moment I got ashore that day and found you talking to her as if you had known her all your life. You had never met before. You might never have seen her. Tell me this, will you: How did you—how did you manage it?"

And Dick Blashford, as he looked up at the fluttering pennant at the masthead as it rose and fell in the fickle breeze, replied:

"My dear boy, I didn't manage it. The wind merely happened to be blowing my way."

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

PART XVIII.

ORANGE JAMES SALISBURY.

By JAMES BLAINE WALKER.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first faint wash of waves
Where soon shall roll a human sea."

FORTY-ONE years ago these lines were applicable to the greater part of the Northwest. The Argonauts had founded a civilization in California, but the vast wilderness east of the Rocky Mountains, except for the Mormon colony in Utah, was yet given over to the plain's tribes.

In the conquest of this wilderness, the sons of New York State bore their part. One of these was Orange J. Salisbury. The stock from which he came was sturdy and patriotic. His father, Aaron Salisbury, was an officer in the War of 1812, who lived on a farm twelve miles from Buffalo. The son was born in 1844. His early years ran in the usual channels of farm life, combining a good deal of work, a little pleasure, and attendance at the common schools and Springville Academy.

An elder brother, Monroe Salisbury, had gone to the far West, and it was not strange that the younger should turn his eyes in the same direction and see alluring promise in the golden sunset. At the age of eighteen, he set out for Leavenworth, Kansas, then a frontier town and outfitting-place for those who crossed the plains. He found employment with Caldwell & Company, a transportation company which did a large business in forwarding freight by wagon to the West.

Working for a salary, however, was never part of his program. He had resolved that at the earliest possible opportunity he would begin independent operations. The golden sunset still beckoned, and, in 1867, he followed it to Julesburg, Colorado, and to Cheyenne, Wyoming—both new towns on the line of the projected transcontinental railroad. Cheyenne was then the terminus of the eastern section of the new Union

Pacific, and from it the transcontinental railway was being rapidly pushed westward.

Here was found an opportunity of which the young man speedily took advantage. He obtained a small contract on the Union Pacific, then another, and continued in this work until the Union Pacific rails from the east met the Central Pacific rails from the west at Promontory Point, Utah, and, when the junction was made, May 10, 1869, his men drove the last spikes in the line which joined the Atlantic seaboard and the Golden Gate.

The New York farm-boy was now a contractor and to some extent a capitalist at the age of twenty-five. In seven years he had not only made his first thousand dollars, that mark so difficult for some, impossible for others to attain, but had added to it. In doing so he had led the strenuous life of the Northwest, enduring hardships, living on bacon and hardtack, sleeping on the ground in the open air, braving the blizzards in winter, and the heat and floods of summer, and not a little of the time fighting Indians, who continually hovered around the vanguard of civilization. They were especially troublesome near Julesburg, and several times he narrowly escaped death at their hands.

It was in 1868, when Mr. Salisbury was working on the Union Pacific contracts, that he first went to Salt Lake City, Utah, which was subsequently to become his home.

Salt Lake City then was to the Rocky Mountain country what Leavenworth was to the plains—an outfitting-depot where travelers and miners purchased supplies. The placers of Idaho and Montana had been discovered six years before, and between these mining-camps and Salt Lake City there was an active business connection. The facilities for travel and the movement of freight were of the poorest.

To carry mails, passengers and express

matter into these camps the transportation business of Gilmer, Salisbury & Company was organized. The second partner in this transportation firm was Monroe Salisbury, the elder brother, who had wooed and won prosperity in the mountains. It was a natural desire for O. J. to seek a business connection with his brother, and the step from railroad contracting to transportation was an easy one. Many a young man would have been content with a high-salaried position, but Mr. Salisbury aimed higher, and purchased an interest in the business.

Energy, patience and perseverance always were a great part of Mr. Salisbury's capital. He invested all three in the transportation business. He lived on the road, ate on the road, slept on the road. His experience had given him a useful knowledge of horses. He developed a liking for them which he still retains. This knowledge served him in good stead, for horse-power was the main item in the economy of this inland transportation.

It was not long before he knew every horse on the road, its capabilities and limitations. He knew those best adapted for leaders, and those for wheelers. He separated those which could pull best on the sandy plains from those able to climb the steep roads of the mountains. And, if he did not know a new team, he would get on the box, take the reins from the driver, and drive them until he did. A better whip it was hard to find in the Rockies.

It was so with other details of the business. He patiently mastered them all. He was as good a judge of men as of horses, and in a business which involved the custody, safe handling and transportation of United States mails and untold treasure, the right kind of men was even more necessary than the right kind of horses. He was seldom deceived in them, and, once he placed them in situations of responsibility, he trusted them implicitly.

While Mr. Salisbury always exacted obedience and fidelity from his employees, he was ever considerate. His stage-drivers were provided with warm clothing and comfortable quarters, for theirs was a trying occupation in winter. Many a time they

faced death in the blizzards, and some of them had Mr. Salisbury to thank for their lives.

An incident of the kind occurred during one of the coldest winters. Mr. Salisbury was traveling over the line, and was the only passenger in the stage. The thermometer was well below zero, and the blizzard cut like a knife. He feared for the driver, and often put his head out of the coach-window to ask how he felt.

The plucky driver each time declared that he was "all right." But noticing that the speed of the horses was slackening, he again called to the driver. The latter insisted that all was well, and whipped up his team. Presently the horses slackened speed again, and the driver was ordered to stop. Getting out of the coach, Mr. Salisbury found, as he had feared, that the man was freezing. Notwithstanding strong protests, the driver was ordered down from the box, placed in the inside of the coach and wrapped in warm buffalo robes and blankets. Then, mounting to the box, Mr. Salisbury drove the six horses for two hours through the blizzard to the station, where the driver was properly cared for, becoming himself frost-bitten in the operation.

But cold and snow were not his only enemies. The Indian and the stage-robber he had to fight as well. When the gold-stampede to the Black Hills began, Gilmer, Salisbury & Company operated a stage-line from Deadwood to the railroad. The gold was shipped out by Wells, Fargo & Company's express, which was carried by the Gilmer & Salisbury stages. It was not long before "road-agents" began to operate. They became so bold in holding up stages that the Company put armed guards upon the boxes with the drivers.

One season it became necessary to suspend the gold-shippments for a time, on account of this danger. Mr. Salisbury went to Deadwood to straighten out the trouble. He found his men, brave though they were, unwilling to send out the gold. The road-agents had boasted that they would hold up the next treasure-coach. For some days coaches had been sent out loaded with armed men, but without any gold, in the hope that the robbers might

attack them. But the road-agents refused to be fooled. Meanwhile the gold was stacking up in the express office, and the consignors were demanding its shipment. Mr. Salisbury wasted no time. When the entire situation had been explained, he said:

"The gold must be shipped. I will take it out myself."

"But that is sure death," remonstrated the local agent.

"I can't help it," said Mr. Salisbury. "I'm going to get that treasure through."

The next morning he had the treasure-box placed in the front part of the stage, and, arming himself, got upon the box beside the driver, and started. There were no passengers, and no armed guards. Mr. Salisbury and the driver were alone on the box. The trip was made to the railroad without a hold-up, and the treasure-box was turned over safe to the express company. The road-agents had seen the coach, but concluded that it carried no treasure, as only two men were aboard.

Familiar with the resources of the mountain states, Mr. Salisbury gradually extended his operations. Opportunities came for careful investment in mining operations. They were embraced with judgment, and a little later on he became interested in banking. He founded the First National Bank at Deadwood and the First National Bank at Lead City, and for many years was the president of both. Mining, however, had the most charm for him, and to it he devoted the greater part of his time. His mining interests extended to Utah, Idaho, Nevada and South Dakota. He was one of the original purchasers of the great Homestake mine at Lead City,

South Dakota. For years he was interested with the late Senator George Hearst in that wonderful gold-property, and still holds a considerable amount of stock in the company. He acquired the famous Highland mine, adjoining the Homestake, and with it valuable water-rights, which later became necessary to the continued success of the Homestake company. For years there was litigation over the water-rights, but it ended in the consolidation of the two companies, a step of mutual benefit. In the merger, he secured a much larger in-

terest in the Homestake in return for his Highland holdings.

We read often of the luck of some Western man, who by chance acquires a mine which makes him a millionaire, and are likely to think that every successful mining-man is, to some extent, the favored son of fortune. In Mr. Salisbury's case, chance has had little to do with his success. To the most careful study of the mining business have been added tireless energy and industry.

That his investments have proved so successful was due to his patient investigation of mining prob-

lems and to unwavering perseverance. He never knew discouragement. In situations where other men would have given up, he became all the more determined, and, by altering processes or getting better-adapted machinery, changed money-losing ventures into successful mines.

This meant continued application and, at times, drudgery. Though his home life has the greatest charms for him, he has been known to leave his family for months and bury himself in some far-away mountain mining-camp, where his money was going into the ground faster than it



ORANGE JAMES SALISBURY.

was coming out. There he would stay, going into the mines every day, working with the assayer in analyzing the ore, working with the miner drilling it out in the depths, mixing the fluxing-materials himself, even taking a hand at charging the furnaces, and starting their fires, in order to satisfy himself that every condition necessary to save every dollar of precious metals in the ore was just right. Though he had deprived himself of the comforts of life, when he was ready to go back to civilization, he carried with him the knowledge that he had not labored in vain, and that the difficulty he had set out to conquer had been conquered.

Mr. Salisbury is thus thorough in all that he undertakes, and when he engages in an enterprise, those who know him feel certain that he will exhaust every resource if necessary to carry it to a successful accomplishment.

It is in recognition of these traits that he has come to hold a leading position in the political affairs of Utah. He is the member for Utah on the Republican National Committee, a position he first held in 1892. He has aided the party in every campaign with his purse, and many times by arduous personal efforts.

A tribute to his skill and executive ability was the result of the presidential campaign of 1900. Four years previously Utah, which is a great silver-producing State, had given Mr. W. J. Bryan a plurality of fifty-one thousand. Everybody thought it would go for Bryan in 1900. Mr. Salisbury was requested to direct the campaign, and he did so. Notwithstanding adverse conditions, he never admitted the possibility of defeat, and went to work to manufacture Republican votes with the same energy and industry which he puts into his business enterprises. He had the party organization strengthened in every county, brought the best speakers of national favor into the State, made a most vigorous canvass with

home talent, and had the satisfaction of carrying the State for McKinley, and electing a Republican legislature. Considering the silver-sentiment in the West, and the tremendous plurality given for the Democratic ticket in the preceding election, the turning-over in Utah in 1900 was one of the most remarkable reverses in political history. The fact that he directed the campaign, and brought it to a successful issue in the face of overwhelming odds, is but another proof of his sagacity and executive ability.

When Utah was striving for a place in the Union, Mr. Salisbury worked enthusiastically and effectively for statehood. He was one of the first of the Liberals (the old anti-Mormon party) to advocate the dissolution of that organization and the dividing-up of the people, both Mormon and non-Mormon, on political lines. When the Mormon church announced its willingness to abandon polygamy, he held that no further bar to statehood existed, and was instrumental in securing the passage of the bill for the admission of the territory as a State. The results have vindicated his judgment.

In spite of his liking for politics, Mr. Salisbury, though often urged to stand for office, never has held a political post, if we except his membership in the National Committee and his election, while a resident of Idaho, as member of the constitutional convention of that State.

He is the president of the Salisbury Company, which owns the largest hotel and office building in Salt Lake City, and many pieces of city and suburban property. He is a director of the Commercial National Bank, and maintains a private office, dealing in commercial paper and investment securities. He has affairs enough to keep him busy, but not too many to prevent him from taking frequent trips to New York or San Francisco, from camping out in the mountains or from taking daily drives behind a spirited team.

STUYVESANT FISH.

BY ROBERT N. BURNETT.

SKILLED, up-to-date, practical railroad men, who are equal to any emergency, and are capable of handling a system of five to ten thousand miles, are exceedingly scarce, and are at a premium, to judge from the efforts of the leading companies

to get hold of such officials. There is a president of an eastern trunk-line system whom a number of the greatest railroads in the United States have been after, and who, if he would accept, could name almost any salary he desired. He has the confidence of leading financiers, and is content for the present to remain with a company controlled by one of them, perhaps hoping for an increase in his worldly possessions by attending strictly to business. But he is nothing more than a manager. He is an automaton who is able to think out every detail, and run the machine placed in his care with the highest degree of efficiency, so as to produce the greatest results with the least expenditure. He is a hired man, not a controlling power in the ownership of the property. He might be dismissed at any time, should there be an upheaval in the management, and a new board of directors wish to show favoritism.

During the last generation many sturdy railroad managers have sprung up who, while being familiar with all of the intricacies of operation, have also shown great financial ability, commanding influence among their associates, and greatly adding to their wealth by taking advantage of opportunities. Gradually they have loomed up as factors that determine the selection of directorates. Such a man is James J. Hill, who from humble beginnings rose to be one of the leading forces in the financial world. Stuyvesant Fish is another. A tall, commanding figure, with heavy mustache and florid complexion, he towers among those with whom he associates as did Saul in scriptural days. Since Mr. Fish became president of the Illinois Central in 1887 he has been the moving power that shaped its policy. He has built it up from an obscure system of some two thousand miles to one of nearly three times that amount. Its capital and resources have trebled, and it ranks with the foremost roads in the country. If he would consent to take charge as president of any of the other great systems, he could have a dozen jobs for the asking. But such men as Mr. Fish cannot be hired for love or money. They labor hard to build up the companies with which they are identified; but they are looking after their own

affairs, as well as those of the other shareholders. Mr. Fish can often be found in his Broadway office after candle-light, toiling away to finish some important business, after the bankers in Wall Street have been gone two or three hours. He is frequently the first one to arrive in the morning.

When it is said that Mr. Fish was secretary to John Newell, who was formerly president of the Illinois Central, and afterwards distinguished himself as the head of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, railroad men will readily understand what excellent opportunities he had for learning the business. Mr. Newell was one of the severest disciplinarians in this country. He was all work—he loved it for its own sake, just as does Russell Sage, who for fifty years could boast that he scarcely ever wasted a holiday. The average railroad president wants able assistants under him, and he holds them responsible for carrying out the details properly. Mr. Newell not only held all of his subordinates responsible, but he personally watched the carrying-out of details. Mr. Fish absorbed many of Mr. Newell's best traits as a railroad manager, but none that were objectionable, and on this foundation he built up an expert knowledge which extended far beyond the practical details of operation. As a banker and broker he had cultivated a broader vision. Scarcely had he been elected to the presidency of the Illinois Central than he began to study out how he could widen the earning-power of this company, and build branches that would add new vigor to the parent trunk.

The son of Hamilton Fish, the famous Secretary of State, Stuyvesant Fish was born on June 24, 1851, in New York City, and was educated at Columbia College. After leaving that institution, he at once started in to learn the railroad business, becoming a clerk in the general office of the Illinois Central, in the autumn of 1871. He became secretary to the president in the following year, but two years later he abandoned the business to become a clerk in the banking-office of Morton, Bliss & Company in New York City, thence going to London to accept a similar place with Morton, Rose & Company. Returning to New York City again, he became managing clerk for the first-named firm, holding its power

of attorney. While identified with that firm he was elected a director of the Illinois Central Railroad, and was appointed treasurer and agent of the purchasing committee of the New Orleans, Jackson & Great Northern Railroad; later vice-president of the Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans Railroad, which became a part of the Illinois Central system. He had become a member of the New York Stock Exchange before severing his connection with Morton, Bliss & Company, keeping his seat on the Exchange for about three years. In January, 1883, he was appointed second vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad, and he thenceforth devoted most of his energies to the railroad business, becoming the head of the road in 1887.

His father's prominence had brought him into connection with many leading men of affairs. While on the board of directors of the Illinois Central, when he became vice-president and director, were some well-known names, such as William Waldorf Astor, Robert Goellet, Sidney Webster, Walter Luttgen and Alexander R. Van Nest, who had a good opportunity to study the worth of the rising young railroad man, then thirty-two years old. That in a little over four years, at the age of thirty-six, he was to be placed at the head of the Company showed unmistakable confidence that they had found the right man for the place.

Mr. Fish was in charge of a railroad reaching from Chicago to New Orleans, and from Chicago to Sioux City on the Missouri River, with an entrance into St. Louis, and a few small branches here and there. It was one of the few successful north-and-south roads, but its capacity was limited. The new head of the road at once set about devising ways to double its possibilities. But he must not only do this—he must checkmate his rivals. One of these was the Louisville & Nashville, which had an entrance into New Orleans, but which had no direct line between that city, St. Louis and Chicago. There was an independent line, reaching from Memphis to New Orleans, but Mr. Fish, in 1892, took this in before his rivals had a chance to capture it, thus giving his Company control of the only direct highways between the cities mentioned. In the following year,

1893, Mr. Fish strengthened his position by reaching up into the Louisville & Nashville territory, and securing possession of the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern, which gave the Illinois Central an entrance into Louisville. This enabled him to drain a good deal of new territory, and command traffic from the east and north which had formerly gone south over the Louisville & Nashville road. He was still at a disadvantage in handling business out of St. Louis for the south, unless he wished to utilize the lines of other companies. To remedy this he leased the St. Louis, Alton & Terre Haute. Meanwhile he extended the southern lines up into the coal and iron regions of Alabama, and, in 1900, completed one of the most important links of the system—that from Fort Dodge to Council Bluffs, Iowa, connecting with the Union Pacific by a bridge over the Missouri River, into Omaha.

This last move was an important stroke, since it placed the Illinois Central in the first rank as a competitor for Western business. The Chicago & Northwestern for a long time had an exclusive arrangement for the interchange of east and westbound traffic with the Union Pacific at Omaha; but E. H. Harriman, who was head of the Union Pacific, as well as an associate of President Fish in the directory of the Illinois Central, thought it would be a good opportunity to press the advantage of the latter company, and the extension from Fort Dodge to Council Bluffs was projected. It proved a wise move. The Illinois Central since then has greatly added to its business by its connections at Omaha. The wisdom of Mr. Fish's policy of expansion was shown by the results. Since he became second vice-president, in 1883, when the gross earnings were a little over twelve millions, and the net less than half that, the volume of receipts on the entire system has grown to nearly fifty millions gross and about a third that amount in net.

Although Mr. Fish is a director in banks and other institutions, his distinction as a financier has been mainly based upon his astuteness as a railroad manager of the highest order. Having thought out plans for increasing the efficiency of his system—the Illinois Central being the only railroad with which he has been identified

during his long career in the business—he had no difficulty in getting all of the financial support he needed in carrying the program out. During the last half dozen years President Fish has favored spending vast amounts for equipment, double-tracking portions of the road, and general improvements and extensions. Three times the capital stock has been increased recently, forty million dollars more money being poured into the property. An enormous amount this is, but not the slightest criticism was offered that the president was overdoing things. His judgment has been justified by the great increase in the volume of traffic that has since been carried, and which, under previous conditions, would have had to be turned away. One of the most remarkable feats ever undertaken in this country was the handling of the crowds that visited the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, by the Illinois Central, which had to bear the brunt of the burden. President Fish prepared for the task with perfect confidence that the people could be carried without any trouble. His expectations were realized, and the earnings of the Company showed an enormous increase.

Mr. Fish knows the exact cost of transportation, how many loaded freight-cars there must be in a train before it will pay to start the engine, and when it means a loss to run the train. No problem in operation, traffic or finance is too intricate for

him. Six months ago he sounded a note of warning in regard to the increasing demands of labor-leaders and the growing cost of railroad supplies. He advocated conservatism in expenditures, and not overdoing provisions for the future. He had made his extra preparations several years before, and his company was reaping the benefits of them, so that he was prepared to rest on his oars. His policy proved to be the right one. On every hand now are evidences of curtailment of expenditures by

other leading railroads of the country, the reasons offered being the ones that suggested themselves to Mr. Fish some time ago. Thus does a prudent official save thousands or millions of dollars for his company when he concludes to let well enough alone.

That a railroad president who works longer than most of his clerks should get time for much diversion is something of a paradox; but when he closes his office-door, Mr. Fish leaves

care behind, and he gives himself up largely to social enjoyment, as the most pleasant means of refreshment after labor. He does not, however, serve two masters. When social duties press on his work, or there is an important problem to solve, pleasure is sacrificed for months at a time. Hard work has been the keynote of Mr. Fish's success, just as it has in that of almost every other man of importance in the world of finance, commerce and industry to-day.



STUYVESANT FISH.



LORD THORNY'S ELDEST SON.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

THERE was a blacksmith once in Donegal named Thorny, and because he was a humpy little fellow, and very consequential, the neighbors nicknamed him Lordy, and oftentimes called him Lord Thorny; and he had one son named Dick, who grew up to be an idle fellow and every bit as consequential as his father; but he was a handsome fellow and a bit of a dandy, and the idol of all the girls in Donegal.

As I said, he went about doing nothing, with his hands in his pockets, and his Sunday clothes never off him, and his hair combed and licked into all kinds of nice shapes. It is many the fair match he could have got amongst the girls in Donegal, if he would have taken them, but he was ambitious, and had too high an opinion of himself, had Dick. He always said he was equal to any lady in the land, and that he would take no wife but a lady who could afford to keep him.

His father, seeing he was of no earthly use to him, would very well like to see him marry a warm farmer's daughter, and settle down in life, but every time ever his

father spoke to him in this way, my brave Dick only turned up his nose at it; and at long last his father got so heartily sick, sore and tired of him that he banished him from about his place altogether, and ordered him to go off, and take the world for his pillow.

Well, my brave Dick started, and he headed for Dublin as being the greatest and grandest place in the land. It is often he had heard of Dublin, and often and often he had wished to be in it. So now, when he set his feet going, he never called a halt until he was there. Small money he had in his pocket, so he took lodgings in a poor, back street, and he washed and dressed himself up in his dandiest, and he went out walking through the grandest parts of Dublin, admiring the grand houses, but admiring more the still grander ladies; and there was one young lady that he saw, who was far more beautiful than any of the others, and he turned, and followed her from street to street, till he saw her go into her own house, and he marked it, and saw that it was a very fine and grand house entirely,



and he then knew that she and her people must be very wealthy.

And he knocked at some neighbor's door, and, pointing out this house, inquired who lived there, and who might the young lady be that he saw going into it just now. And the neighbor told him that that was the house of the Lord High Mayor of Dublin, and that the young lady who had gone into it now was the Lord High Mayor's only daughter, the most beautiful young lady in Dublin, or, maybe, in all Ireland, and one of the richest, too; for she would inherit all her father's wealth, and he, being Lord High Mayor, was, of course, the wealthiest man in all Ireland. Then Dick went away, thinking that this was the young lady for him. "I will court her," he thought, "and make her my wife, or know the reason why."

And he went off with himself to his home in the back streets, and he went to his bed, and he did not sleep much—for he tossed about, ruminating and planning all night; and in the morning he got up bright and early and had his breakfast, and started out and looked for a drapery-shop, and when he had found one, he went in and asked for a dozen of their nicest silk handkerchiefs, and he paid for these, though there was little more left in his pocket. And then he set off in the direction of the street where the Lord High Mayor lived, and he was set off and dressed in his very best and dandiest, and when he came there, he went marching up and down that street, past the Lord Mayor's house, and he watched all the time, with the tail of his eye, to see if she was coming to the window to look out at him.

And, sure enough, attracted by the sight of a handsome young stranger in Dublin, who was walking up and down the street, taking the air, as it seemed to her, she came to the window to look out. And as he saw this he put his hand in his pocket, and took out one of the silk handkerchiefs, and wiped his nose with it, and then threw the handkerchief carelessly over his shoulder; and every time he passed the window he would pull out another handkerchief, wipe his nose, and immediately throw the handkerchief away again.

And she called her servant-maid, and, pointing out the lad to her, said: "This must be a wonderful rich young man entirely; for, though he carries the best silk handkerchiefs, he never uses any of them a second time, only throws them over his shoulder as if they were a bit of paper."

And more by the same token there was a crowd of the young street-runners of Dublin at Dick's heels, and they were grabbing at the handkerchiefs, and scuffling and fighting for them, according as he threw them away. Then the Lord High Mayor's daughter sent her servant out, and told her, as he seemed to be a stranger, to ask him would he not come into the Lord High Mayor's house and rest himself, and have a chat with the Lord High Mayor's daughter.

And when Dick got the message, as you may well suppose, he was delighted in the heart of him, but, instead of letting the servant-maid see this, he only asked her: "Are you sure that the Lord High Mayor is wealthy enough and respectable enough for a gentleman of my standing and respectability to go in and make his acquaintance, and the acquaintance of his daughter, and sit down and rest in their house?"

And the servant assured him that the Lord High Mayor was the wealthiest and most respectable and best come-up gentleman in Ireland, and his daughter the most beautiful in it.

"Then," says Dick, says he, "I suppose I may go in and sit down for a little while without any loss to my dignity."

And in with the servant-maid he went, and the servant-maid told her mistress all that had passed, and the mistress she was astonished, and, when she came into the grand receiving-room where Dick was

lounging on a sofa of silks and satins, with his feet on another silk sofa, she was very humble indeed, and quite backward in such a great man's presence.

And Dick, seeing this, shook hands with her right heartily, and told her to make herself at home, and be no way shy in his presence, for he always made it a rule to accommodate himself to any sort of company he happened to fall in with, even the most humble, and she thanked him, and tried to make herself as much at home as she could, and Dick began putting all sorts of questions to her, and, when he had questioned her to his heart's content, says he: "Of course, you know who I am?"

"Well, indeed," says she, and she blushed for shame, "I am sorry to say that I do not."

"Oh, then," says he, "you will know when I tell you. I am Lord Thorny's eldest son and heir, and, of course, you have often heard of my father, Lord Thorny?"

And she blushed again twice as much as she blushed before, and she said she was very young and not very long home from a convent school where they did not know or hear tell much of the great people of the world, and she asked that she might be excused on that ground.

"Ah," he said, "surely, surely, you will be excused on that ground, and don't apologize, I beg of you. And, furthermore, I beg you will not be a bit more uneasy, now you know the great man I am."

But, for all that, she was double and treble as uneasy, and she was glad when her father came into the room, and she introduced her father to him, and she said to him that this was the eldest son and heir of the great Lord Thorny.

And her father, who always wanted to pretend to know every famous and great personage, said that this was a great honor the gentleman had done him in coming into his house to rest himself, and he begged that, if he remained in Dublin, he would come often.

And Dick said that he thought them exceedingly good and kindly-hearted people, and very decent indeed for their station in life, and that he would have a pleasure in dropping in any time he felt that way inclined. "And, by the way," says he,

getting up on his feet, and putting his hand in his pocket, "by the way, I find that I have left my purse at home on my bedroom-table in the hotel, and, as I never like to leave a house without a small acknowledgment to the servants, I will thank you to lend me one hundred pounds till I come again."

And the Lord Mayor thanked him for the honor he did him in borrowing money from him, and he put his hand in his pocket, and took out one hundred pounds, and gave it to Dick, and Dick asked would he kindly send in the servants, and the Lord High Mayor went to the kitchen, and told the four servants to wipe their faces and come to the parlor, for there was a great gentleman there waiting to see them. And they did as they were bid, and, when they went into the parlor, Dick handed them a five-pound note each. And then he bade good-by to the Lord High Mayor's daughter, and went away.

And, when he was gone, the Lord High Mayor and his daughter could do nothing for wondering at the wonderfully wealthy man Dick was, and the Lord High Mayor advised his daughter to set her cap for him; and from then she did nothing but titivate herself for the next time he was to come.

And indeed it was not long until he came again, and he gave a five-pound note to the servant-girl who opened the door to him. He had a long chat with the daughter, and she was making herself very agreeable entirely, and not a bit less agreeable did Dick make himself, but before he



left that evening he told her he would like to do her father the honor of borrowing another couple of hundred pounds from him, for he said he forgot his purse again, and was that stupid that he would forget his head if it was not well stuck on his shoulders.

The daughter said the honor was great; and her father made him take five hundred

pounds this time, as he said he might want it before he got home. Dick said it was all the same to him, and he took the five hundred pounds, and made an appointment to come and dine with them next evening. And before he left he gave every one of the servants ten pounds each; and the consternation of the Lord High Mayor and his daughter at the wonderful wealth which Lord Thorny's eldest son must possess, was great indeed; and on the third evening he came he made down-

right love to the daughter, and before he left he asked her of her father, and got her, and the wedding-day was arranged for just a week later. And it was agreed that every lord and lady in Dublin would be asked to the wedding, and that they would have the biggest blowout ever seen in Dublin before, or that would ever be seen after.

Very well and good! That fared well, and it did not fare ill, as they say in the stories, and, in the mean time, the courtship went on, and Dick and his intended wife used to go out driving in the Lord High Mayor's coach through the beautiful parks of Dublin. And there was one day, when they were out driving, and the coachman, going round a turn in one of the

walks, upset the carriage through his own awkwardness, and spilt Dick and his girl into the sheuch(ditch), and Dick was so outraged that he lifted his fist, and knocked down the coachman.

"Well, there is one thing I say," said the coachman, "and that is that you are no gentleman."

Dick only gave him another polthogue at this, and knocked him down again; and then forgot all about it. But if he did forget it, the Lord High Mayor, of Dublin's daughter didn't, for it rankled in her

mind, and she wondered why it was that the coachman had told him he was no gentleman. She took an early opportunity of asking the coachman why he said her intended husband was no gentleman.

"Because," said the coachman, "he struck me with his fist, whereas if he had been a gentleman it would have been with the whip he would have struck me."



Drawn by
Thomas
Fogarty.

THOMAS FOGARTY

"DOWNRIGHT LOVE."

One thought borrowed another with her, till at length she began to have wee doubts on her mind that, after all, Dick might not be what he put up to be, at all, at all; and, what with one thing and another, it is little sleep she got that night, and in the morning she opened her mind on the subject to her father, and asked his advice regarding what was best to be done, and the advice he gave was that a special messenger should be sent down to Donegal, where Dick said his father, Lord Thorny, lived, in order that they might find whether Lord Thorny was the great man Dick represented him to be.

And both of them agreed to this, and they employed a trusty man, and, before they sent him off, they swore him on the Book that he would bring a true account back with him. And then the messenger set off on a swift horse. And when he was coming near the Donegal country, he began inquiring if the people knew Lord Thorny, or could they direct him to him, and every one laughed when they heard this inquiry, and they said surely they did know him, for who did not know the Lordy, and they directed him on the right road, though he was still the best part of fifty miles from him.

And when at length he reached Donegal



town, every one was laughing louder when he inquired for Lord Thorny, and every one was directing him toward the Lordy's; and when he reached him, his surprise, you may be sure, was neither small nor middlin', but great, to see an old tumble-down, black-looking forge, with no roof at all; and the Lordy himself was at his supper when the messenger went in, for it was now night. His meal consisted of Indian meal stirabout, and he had it placed upon

the anvil, and he himself was sitting upon his heels while he supped it.

The messenger pretended that he was looking to get his horse shod, and the Lordy told him to wait until he had finished his supper, and he would shoe it. And he waited along with other men till the Lordy had finished his supper.

And then Lord Thorny washed his hands in a big stone trough that was in the forge, and he wiped them on his breeches, and next he drank a big bowl of black tea.

The messenger got his horse shod by excuse, and then set out for Dublin post-haste, for he was ordered on peril of his life to be back there before the wedding. And on the very night before the wedding he came galloping up to the Lord High Mayor's door. Off he jumped, and up and into the room where the Lord High Mayor and his daughter were waiting on him.

And as this servant was one of those whom Dick had been giving five- and ten-pound notes to, and as he had been looking forward to having a grand time of it under such a master when Dick should marry, in his heart of hearts he would have liked to be able to give a grand report of Dick's father, but he was sworn to the truth, and so, unfortunately, would have to tell the truth.

The Lord High Mayor and his daughter welcomed him, and asked him had he discovered Lord Thorny. He said he had.

"And tell me now," said the daughter of the Lord High Mayor, "is he as famous and as far known as his son would have us believe?"

Says the messenger: "When I came within fifty miles and more of his place, there was hardly a child on the road that had not Lord Thorny on the tip of his tongue."

"Well, well, well!" said the Lord High Mayor. "That is great news surely!"

"But tell me," says the daughter, "what is his castle like?"

"Oh," said the messenger, "I could hardly describe it, for there is no castle in Dublin, nor in any place I have ever been, that looks anyways like Lord Thorny's castle."

"Indeed, now," says the daughter, "but tell what was the most wonderful thing you noticed about it?"

"Well," says he, "the most wonderful thing that I noticed about it was the roof. I have seen castles in Dublin and outside Dublin, with high and grand roofs, but a roof so high or a roof so grand as that of Lord Thorny's castle I never in all my born days before beheld. When you stepped into the edifice, and looked up, ye may doubt my word (but remember that I am on my oath) when I tell you that that roof was miles and miles high, and miles and miles long, and was covered all over with shining little things that lighted up the castle so no lamps were needed."

Both the Lord High Mayor and his daughter were thunderstruck.

"And that," said the messenger, "was wonderful, but there were more wonderful things still. The Lord himself was at his supper. He allows no one to sit down with him, but any respectable person that likes can go in and look on; and he sat upon a seat that money could not purchase, and ate upon a table that ten men could not lift."

"Well, well, well!" said the Lord High Mayor and his daughter. "And tell us what did he eat?" said the daughter.

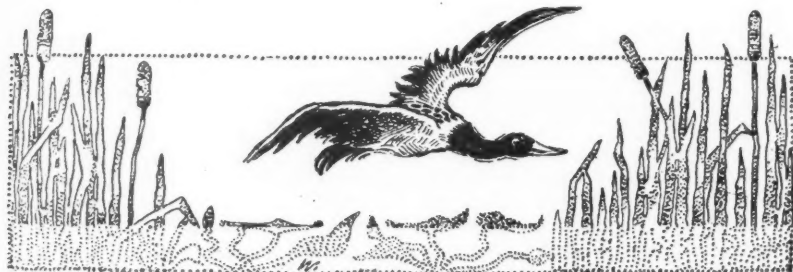
"He did not eat any common thing that was raised in this country, but his food is grown for him in America, and is brought over to this country in ships," said the messenger, "and I have never seen this dish used at the table of any of the other gentlemen of this land. And after he had eaten this meal, he drank a great goblet of black wine that he had fetched to him from Asia; then he washed his hands in a basin that would take thirty men to lift, and he wiped his hands on a towel that neither

you, my Lord High Mayor, nor the Lord Lieutenant, nor even the King himself ever offered to the most distinguished guest that ever came to visit ye. And the avenue to this edifice was thronged with ladies and gentlemen and horses, going and coming all the day long. In fact, such a lord as Lord Thorny I have never seen, or you have never seen, or any other man in Ireland."

The delight of the Lord High Mayor and his daughter when they heard this, was more than I can tell, and when Dick came dressed for the wedding next morning, he received a welcome ten times greater than any he had received before. And the marriage turned out to be a happy one. Dick very soon learned about the messenger that had been sent to Donegal, and he gave him one hundred pounds for a present on the marriage-day, and became his firm and fast friend afterwards.

Very soon after their marriage Dick gave tidings to his wife that his father had disgraced him by marrying a lady beneath his station, and who had only twenty thousand a year, and that in consequence he was going to cut his father, and would not recognize him any longer, and he swore that, though they might travel every foot of ground in Ireland, they would never set their feet upon his father's lands or territory, or go within leagues of it.

And he made his wife proud of him, that he had such a spirit, and he always kept his word to the day of his death, which was a long time after, for a long life and a happy one the Lord High Mayor of Dublin's daughter had with Lord Thorny's eldest son.



MAKING A CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

X.—CIVIL ENGINEERING.

By DANIEL WILLARD,

First Vice-President and General Manager, Erie Railroad.

THE name given to the series of papers, of which this is one, indicates that it is intended for the benefit of the young men who have yet before them the choice of a profession, rather than for readers of more advanced years and mature experience; and it is hoped that what follows may be of some assistance to the young man who may now be struggling with the all-important question, "What shall I choose for a profession?" or, as it presented itself to the writer some years ago, "What shall I do for a living?"

Engineering has been defined as "the science and art of utilizing the forces and materials of nature." A dictionary says that an engineer is "one who carries through any scheme or enterprise by skill or artful contrivance," and enumerates several branches of the profession: as civil, electrical, mechanical, military, naval, et cetera. It will thus be seen that engineering, in its broad sense, really covers several distinct professions, or sciences, each one of which would require a lifetime to master, and each of which has associated with it the names of men distinguished in civil or military life. We have the Stephensons (father and son), Latrobe, Jervis, Fink and Wellington among civil engineers and noted, also, as railroad-builders; Morse, Edison, Brush, Marconi and a long list of others among electrical engineers; Fritz, Westinghouse, Forney and Barr among mechanical engineers. A great majority of the successful generals of the world have been military engineers, and we have Ericsson, Greeley and Melville as recent types of naval engineers.

This list of men, selected out of mind and entirely at random, although it enumerates but a small fraction of the total number who have achieved distinction and merited fame in the various directions mentioned, is yet sufficient to show the possibilities of each subdivision of the engineering profession, and to furnish added incentive to the young man who thinks of choosing any one of them, each of which

has been dignified by the names connected with it.

The most important and interesting of the several branches of the profession, as it has always seemed to me, is that of civil engineering, as the term is commonly understood; and it is with reference to that particular branch, and that, too, as applied chiefly to railroad-construction and -maintenance, that the remainder of this paper has to do.

One of the principal officers on all important railroads to-day is the chief engineer, who is always a civil engineer, as the term is used. Mr. John B. Jervis, himself a distinguished civil engineer, in his book on "Railway Property," written in 1869, says, concerning the selection of this important officer: "First of all, see that the engineer is a man of prudent habits, sound practical sense, and fidelity. Such a man, with fair elementary qualifications and experience, will fill most of the duties required, and steadily improve by experience in the special service that may be involved in the work required to be managed." A more recent writer has said, with reference to the civil engineer: "No one can tell, in advance, the degree of success that those who aspire to be civil engineers will attain. The basis upon which success depends is a studious disposition, an analytical and highly disciplined mind, power of consecutive thought, adaptability and good judgment. Any one who possesses these may hope to achieve the highest results; without them, his success can only be partial." And the same writer also says further, concerning the chief engineer: "He deservedly ranks among the highest officials, and may justly aspire to the most exalted position in the gift of those he serves."

On a new road the chief engineer will cause surveys to be made, and have plans and estimates prepared, showing usually several possible routes of varying grades and alignment; the selection of some one of which will probably be influenced largely by the rate of grade and cost of building,

and possibly by questions of policy with reference to the reaching of certain important points rather than certain others of perhaps lesser importance. After the route has finally been selected, it remains for him to build the road, design and build the bridges, bore the tunnels, plan the terminals, design the passenger- and freight-stations, and build the shops; and, after the road is in operation, and the mountain on the one side falls down upon it, and the river on the other cuts the foundations from under it, the chief engineer will be the first one sent for to prescribe a remedy and effect a cure. He is a man who thinks and does things, and who must have in his vocabulary no such word as impossible. The duties above suggested are only a few of the many things he is expected to know about and be able to do.

Although it has been no small task to locate and build the more than two hundred thousand miles of railroad in the United States, yet they were no sooner built than immediately the task of rebuilding had to be undertaken; for it must be constantly kept in mind that the theory—I might better say the hard fact—of evolution is constant and universal in its influence. Whatever has been done will be superseded by something better. Whatever is done to-day will, in turn, give way to something still better adapted to the changed requirements. The law is inexorable.

The Baltimore & Ohio, the first real railroad, as the term is now understood, which was started in this country, was originally built with grades of one hundred and sixteen feet per mile over the mountains, and fifty-two feet per mile where there were no mountains, such grades being considered satisfactory at that time. The business of that day could be handled over them, and shippers were satisfied to have their freight moved at a rate of two or three cents per ton per mile. To-day, on the same road, they are not satisfied to pay one-fourth of that amount, or five mills per ton per mile. One-per-cent grades have had to give way to others of three-tenths, and mountain grades may almost be said to have been leveled by means of new lines, ingeniously thought out and wonderfully constructed. All this has been

the work of the civil engineer, made necessary by the demands of the time, and made possible by the immense sums of money furnished by men of means, who, listening to his recital of well-developed plans, and recognizing the soundness of his arguments, have backed them with their wealth.

What has been done on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and is yet being done, is also going on all over this vast country. The Union Pacific in the West, the Great Northern and Northern Pacific in the Northwest, the Pennsylvania and others in the East, are all being changed—I might almost say rebuilt—the better to fit them for the present-day requirements. He would be a bold prophet who would say that the work which is now being done on the great systems above referred to is the final settlement of the whole matter. Mr. Latrobe, who built the Baltimore & Ohio, would not have believed that, within fifty years from his time, his work would be found only half done and altogether inadequate.

Such work as above indicated requires talent of the highest order. The engineer who can build a road in the right place in the first instance, or correct its location in the second, must have the imagination of the artist, combined with the executive ability and sound judgment of the practical man of affairs.

I have undertaken to outline above some of the things which the civil engineer in the past has done, and suggest others easily within my range of vision which he will be required to do in the near future. It will, perhaps, be pertinent now to consider the preparation which a young man about to make a choice of a profession should have in order to fit him for the duties, privileges and honors which come to the successful civil engineer.

Three things are indispensable, although others are desirable. He must have good health, good habits and a determination to succeed. He should have the best education within his means, for the reason that the good workman in any trade will do his work, if not better, at least more readily and with less physical effort if he has the best and most suitable tools to work with. It has been well said that there is not a branch of modern business which does not

require scientific knowledge, and the more science, of the most widely differing kinds, the better. Sooner or later it is all found to pay.

I myself did not have a college education, and I have always regretted it. I am not an engineer, but I believe I could do my work more easily and with greater satisfaction to myself, at least, if I had had the advantage of a college course. That it is not necessary, however, is amply proved in the case of George Stephenson, who at eighteen years of age had not learned to write, and yet lived to become the greatest railroad-builder of his day, and was knighted by the King of Belgium in recognition of his ability. But while Stephenson succeeded without an education, as the term is usually understood, it does not follow that an education is not a good thing. Stephenson possessed the three characteristics above referred to as indispensable, and, lacking all else, attained the greatest heights of success. The young man who decides upon engineering as a profession, and especially civil engineering, will do well to obtain a copy of "Lives of the Engineers," by Samuel Smiles, and read it through carefully. When he has done this, if he is really fit to be an engineer, he will immediately read the book again, and he cannot read it too often. As in Stephenson's time, so it is to-day. The young man who would succeed must persevere. Read how Stephenson built his road across Chat Moss.

The young man who decides to become a civil engineer would do well to obtain employment with some railroad company in its engineering department. He might be assigned with a party in the field, and perhaps his first work might be—it very likely would be—making short wooden stakes to drive in the ground when wanted. He might have to carry a pack, sleep in a tent, wash his face in a tin dish or, perhaps, in a brook, and eat bacon and crackers, sitting on the ground; and if he did all of these things, it would not hurt him. Some of the best men the world has ever produced have done the same things. Having secured a start, if he really deserves success, his progress, while perhaps slow, will be certain, and he will gradually have additional and more difficult things given

him to do. His assigned duties should never be the measure of his work. He should think of his regular duties only to remember not to neglect the least of them, but never for the purpose of circumscribing his efforts, which should be measured only by the limits of his ability. In this way he will make himself so valuable to his employer that when the question of reduction of force arises, as it always does, his place will still be certain, while the one who simply did his duty, or, perhaps, not quite that, will be dispensed with. Young men—and older ones, too, for that matter—are apt to complain when they are given difficult things to do, and especially so if, from their point of view, the tasks so assigned should have fallen to some one else. This is a most serious mistake. The young man who wishes to succeed should welcome the opportunity to do difficult things rather than try to shun it. It is no doubt true that many deserving young men have been overlooked and not advanced simply because the opportunity to demonstrate their ability by doing difficult things was never afforded them. How fortunate for Admiral Dewey that he happened to be at Manila Bay, with all the responsibilities resting upon the commander of a fleet, many thousands of miles from his base, and in hostile waters; how fortunate for Washington that he was called upon to carry the responsibility resting upon the commander of the American forces in 1776 and subsequent years; how fortunate for Stephenson that he had Chat Moss to cross, with an unenlightened and hostile public sentiment to contend with; and how fortunate for all of us that such men were at hand when needed.

If it so happens that the young man in mind has not had the advantage of a college education, his case is by no means hopeless; but, like the workman with poor tools, he will be obliged to make a greater effort to accomplish the desired results. He must study, read and think while others, less ambitious, dispose of their spare time as fancy dictates. It is fortunate that to-day there are numbers of good books and periodicals that will give the young student the benefit of the experience of many able men in his chosen line who have preceded him, and also keep him in touch with

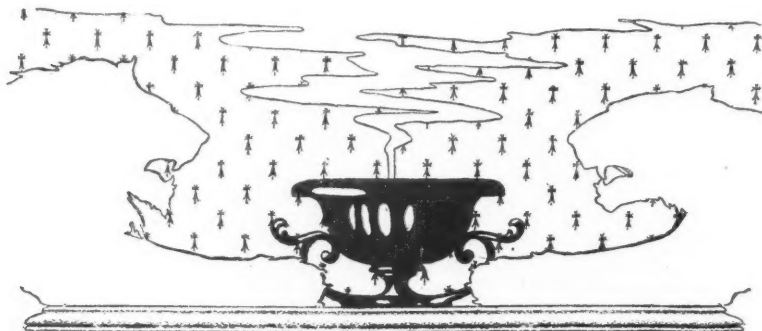
what is being done at the present time. If he can buy only one book, it should be "The Economic Theory of Railway Location," by Wellington, a work accepted as standard, and invaluable, not only for the great mass of information which it contains, but even more so for the influence which a careful reading of such a work necessarily has upon a young man's mind. And as he reads the various books and periodicals of the day which are devoted to engineering matters, let him remember that such information was not available in Stephenson's time. Let him remember, also, that the account of the Eads' jetties had not been written when Captain Eads thought the matter out and built them; that no treatise on suspension bridges had been written when Roebling built the first one across Niagara. The great engineers of the past have been men who thought much and carefully about the thing they had to do, and then went ahead and did it. We are fortunate that we have the benefit of their experience; but it will be as true of the future as of the past that the great engineers will successfully do things never done before. They will be men of thought and action.

It may be asked by the young man thinking of becoming an engineer: "What reward for all this hard work and these long hours? If the demands upon a civil engineer are so great, why not try something less exacting?" I can only say in reply that if the work is hard, the reward is greater. Something cannot be obtained for nothing. The greatest satisfaction

from it all will be that which comes to the person who accomplishes what he sets out to do. It is this peculiar trait of human nature which brings Sir Thomas Lipton three times to this country, at an expense of millions, to try for a cup worth merely a trifle. It is that thing in man which makes Cæsars, Napoleons, great generals, admirals, statesmen and engineers—depending upon the direction in which it develops. No pecuniary reward or empty title would be sufficient to account for the efforts put forth by men who have reached the greatest heights of success.

But it must not be inferred that there is not also substantial reward as well. Mr. Cassatt, admittedly the greatest president the Pennsylvania Railroad has ever had, was and is a civil engineer. The list—which might be greatly enlarged—includes Mr. Spencer, of the Southern; Mr. Loree, of the Baltimore & Ohio; Mr. Ramsey, of the Wabash, and Mr. Burt, of the Union Pacific.

The civil engineer will not need to confine his thoughts only to steam-railroad matters. There are great problems in rapid transit to be solved, such as Mr. Parsons is working out at the present time in New York City. There are great canals to be dug, tunnels to be bored, and bridges to be built; and the civil engineer who will do all these things will know, as he does them, that the only monument remaining one thousand years hence to mark the character of the civilization of our time will be the remains, at least, of the great undertakings which are carried out under his direction and in accordance with his plans.



BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON'S WARS AND THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

"Some with lives that come to nothing, some with deeds as well undone."

XXIX. (CONTINUED.)

HE poured out wine, and stood in the darkened doorway, watching her drink it. Then he went away to his own meal in the kitchen, leaving Désirée vaguely uneasy; for he was not himself to-night. She could hear him muttering as he ate and moved hither and thither in the kitchen. At short intervals he came and looked in at the door, to make sure that she was doing full honor to St. Matthias. When she had finished he came into the room.

"Ah!" he said, glancing at her suspiciously and rubbing his hands together. "That strengthens, eh?—that strengthens. We others who lead a rough life—we know that a little food and a glass of wine fit one out for any enterprise—for . . . well . . . any catastrophe . . ."

And Désirée knew, in a flash of comprehension, that the food and the wine and the forced gaiety were nothing but preliminaries to bad news.

"What is it?" she asked a second time. "Is it . . . bombardment?"

"Bombardment," he laughed. "They cannot shoot, those Cossacks. It is only the French who understand artillery."

"Then what is it? For you have something to tell me, I know."

He scratched his shock head of white hair, with a grimace of despair.

"Yes," he admitted. "It is news."

"From outside?" cried Désirée, with a sudden break in her voice.

"From Vilna," answered Barlasch. He came into the room and went past her toward the fire, where he put the logs together carefully.

"Is it that he is alive?" said Désirée.

"My husband?"

"No, it is not that . . ." Barlasch corrected. He stood with his back to her, vaguely warming his hands. He had no learning nor manners nor any polish: nothing but those instincts of the heart

that teach the head. And his instinct bade him turn his back on Désirée, and wait in silence, until she had understood his meaning.

"Dead?" she asked, in a whisper.

And, still warming his hands, he nodded his head vigorously. He waited a long time for her to speak, and at last broke the silence himself, without looking round.

"Troubles," he said. "Troubles for us all. There is no avoiding them. One can only push against them as against your cold wind of Dantzig that comes from the sea. One can only push on. You must push, mademoiselle."

"When did he die?" asked Désirée. "Where?"

"At Vilna, three months ago. He has been dead three months. I knew he was dead when you came back to the inn at Thorn, and told me that you had seen de Casimir. De Casimir had left him dying—that liar. You remember, I met a comrade on the road—one of my own country—he told me that they had left ten thousand dead at Vilna, and twenty thousand prisoners little better than dead. And I knew then that de Casimir had left him there, dying or dead."

He glanced back at her over his shoulder, and, at the sight of her face, made that little click in his throat which in peasant circles denotes a catastrophe. Then he shook his head slowly from side to side.

"Listen," he said, roughly. "The good God knows best. I knew, when I saw you first, that day in June, in this kitchen, that you were beginning your troubles; for I knew the reputation of Monsieur, your husband. He was not what you thought him. A man is never what a woman thinks him. But he was worse than most. And this trouble that has come to you is chosen by the good God—and he has chosen the least in his sack for you. You will know it some day—as I know it now."

"You know a great deal," said Désirée, who was quick in speech; and he swung round on his heel to meet her spirit.

"You are right," he said, pointing his accusatory finger. "I know a great deal about you—and I am a very old man."

"How did you learn this news from Vilna?" she asked; and his hand went up to his mouth, as if to hide his thoughts and control his lips.

"From one who comes straight from there—who buried your husband there."

Désirée rose and stood with her hands resting on the table, looking at the persistent back again turned toward her.

"Who?" she asked, in a little more than a whisper.

"The captain—Louis d'Arragon."

"And you have spoken to him to-day—here in Dantzic?"

Barlasch nodded his head.

"Was he well?" asked Désirée, with a spontaneous anxiety that made Barlasch turn slowly and look at her from beneath his great brows.

"Oh, he was well enough," he answered. "He is made of steel, that gentleman. He was well enough, and he has the courage of the devil. There are some fishermen who came from Zoppot to sell their fish. They steal through the Russian lines—on the ice of the river at night—and come to our outposts at daylight. One of them said my name this morning. I looked at him. He was wrapped up only to show the eyes. He drew his scarf aside. It was the Captain d'Arragon."

"And he was well?" asked Désirée again, as if nothing else in the world mattered.

"Oh, mon Dieu, yes!" cried Barlasch, impatiently. "He was well, I tell you! Do you know why he came?"

Désirée had sat down at the table again, where she leant her arms and rested her chin in the palms of her two hands; for she was weakened by starvation and confinement and sorrow.

"No," she answered.

"He came because he had learnt that the patron was dead. It was known in Königsberg a week ago. It is known all over Germany: that quiet old gentleman who scraped a fiddle, here in the Frauengasse. And it is only I in all the world who

know that he was a greater man in Paris than ever he was in Germany—with his Tugendbund—and I cannot remember his name."

Barlasch broke off, and thumped his own brow with his fists as if to awaken that dead memory. And all the while he was searching Désirée's face with eyes made brighter and sharper than ever by starvation.

"And do you know what he came for—the Captain—for he never does anything in idleness? He will run a great risk—but it is for a great purpose. Do you know what he came for?"

"No."

Barlasch jerked his head back and laughed.

"For you."

He turned and looked at her, but she had raised her clasped hands to her forehead as if to shield her eyes from the light of the candle, and he could not see her face.

"Do you remember," said Barlasch, "that night when the patron was so angry—on the mat—when Mademoiselle Mathilde had to make her choice? It is your turn to-night. You have to make your choice. Will you go?"

"Yes," answered Désirée, behind her fingers.

"If mademoiselle will come," he said to me, 'bring her to this place.' 'Yes, mon capitaine,' answered I. 'At any cost, Barlasch?' 'At any cost, mon capitaine.' And we are not men to break our words. I will take you there—at any cost, mademoiselle. And he will meet you there—at any cost."

And Barlasch expectorated emphatically into the fire, after the manner of low-born men.

"What a pity," he added, reflectively, "that he is only an Englishman."

"When are we to go?" asked Désirée, still behind her barrier of clasped fingers.

"To-morrow night—after midnight. We have arranged it all—the Captain and I—at the outpost nearest to the river. He has influence. He has rendered services to the Russians, and the Russian commander will make a night-attack on the outpost. In the confusion we get through. We arranged it together. He pays me well. It is a bargain, and I am to have my money. We shook hands on it, and those

who saw us must have thought that I was buying fish. I who had no money, and he who had no fish!"

XXX.

THE FULFILMENT.

"And I have labored somewhat in my time, And not been paid profusely."

When Désirée came down the next morning, she found Barlasch talking to himself, and laughing, as he prepared his breakfast.

He met her with a gay salutation, and seemed unable to control his hilarity.

"It is," he explained, "because to-night we shall be under fire. We shall be in danger. It makes me afraid, and I laugh. I cannot help it. When I am afraid, I laugh."

He hustled about the room, and Désirée saw that he had already opened his secret store beneath the floor to take from it such delicacies as remained.

"You slept?" he asked, sharply. "Yes; I can see you did. That is good, for to-night we shall be awake. And now you must eat."

For Barlasch was a materialist. He had fought death in one form or another all his life, and he knew that those who eat and sleep are better equipped for the battle than those who cherish high ideals or think great thoughts.

"It is a good thing," he said, looking at her, "that you are so slim. In a military coat—if you put on that short dress in which you skate, and your high boots—you will look like a soldier. It is a good thing that it is winter, for you can wear the hood of your military coat over your head as they all do out in the trenches to keep their ears from falling. So you need not cut off your hair—all that golden hair. Name of thunder! That would be a pity! Would it not?"

He turned to the fire, and stirred his coffee reflectively.

"In my own country," he said, "a long time ago, there was a girl who had hair like yours. . . . That is why we are friends perhaps."

He gave a queer, short laugh, and took up his sheepskin coat preparatory to going out.

"I have my preparations to make," he said, with an air of importance. "There is much to be thought of. We had not long together, for the others were watching us. But we understand each other. I go now to give him the signal that it is for to-night. I have borrowed one of Lisa's dusters—a blue one that will show against the snow—with which to give him the signal. He is watching from Zoppot, with his telescope. That fat Lisa—if I had held up my finger, she would have fallen in love with me. It has always been so. These women . . . !"

And he went away muttering.

If he had preparations to make, Désirée had no less.

She could take but little with her; and she was quitting the house which had always been her home so long as she could remember. Those trunks which Barlasch had so unhesitatingly recognized as coming from France were, it seemed, destined never to be used again. Mathilde had gone, taking with her her few simple possessions; for they had always been poor in the Frauengasse. Sebastian had departed on that journey which the traveler must face alone, taking nothing with him. And it was characteristic of the man that he had left nothing behind him: no papers, no testament, no clue to that other life so different from his life in the Frauengasse that it must have lapsed into a fleeting, intangible memory, such as the brain is sometimes allowed to retain, of a dream dreamt in this existence or perhaps in another. Sebastian was gone—with his secret.

Désirée, alone with hers, was left in this quiet house a few hours longer. Mechanically, she set it in order. Would it matter to-morrow whether it were set in order or not? Who would come to note the last touches? She worked with that feverish haste which is responsible for much unnecessary woman's work in this world—the haste that owes its existence to the fear of having time to think. Many talk for the same reason. What a quiet world if those who have nothing to say said nothing! But speech or work must fail at last, and lo! the thoughts are lying in wait.

Désirée's thoughts found their opportunity when she went into the drawing-

room up-stairs, where her wedding-breakfast had been set before the guests only eight months ago. The guests: de Casimir, the Gräfin, Sebastian, Mathilde—Charles! Désirée stood alone now in the silent room. She did not look at the table. The guests were all gone. The dead past had buried its dead. She went to the window, and drew aside the curtain as she had drawn it aside on her wedding-day to look down into the Frauengasse and see Louis d'Arragon. And again her heart leapt in her breast with that throb of fear. She turned where she stood, and looked at the door as if she expected to see Charles come in at it, laughing and gay, explaining (he was so good at explaining) his encounter in the street, and stepping aside to allow Louis to come forward. Louis, who looked at no one but her—and came into the room and into her life.

She had been afraid of him. She was afraid of him still. And her heart had leapt at the thought that he had been restlessly, sleeplessly thinking of her, working for her—had been to Vilna and back for her—and was now waiting for her beyond the barrier of Russian camp-fires. The dangers which made Barlasch laugh—and she knew they were real enough, for it was only a real danger that stirred something in the old soldier's blood to make him gay—these dangers were of no account. She knew, she had known instantly and for all time when she looked down into the Frauengasse and saw Louis, that nothing in heaven or earth could keep them apart.

She stood now, looking at the empty doorway. What was the rest of her life to be?

Barlasch returned in the afternoon. He was leisurely and inclined to contemplativeness. It would seem that, his preparations having all been completed, he was left with nothing to do. War is a purifier: it clears the social atmosphere and puts womanly men and manly women into their right places. It is also a simplifier: it teaches us to know how little we really require in daily life, and how many of the environments with which men and women hamper themselves are superfluous and the fruit of idleness.

"I have nothing to do," said Barlasch. "I will cook a careful dinner. All that I

have saved in money I cannot carry away—all that was stored beneath the floor must be left there. It is often so in war."

He had told Désirée that they would have to walk twelve miles across the snow-clad marshes bordering the frozen Vistula between midnight and dawn. It needed no telling that they could carry nothing with them.

"You will have to make a new beginning in life," he said, curtly, "with the clothes upon your back. How many times have I done it—the saints alone know! But take money, if you have it in gold or silver. Mine is all in copper, and it is too heavy to carry. I have never yet been anywhere that money was not useful—and, name of a dog! I have never had it."

So Désirée divided what money she possessed with Barlasch, who added it carefully up and repeated several times, for accuracy, the tale of what he had received. For, like many who do not hesitate to steal, he was very particular in money matters.

"As for me," he said, "I shall make a new beginning, too. The Captain will enable me to get back to France, when I shall go to the Emperor again. It is no place for one of the Old Guard, here with Rapp. I am getting old, but he will find something for me to do—that little Emperor."

At midnight they set out, quitting the house in the Frauengasse noiselessly. The street was quiet enough, for half the houses were empty now. Their footsteps were inaudible on the trodden snow. It was a dark night and not cold, for the great frosts of this terrible winter were nearly over.

Barlasch carried his musket and bayonet. He had instructed Désirée to walk in front of him, should they meet a patrol. But Rapp had no men to spare for patrolling the town. There was no spirit left in Dantzig, for typhus and starvation patrolled the narrow streets.

They quitted the town to the northwest, near the Oliva gate. There was no guard-house here, because Langfuhr was held by the French, and Rapp's outposts were three miles out on the road to Zoppot.

"I have played this game for fifty years," said Barlasch, with a low laugh, when

they reached the earthworks completed at such enormous cost of life and strength by Rapp. "Follow me, and do as I do. When I stoop, stoop; when I crawl, crawl; when I run, run."

For he was a soldier now, and nothing else. He stood erect and looked round him with the air of a young man—ready, keen, alert. Then he moved forward with confidence toward the high land which terminates in the Johannesburg, where the peaceful Dantzigers now repair on a Sunday afternoon to drink thin beer and admire the view.

Below them, on the right hand, lay the marshes, a white expanse of snow, with a single dark line drawn across it—the Langfuhr road, with its double border of trees.

Barlasch turned once or twice, to make sure that Désirée was following him, but he added nothing to his brief instructions. When he gained the summit of the table-land which runs parallel with the coast and the Langfuhr road, he paused for breath.

"When I crawl, crawl. When I run, run," he whispered again; and led the way. He went up the bed of the stream, turning his back to the coast, and at a certain point stopped and, by a gesture of the hand, bade Désirée crouch down and wait till he returned. He came back and signed to her to quit the bed of the stream, and follow him. When she came up to the table-land, she found that they were quite close to a camp-fire. Through the low pines she could perceive the dark outline of a house.

"Now run," whispered Barlasch, leading the way across an open space which seemed to extend to the line of the horizon. Without looking back, Désirée ran—her only thought was a sudden surprise that Barlasch could move so quickly and silently.

When he gained the shelter of some trees, he threw himself down on the snow; and Désirée, coming up to him, found him breathlessly holding his sides, and laughing aloud.

"We are through the lines," he gasped. "Name of a dog! I was so frightened. There they go—pam! pam! Buzz—z—z . . ."

And he imitated the singing buzz of the bullets that were humming through the

trees over their heads. For half a dozen shots were fired from behind the camp-fires while he was yet speaking. There were no more, however; and presently, having recovered his breath, Barlasch rose.

"Come," he said. "We have a long walk, en route!"

They made a great circuit in the pine-woods, through which Barlasch led the way with an unerring skill, and, descending toward the plain far beyond Langfuhr, they came out onto a lower table-land, below which the great marshes of the Vistula stretched in the darkness, slowly merging at last into the sea.

"Those," said Barlasch, pausing at the edge of the steep. "Those are the lights of Oliva, where the Russians are. That line of lights straight in front is the Russian fleet, lying off Zoppot, and with them are English ships. One of them is the little ship of Captain d'Arragon. And he will take you home with him, for the ship is ordered to England, to Plymouth—which is across the Channel from my own country. Ah—Dieu! I sometimes want to see my own country again—and my own people—mademoiselle."

He went on a few paces, and then stopped again, and, in the darkness, held up one hand, commanding silence. It was the churches of Dantzig striking the hour.

"Six o'clock," he whispered. "It will soon be dawn. Yes—we are half an hour too early."

He sat down and, with a gesture, bade Désirée sit beside him.

"Yes," he said. "The Captain told me that he is bound for England to convoy larger ships, and you will sail in one of them. He has a home in the west of England, and he will take you there—a sister or a mother, I forget which—some woman. You cannot get on without women—you others. It is there that you will be happy as the *bon Dieu* meant you to be. It is only in England that no one fears Napoleon. One may have a husband there, and not fear that he will be killed. One may have children, and not tremble for them—and it is that that makes you happy, you women."

Presently he rose and led the way down the slope. At the foot of it he paused and, pointing out a long line of trees, said

in a whisper: "He is there—where there are three taller trees. Between us and those trees are the French outposts. At dawn the Russians attack the outposts, and, during the attack, we have simply to go through it to those trees. There is no other way—that is the rendezvous. Those three tall trees. When I give the word you get up and run to those trees—run without pausing—without looking round. I will follow. It is you he has come for—not Barlasch. You think I know nothing. Bah! I know everything. I have always known it—your poor little secret."

They lay on the snow, crouching in a ditch, until the horizon slowly distinguished itself from the thin thread of cloud that nearly always awaits the rising of the sun in northern latitudes.

A minute later the dark line of trees broke into intermittent flame, and the sharp, short "Hurrah!" of the Cossacks, like an angry bark, came sweeping across the plain on the morning breeze.

"Not yet," whispered Barlasch, with a gay chuckle of enjoyment. "Not yet . . . not yet. Listen! The bullets are not coming here, but are going past to the right of us. When you go, keep to the left. Slowly at first—keep a little breath till the end. Now—up! Mademoiselle—run—name of thunder, run!"

Désirée did not understand which were the French lines and which the line of Russian attack. But there was a clear way to the three trees which stood above the rest—and she went toward them. She knew she could not run so far, so she walked. Then the bullets, instead of passing to the right, seemed to play round her—like bees in a garden on a summer day—and she ran until she was tired.

The trees were quite close now, and the sky was light behind them. Then she saw Louis coming toward her, and she ran into his arms. The sound of the humming bullets was still in her dazed brain, and she touched him all over with her gloved hand as she clung to him, as a mother touches her child when it has fallen, to see whether it is hurt.

"How was I to know?" she whispered, breathlessly. "How was I to know

that you were to come into my life?"

The bullets did not matter, it seemed; nor the roar of the firing to the right of them. Nothing mattered—except that Louis must know that she had never loved Charles.

He held her, and said nothing. And she wanted him to say nothing. Then she remembered Barlasch, and looked back.

"Where is Barlasch?" she asked, with a sudden sinking at her heart.

"He is coming slowly," replied Louis. "He came slowly behind you all the time, so as to draw the fire away from you."

They turned and waited for Barlasch, who seemed to be going in the wrong direction with an odd vagueness in his movements. Louis, with Désirée at his heels, ran toward him.

"Ça-y-est," said Barlasch, which cannot be translated and yet has many meanings. "Ça-y-est."

And he sat down slowly on the snow. He sat quite upright and rigid, and, in the cold light of the Baltic dawn, they saw the meaning of his words. One hand was within his fur coat. He drew it out and concealed it from Désirée behind his back.

He did not seem to heed them, but presently he put out his hand and lightly touched Désirée. Then he turned to Louis with that confidential drop of the voice with which he always distinguished friends from those who were not friends.

"What is she doing?" he asked. "I cannot see in the dark. Is it not dark? I thought it was. What is she doing? Saying a prayer? What—because I have my affair. Hey, mademoiselle. You may leave it to me. I will get in, I tell you that—"

He put his finger to his nose, and then shook it from side to side with an air of deep cunning.

"Leave it to me. I shall slip in. Who will stop an old man who has many wounds? Not St. Peter, assuredly. Let him try. And if the good God hears a commotion at the gate, He will only shrug His shoulders. He will say: 'Let pass—it is only Papa Barlasch!'"

And then there was silence. For Barlasch had gone to his own people.



HORTON VERSUS PACKARD

BY
FREDERICK
WALWORTH.

TAKE a young man fresh from his State examinations, graciously permit him to sink his last dollar in a roll-top desk, a screw chair and ten or fifteen pounds of calf-bound statutes; allow him to go in debt for office-rent and living-expenses, and, finally, let him sit in the chair, with the desk for a footstool, and ponder the laws of his beloved State through a long, languid summer, with not so much as a ten-dollar collection to relieve his monotonous poverty, and you have one of the most concentrated cases of blues on record.

That was precisely my case. Through the grind of three years' preparation, and the final ordeal of the bar-examinations, I had thought, with youthful optimism, that, once I had passed, once I could hang up my license and put out my shingle, my future would be secure. In a magnificent panorama I had seen before me a successful career which did not stop short of Justice of the Supreme Court. I had been greatly encouraged. That's the way it is likely to look to the aspirant—let him but become a real, bona-fide lawyer, and the rest will be easy, he thinks. Then one day he is admitted, and acquires his precious sheepskin, and hangs it, framed in varnished oak, upon his wall, and sits down to buy wisdom in large quantities, in a rough market, and at an excessively high price.

I believe I was thinking something like that on this particular morning, and the

atmosphere was ultraviolet. It wouldn't have been so bad except that—well, the fellow who hasn't some little girl to believe in him and his future,

is worse off than I was, any way, I reasoned paradoxically, but none the less truly. I had made an unqualified flunk of it so far, and I knew I was within a very few feet of the end of an inelastic rope, but I simply could not quit and admit I was hopelessly beaten when her faith in me had never wavered.

The only possible way I could devise of avoiding the converging horns of my dilemma was to have some wealthy citizen presently—very presently—advance and offer me an important case, guaranteed to live and thrive for the next year or two. I smiled ironically as I thought of the probability of such an event, when my door opened slowly, and an elderly gentleman came in.

I managed to get my feet off the desk, and appear busy, and, from a long way off, I heard my voice request the gentleman to be seated.

"Well, Billy, how's business?" asked my caller—fondly I hoped he would prove to be my client as well. Four months before, I should have resented, internally at least, this familiarity, but I was well past that stage now.

"Oh, it might be worse, Mr. Packard," I said, professionally, with a conscientious disregard for truth.

It is a singular fact, but the man accused of making money so fast he can't count it will always deprecate the insinuation; whereas, the poor wretch about whose head the waters are swiftly rising, will, upon inquiry, try to create the impression that "business is fine." That is part of

the game. Probably Packard understood this very well.

"Might, eh?" said he, and chuckled shrewdly.

"Well, I got a little matter here 'at I want 'tended to, an' I figured you was about the young feller to do it."

"Yes," I said, with a calm that was positively astounding, considering the state of my feelings.

"I got a little mortgage 'at 'll have to be looked after. Interest behind for six months now. But I ain't quite ready to foreclose, if I can help it. Proppety ain't hardly worth the money, I don't believe. Understand? Just want him jacked up some. Think you can 'tend to it?"

Could I? In those joyous seconds I didn't *think* anything about it, I knew it.

"Have you the papers with you, Mr. Packard?" I asked, without a quiver.

I examined the note and mortgage, took the address of the mortgagor, and told the old gentleman to call in a couple of days, and in the meantime I would see what I could do.

After he got out, my sense of the dignity demanded of a member of the legal profession alone preserved me from thrusting my head out the window and shouting to the world at large that I had a client. In sober truth, there was cause for elation. Hamilton Packard, or "Old Ham" Packard, as he was known in our town, was reputed to be the wealthiest member of the community. That was about all the reputation he did have. Before the coming of the bank, he had carried on an extensive note-shaving business, which brought him wealth, while it took away any popularity he ever possessed. Carter Rhodes gained lasting honors by remarking that "Old Ham" Packard was like the undertaker, a necessary member of the community, but one to be avoided, "same as grim death."

My fees would not be large in this particular matter, but I had a feeling that it was a test of ability, and that, if I acquitted myself well of this, I could count on at least part of the old man's business.

I sat down at once and wrote Horton, the maker of the note. It was a letter to be proud of, highly professional in tone and wording, and covertly intimating that, unless some effort at payment were made

at once, we should begin proceedings for the collection of the money. This despatched, I spent the balance of the afternoon in a state of exaltation.

I had not been in the office more than an hour the following morning before there entered a little man, old and bent and accompanied by a distinct odor of whisky. Indeed, so decided was this latter fact, it might be more accurate to say that an odor came in, with an old man at its center.

He was very nervous, and stood wringing an ancient felt hat, looking at me the while from the corners of his watery old eyes. Only at my second invitation did he approach and seat himself on the extreme edge of a chair.

"I—I'm Ezry Horton," he said, and looked at me as though he expected me to hit him at the word. I began to be a trifle sorry for that letter. He was too little and too old to bully.

"Yes," I said, in my pleasantest tones.

"Well, Mr. Horton, what are you going to do about that mortgage of Mr. Packard's?"

Having escaped summary destruction, the little man gathered courage.

"Why, I do' know what we'll do," he said.

"But you know, if you don't keep the interest paid, we shall have to foreclose, and take your property," I said. I found myself treating him like a child.

"We've paid Ham Packard a lot o' money a'ready," he replied, and shook his head, sadly. "I do' know why he wants any more, blame' 'f I do."

I went into the matter of mortgages and the liability of mortgagors at some length, and in the simplest language I could muster, and the little man listened with a patient struggle at attention.

"Now, Mr. Horton," I said, "you had this thousand dollars from Mr. Packard, and for the use of it you promised to pay him sixty dollars each year, and at the end of five years to pay back the thousand. Do you see?"

He looked at me, vacantly.

"Yes," he said. "That's what he told me. But we never had no thousand dollars from Ham Packard, never."

I decided he was too drunk to understand.

"You are married, aren't you, Mr. Horton?" I asked. I had seen the wife's signature on the mortgage.

"Sure," he answered. "Me and Sally lives on the farm."

"I suppose she's home most of the time?"

"Yes. She raises the truck, and I mostly peddles it," he answered.

"Very well, Mr. Horton. I think I'll come out and take a look at the place. That's all to-day."

"That all you want o' me?" he asked. "Yes, that's all to-day," I repeated, and he rose and shuffled out, with a complicated bow.

"I feel sorry for your wife, you old reprobate," was my thought, as he closed the door.

That afternoon I rode out on my bicycle to

the Horton place, and my first impression was one of wonder that a man of Packard's shrewdness should have lent a thousand dollars on such scant security. It was more a truck-garden than a farm, and the house was old, weather-beaten and badly in need of repair. If it ever had a coat of paint, the years had stripped the garment off and left it naked.

Mrs. Horton was at the foot of the garden, pruning raspberry-bushes, and tying them up for the winter. She left her work, and invited me in, after I had introduced myself.

"Ezry said you was comin'," she said, "but I thought likely he didn't hear right or somethin'. He don't always. Set down."

Like her husband, she was small and thin, and her hands were rough and caloused by hard work. I admired her endeavor to shield "Ezry" and his weakness under the euphemism that he didn't always hear well.

"I suppose it's about the mortgage?" she said. "Ezry had a letter from you."

"Yes, Mrs. Horton. I want to know if you can pay some of the interest that is due."

"I think we've paid Ham Packard most enough money," said she. "We don't have any too much."

Again I went into the mysteries of mortgages, and again was met with the same reply.

"But we never had no thousand dollars from Ham Packard, or nobody else." She seemed on the verge of tears, and I began



Drawn by V. A. Seoboda.

"AGAIN I WENT INTO THE MYSTERIES OF MORTGAGES."

to feel that I had been brutal. What sort of a creature was Packard, anyway, to be harrying this poor old couple for a few dollars which he didn't need?

There was something strange about the matter, too, when the two persons who signed the mortgage asserted they had never handled the money.

"Tell me all about it," I said, as cheerfully as I knew how. "Of course, if you never received anything, Mrs. Horton, you won't have to pay."

That brightened her, and she told me the story of the transaction from her point of view. It appeared that Packard and Horton had had a falling-out years before over a bill which the latter had compelled Packard to pay. "I guess 'twas twenty years they never spoke," said Mrs. Horton. "Then, about three years ago now, Ezry, he come home one day with Old Ham Packard, and Ezry'd been drinkin' some. He hadn't drank a mite for over a year, and when he come home that way, it—most—broke my heart." She was crying softly now, and I was thinking things about Packard which no lawyer ought to think about his client.

"An' Ham Packard, he had a paper 't he said was a receipt or somethin' 't he wanted me to sign, an' I see Ezry'd signed it, so I signed it, too, to get rid of him. I didn't know, an' I was *that* worried over Ezry——"

She stopped and looked at me as though expecting me to accuse her of some grand misdemeanor.

"Yes?" I said, reassuringly. Certainly the case had a Horton as well as a Packard side.

"Well, that's all I knew about it," she continued, "till he come out an' got fifteen dollars 't he said was interest on his mortgage. I was so 'fraid of him 't I paid him. An' I been payin' ever since till this summer, when Ezry was took sick, an' I couldn't."

"And you say you never had any money from Mr. Packard?" I asked, with some incredulity.

"Not a single cent," she replied, and I believed her.

"But why didn't you consult a lawyer?" I asked.

She hesitated before answering.

"I've heard tell they charge awful," she said. "I thought maybe he'd stop comin' after a while. I didn't know."

I left her, and did some thinking, after I reached the office, that made my head ache. In the end I reached the conclusion that the Hortons were about the most innocent old couple in ten counties, and that my client, Mr. Hamilton Packard, was even a more unscrupulous rascal than his reputation asserted. It seemed incredible, but, by the time I closed up and went to supper, I was satisfied in my own mind that Packard had never paid the money to Horton, as the latter could scarcely have concealed the receipt of such an amount from his wife, and I would have taken Mrs. Horton's word for absolute truth any time, after that first meeting. Events showed that I was wrong in the conclusion, but I might have been further wrong.

At the moment, the thing I had to consider was my own action. Packard would be in next morning, and what was I to tell him? It seemed to me an impossibly brutal thing to persecute this aged couple, and yet I had thoroughly believed that was what he wanted of me. On the other hand, to throw up the job seemed the absolute end of my hopes. I argued to myself that I was merely Packard's agent in the matter, acting strictly on his orders, and was in no way personally responsible. That is an ancient legal sophistry which has covered a multitude of sins.

That night I did not sleep well, and next morning found me still debating. I called myself hard names, vowed I couldn't afford to antagonize Packard, and wouldn't, and through it all remained undecided. He arrived about ten o'clock, and came in with a quick, sharp glance which did not escape me. Perhaps I was looking for it. He was uneasy, I could see.

"Well," he said, "how'd it go?"

"Mr. Packard," I heard myself answer, "after learning what the Hortons have to say about the matter, I have decided I cannot undertake this collection."

I think I was almost as much surprised as he was. When I had decided, I'm sure I don't know. But, after all, there are some things a fellow cannot do when there is a little person putting her whole trust in him. Packard leaned over toward me.

with an ugly look about the mouth.

"What'd they say?" he demanded.

I was beginning to feel ugly, myself, for no particular reason.

"I don't know as that concerns you, Mr. Packard," I said. "If it becomes necessary, I intend to offer them my services." That was an afterthought, but it was a good one.

Packard got up, his face all twisted out of shape.

"You'll insult me, will you, you young cub," he said. "I'll ruin you. You hear me? I'll ruin you."

I laughed in his face, thinking of that Eastern adage which declares it a hard matter to spoil a bad egg. I thought I had done the ruining pretty thoroughly, myself.

For some time after he was gone, I sat wondering if I had made a mistake, after all. Things looked desperate enough once more. I was back on a very cold world, a clientless lawyer, than which there is no earthly thing more desolate. Suppose it was a straight piece of business. In that event, Packard certainly had a right to his money, even if it did entail some hardship upon the old couple. Life deals so with the incompetents. Then I remembered Packard's look as he came in the office-door, and, somehow, I knew there had been dirty work in the transaction. That set me thinking again.

Half an hour later I was riding out to the farm. Horton happened to be home, and tolerably sober. I had an idea, and went at him at once.

"Mr. Horton," I said, "I want you to try and remember that time when you signed the paper for Mr. Packard. Was there any one else with you?"

"Why—why, yes," he said, "Tom Milligan was there."

I was disappointed, for Tom Milligan was the town fool, a poor imbecile who hardly knew his left hand from his right. Nevertheless, I hunted him up, and with a cigar enticed him into my office, feeling somewhat like a spider with a fly as I did it.

"Tom," I said, "do you remember the time you and Ezra Horton and Ham Packard did some business together?"

"Yes," he replied, "I kind o' remem-

ber it. Old Ham Packard, he set up the drinks. I 'member that." He smiled with delight at his own brilliance.

"Did he give any money to Ezra or you? Any money, or, perhaps, a piece of paper? Think now."

Tom thought. It was almost possible to hear the grinding of the cogs.

"Seems to me he give Ezzy a paper or something," he said. "Yes, an' Ezzy give it to me, 'cause Old Ham told him to, an' afterwards I give it back to Ham. That's how it was. I give it to Ham Packard. An' he give me a dollar not to say anything about it."

I could have shouted.

"You're sure you remember it?" I said. "And you won't forget it, will you? You be careful not to forget it. It might get you in trouble if you do." I sent him away, properly impressed.

Things were clearing up. I had a talk with Mrs. Horton, and afterward wrote Mr. Hamilton Packard a letter in which a spade was called by its right name, and which gave him forty-eight hours to get back into the straight and narrow way. To facilitate the process, I pointed out the necessary steps.

Early the following morning I had a call from Mr. Lush, of the firm of Lush & Sweet. In the course of fifteen minutes beating round the bush I gathered that Mr. Packard would be delighted to have me undertake the chancery portion of his law business. They, Lush & Sweet, attended to the matters of common law, but made no specialty of chancery work. Of course, the unfortunate matter of the Horton mortgage would be dropped.

Now, I knew Lush very well indeed, and had always admired him as a successful lawyer. That was all that saved him from learning some truths which might have penetrated his professional shell, and hurt his self-respect. I was mad from the backbone out.

"Mr. Lush," I said, "possibly you do not know all the circumstances of this case. To begin with, that mortgage is absolutely worthless, for there was no consideration whatever. Packard took this old man and Milligan, and got them both more or less drunk. Then he induced Horton to sign the mortgage, and handed him a check.

He does seem to have some scruples, for he did that, I suppose, so he could swear, if necessary, that he turned over the money. Maybe he meant to produce the stub, also. But he persuaded the poor, drunken wretch to hand the check to Milligan, and Milligan in turn gave it back to Packard. No doubt he counted on Milligan's forgetting all about it. Well, Milligan didn't happen to forget this time. Now, I don't see much difference between that and highway robbery, Mr. Lush, and if Packard is looking for trouble, just tell him for me that there's quite a little bunch of it headed his way. You can say to him that he can execute a satisfaction of that mortgage and deliver it to me to-morrow morning, together with a certified check for the amount he has extorted from Horton, with interest to date, say two hundred dollars even, or I shall start proceedings and air this business in court. You had better say before ten-thirty, for I'll send the papers to the clerk on the eleven-o'clock mail."

Lush spent a persuasive half-hour explaining the manifold follies of my position, and left, finally, with the assertion that I might proceed in my blindness if I so desired.

"By the way," I said, as he went out, "just tell him to add seventy-five dollars to that as my fees." That was another afterthought.

"Oh, anything you please," said Lush, sarcastically, and slammed the door.

I prepared the papers to send to the clerk of the court, but I didn't think I should need them. I spent that evening very pleasantly, and *she* said I seemed in better humor than usual.

However, when ten o'clock came next morning with still no word from Lush & Sweet, I began to be nervous. My case was precarious enough, resting as it did on the testimony of two such witnesses as Horton and Milligan. If I could prove fraud, I could set aside the mortgage, of course, like so much waste paper. The trouble lay with my proof. The memory of either one was quite likely to fail in the excitement of a trial; and, even if both held good, it was doubtful if their testimony would outweigh the evidence of Packard, supported by the papers. I knew I was right. Lush's

visit had shown that Packard was badly frightened. But since he had taken such chances to begin with, he might elect to take some more now. Moreover, if I had to begin suit, the payment of the initial costs would bring me to the utter end of my rope, for I couldn't ask Mrs. Horton for the money.

The mail to the county-seat closed at ten forty-five, and at a quarter-past the hour, I was perspiring freely. The papers must go by that mail to be in time for the next term of court, and I couldn't possibly keep my nose above water till the following term.

It would take me five minutes to get to the post-office. I decided I would wait till ten-forty before I started, allowing Lush that much leeway for difference in clocks.

Everything was ready, even the lamentable check for costs. I was walking the floor with a hollow sensation, and looking at my watch at uselessly frequent intervals.

Then the telephone-bell rang, and I grabbed the receiver.

"That Mr. Hendricks?" came the voice, and the "Mister" was balm to a troubled spirit. "Haven't mailed those papers yet, have you? Well, wait a little while; I'm coming over to see you."

I looked at my watch.

"All right," I said. "It's now half-past ten. I'll wait ten minutes, Mr. Lush. You had better come right over," and I rang off.

It is surprising how a man can travel when he's in a real hurry. Mr. Lush had four blocks to come, and two hundred pounds to carry, but he entered my office in six minutes. I had my watch in my hand.

"Have you the satisfaction?" I demanded.

"Yes," said Lush, "but——"

"And the certified check for two hundred dollars?"

"Yes," said Lush, "but——"

"And seventy-five dollars for my fees?"

"My dear fellow, really——"

"Mr. Lush," I said, "that mail closes in four minutes. I can still make it by running. Have you that seventy-five?"

"But Mr. Hendricks——"

I snapped my watch shut and picked



Drawn by V. A. Seoboda.

"THAT'S HOW IT WAS. I GIVE IT TO HAM PACKARD."

up my papers. Lush seized my arm.

"Yes," he said, with something like a sigh, "I've got it."

I sighed, too; but mine was a sigh of genuine relief.

"All right," I said. "Have a chair."

Fifteen minutes later he arose to go.

"And say, Mr. Hendricks," he said, "I trust no third parties will learn of this—ah—transaction. Personally, I feel that we had a very strong case against your people, very strong, but Mr. Packard preferred to settle."

I assured him that, so far as I was concerned, it would go no further, and he took himself off.

Once he was gone, I stuck that check for seventy-five up on my desk, and allowed myself the luxury of gazing at it. It represented just that much more rope, and I needed it like food and air. But it turned out to be all I needed.

In some way or other, the thing did leak out—probably through Horton in his cups—and for a time I feared I might go down to posterity as "the man who beat Ham Packard." And, by the way, though it is what a lawyer calls incompetent, irrelevant and tending to obscure the record, we were married last month, and Mrs. Hendricks says that Old Ham Packard is at least indirectly responsible.

OCTOBER.

BY C. V. C. MATHEWS.

THE Summer lieth, somewhere, dead?

Not so, in truth, you do mistake;

For, were it so, then would our hearts

Go nigh to break!

She did but softly fall asleep.

Where? That I do not know, nor you;

But by all years now past and gone

I know it true.

As queens who, weary of their state,

Withdraw, the Summer drew apart,

And Slumber lieth for a space

Upon her heart.

And all the sweetest winds that blow

Sing to her, passing where she sleeps,

Songs that dear memories of June

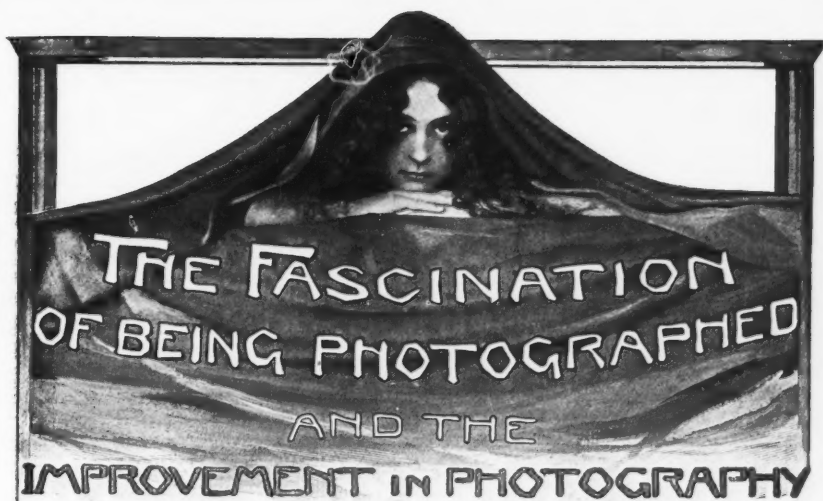
Embalm and keep.

Brief reign—long slumber? Grudge her not.

Unfailingly she will awake.

Treading old paths she will once more

Her scepter take.



Copyright, 1902, by The Tunnelle Co.

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

HER photograph, framed in leather, silver or wood, hangs upon his wall, or smiles from his table during his college days; and were an original Rembrandt to be offered him in lieu of that bit of paste-board, he would refuse to barter. Since that treasure came into his possession, art, to him, has become "the shadow of the starlight of her haunting eyes."

The photograph changes. It may be of Chiquita to-day, and Rosita or Anita to-morrow; but it is always *her* photograph. It may lie in a pigeonhole of his desk, to be momentarily glanced at during the busy hours, or he may snap open his watch to gaze upon it, or he draws a tiny, jeweled miniature from his breast-pocket, and, as he gazes into the pictured eyes, he seems to hear, through the roar of the city's tide:—

"The thrilling, tender voice which saith,
Safe from the waters that seek the sea,
Cruel waters, by running ways
Safe with me."

Home again, her photographs cover the walls of his apartments. There is Anita in a white gown, Anita in a Japanese costume, Anita as a nun, Anita with a rose in her hair, Anita playing golf. There is a yard, no,

there are a dozen yards of Anita; there are bushels of Anita; there is a tapestry of Anita upon the walls.

All this photography portends something. We see an infinity of results; there must be a cause therefor. Let us probe it to its roots, and see what phases of human nature we at last unearth. That the desire to be photographed is almost universal is undeniable, else photography as a business would not be a recognized feature of commerce, and photographers would not multiply in numbers through the length and breadth of the land. Photographs! Photographs! They are everywhere; they cover our tables, they lie about our rooms, thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa. Why? What does it all mean?

While in conversation with a friend we approach the subject warily, as befits a detective endeavoring to unravel the secrets of a soul. We ask casually, and with a Sherlock Holmes indirectness: "Have you many photographs of yourself?"

"Oh, quantities of them," is the unconscious response.

You follow up this clue quickly.

"Do you enjoy being photographed?"

"Not at all," is the immediate reply.



THE ATTITUDE "ARTLESS."

"I dislike nothing so much. I regard it with the same feeling that I do a visit to the dentist."

"Then why go?"

"I do not know," vaguely; "I fancy because every one does."

Then, with more confidence: "One must have one's picture taken occasionally."

This is unsatisfactory, and you turn hopefully to the photographer. "Why do people have their photographs taken?" he repeats; "vanity, just sheer vanity, and, let me tell you, it is a habit which grows upon you. Some people have a positive mania for being photographed; they are unhappy and dissatisfied unless they have a new picture of themselves every two or three months."

But may the subject be dismissed so lightly? Is this universal desire for being photographed all vanity? Is it a mere Narcissus-like longing to gaze upon our own image?

For instance, to return to the picture of Anita which so largely adorns Edwin's walls. Was it sheer vanity which induced her to present him with so many of her portraits? Not at all. It was a natural womanly longing to have him see her at her best and loveliest. She thought of him while she was posing for the picture, and she wishes to think that, when tired or discouraged, he may turn to the dim representation of her true eyes and tender smile.



Copyright, 1902, by The Tonnell Co.

AN AUTUMNAL FANCY.

Is there not also another motive which she would die rather than confess? In love, the secret, feminine impulse is to brook no rivals near the throne. Like Alexander, she will reign, and she will reign alone. To slightly paraphrase the poet's lines: she would blot from Edwin's walls, from his memory and from his life all other women. In them he must find no grace, see no charm. She demands that he continually feel:

"Thou art that
all to me, love,
For which my
soul doth
pine."

In spite of reason, she follows the blind instinct which inevitably loses her her empire.

But woman is a complex creature, and this is but one phase of the fascination which lies in being pictured. It is her God-given instinct to be beautiful. The woman who is born without the desire of being fair in the eyes of man is an anomaly in nature; and the woman who deliberately denies her interest in her beauty and all the accessories which go to enhance it, has atrophied brain-cells; but the normal woman, seeking frequently the counsels of her mirror, sees a hundred artistic possibilities in her appearance, the accen-

tuations of which are largely denied her by the conventions of dress. For example, in one of the accompanying illustrations, all the possibilities of beauty in the young woman portrayed are emphasized and brought out by the bizarre style of her costume. The soft folds of the crape

shawl, with its long and graceful curves, fall away from the strong, smooth throat. The quaint arrangement of the hair and the flare of the huge hat redeem the breadth of a jaw a thought too square, and the result is one of singular artistic charm.

In a large number of these illustrations there is noticeable a flowing arrangement of the hair which adds enormously to the softness and expression of the face. This, too, is denied women by the stern canons of dress. We may not appear with unbound tresses, consequently we



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A CREOLE TYPE.

miss an opportunity of beauty which the camera affords us, and of which we are quick to take advantage.

Has one an arm of exquisite modeling, or shoulders faultless as those of some Grecian maid whose loveliness survives in stone, although her ashes have been scattered for centuries? She knows that the

camera will faithfully portray her graces. The kingdom of beauty is a fleeting one, and the "years that burn and break" follow hard upon one another's heels; but:—

"Art may stay what time defies
And fix the fugitive."

It is the expression of the same feminine instinct which retains the costume ball in favor, and which induces great ladies to have their portraits painted as some historical or legendary character. In a word, the fruit of that desire to retain a record, at least, of the beauty which is exclusively her own—to render lasting and changeless that which in our nature is elusive and subject to imitation.

Perhaps one of the most potent factors of the interest we feel in securing our "counterfeit presentments" lies in the wonderful improvement of photography, the really marvelous manner in which it



IN THE GARB OF JULIET.

has been raised from its first crude beginnings as a print by the sun, to an art full of subtle possibilities and alluring problems. It is very novel and very delightful to see one's features, idealized and refined, a part of a photograph which is really a picture.

Why consider that this pleasure arises purely from a flattered vanity? Is it not rather the gratification of some inherent aspiration, the longing of the soul to realize its own ideal of perfection? Who shall describe the joy of seeing the countenance that is merely commonplace transmuted, by the photographer's art, to a beauty full of haunting, if evasive, suggestions? Forgiven, blotted out, is "our weak intent," and, on that bit of paper, at least, we have "become



A SUGGESTION OF THE ORIENT



Copyright, 1902, by The A. S. Campbell Art Co.

REFLECTION.

the thing we meant." We view ourselves, not as we are, but as we should be, and the hope rises strong within us that perhaps the beauty which is attainable in a photograph may be arrived at in reality.

It is also very smart just now to possess some pictures of oneself which shall represent the wonderful work of the "photo-secessionists," and these are often as expensive as painted miniatures. Some of the



Copyright, 1902, by Burr McIntosh.
SUGGESTED BY A MINIATURE.

completed prints are enormously costly to the artists themselves, as they frequently make twenty or thirty copies before they secure one which satisfies their high standard.

But one may not ignore certain sentimental reasons for being photographed—reasons sentimental in another sense from those earlier considered. Distance separates us widely from those we love, and we feel the imperative need of a reminder of the dear features, something that will call them up before our mental vision in all the undimmed clearness of reality. Since we cannot see them in the flesh, we demand some record of their faces which shall assist our memories. To lovers widely parted, a battered little photograph is frequently dearer and more prized than a Whistler painting would be.

And what a solace these portraiture of those dear to us may be. What eternal pathos sighs through Cowper's lines to his mother's picture:—

"Oh, that those lips had language!
Life has passed, with me, but roughly
Since I saw thee last."

What a panacea for the ache of nostalgia is a bundle of photographs of the "dear, familiar faces." Like Mrs. Browning's love-letters, they are undoubtedly "all dead paper, and yet they seem alive and quivering."

There is no class of women who are so frequently photographed as actresses. It is a part of their professional life as much as learning their parts or looking after their costumes. The fascination of being photographed, therefore, would embrace other reasons and motives than those which appeal to the non-professional woman.

An actress is aware that if she possesses any prominence, her pictures will frequently be in evidence on the pages of many magazines and papers. This is her most important form of advertisement; a factor, by the



Copyright, 1902, by Burr McIntosh.
THOUGHTFUL.



A WEALTH OF HAIR.

way, very necessary to her success. It, usual and so exquisitely delineating her therefore, behooves her to have ever on beauty that all the world shall wonder, hand a large and constantly renewed stock of photographs. If she fail to do this, she is subject to the criticism that the public is tired of seeing her in one pose.

The personal attraction of an actress is one of her trump-cards which she hopes will assist her in winning the game. The dream of every actress' heart is that she may, with the photographer's aid, achieve a picture so un-



Photograph by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.
BUTTERFLY ADORNMENT.

admire, and hasten to see her in the portrayal of her various rôles. A collection of artistic photographs, presenting her at her best, is considered by any actress to be a valuable asset.

In endeavoring to cover, in a measure, this subject of the human interest and joy in being photographed, one must not forget the crowds of excursionists and amusement-seekers who consider



Copyright, 1902, by Burr McIntosh.

IN OLD-TIME FASHION.

a day of pleasure incomplete unless they have a tin-type, or a postal card adorned with a photograph of themselves, to carry home at "journey's end."

One views them, at some resort like Coney Island, for instance, entering without protest, but rather with an excited and radiant joy, some hot little box to go through the ordeal which we so frequently liken to a call on our dentist. They seem quite unconscious of their bedraggled appearance, and are apparently undisturbed by doubts of the result. Are they not actuated by the desire to carry away with them some lasting remembrance of care-free hours, some memento of their day of freedom?

But, after all, does not the real fascination of being photographed lie deeper than

any of these discussed factors? Is it not fundamentally a desire to catch a glimpse, even though it be "as through a glass darkly," of our real selves? The mirror gives fugitive reflections, but we feel them to be but the bald representations of the flesh, and we pine to surprise the ego. The mirror tells us that our eyes are a certain color, our nose a certain shape, but the soul that transforms those features is a stranger to our gaze. How do we appear to others? What is the secret of our individuality? We may pose for hours before that mocking glass, but it never reveals the secret to us. We see therein a reflection which we recognize as ourself—the shadow of our substance; but ourself forever flees ourself, and we are left baffled.

A portrait-painter but presents us as he sees us, and there is always a diversity of opinion as to whether he has seen us at the right angle or not; but the sun, that symbol of verity, paints true. It is often a sincere relief to think that the photographer does not bind himself to the same high standard, and that the art of retouching is so conscientiously followed.

It is not fair, however, to presuppose that the fascinations of being photographed are experienced only by women. Men, too, are victims of the spell, but with a difference. A woman who has put in a morning or an afternoon posing for her photograph announces the circumstance with pride; but a man, if confronted with the fact, caught red-handed emerging from the photographer's studio, adopts the manner of the cat that stole the cream, and deals in shuffling evasions. Elaborately he informs you that he was just having his picture taken to please "mother," or his wife. That they had been making his life actually unpleasant to him on the subject.

This delight in the delineation of our own features is one that the child does not share with the adult—a fact so well recog-

nized by photographers that they hasten to provide themselves with many inventions for diverting the infant mind and capturing the infantile interest.

But, on the whole, a man regards being photographed occasionally as a staid, respectable thing to do, like going to church

He usually expresses a desire to be photographed "just as I am," meaning that he prefers to appear in his business clothes, and without the evidences of any special preparation. He would have it accepted that his entrance into the studio is as unpremeditated as the mental mood of Mr.



Copyright, 1903, by McMichael & Gro.

BARBARIAN.

on Easter Sunday. About once in three years the average man nerves himself up to the task of securing his likeness, and when the finished photographs are finally sent him, it is noticeable that he frequently and surreptitiously gazes at them with an almost childlike pride and pleasure.

Wemmich when he said, "Hullo! here's a church, let's go in and get married."

His expression in the photograph is likely to be somewhat stern and judicial, giving the impression that, while yielding to the fascination of being photographed, he yet disdained his weakness.



IN CIVILIZATION'S ART.

Actors are, of course, an exception to this rule, and frequently seek the photographer for very much the same reason that actresses are constantly bent on securing new likenesses. It is a matter of business with them. Then, too, their photographs in costume are a record of their various parts. And they cling to all these records, for well they know that an actor's fame is writ in water. Exceeding bitter is their cry:—

"Where are the passions we essayed
And where the tears we made to flow?
Where the wild humors we portrayed
Forlaughing worlds to see and know?
Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
Sir Peter's whims and Simon's gall?
And Millamant and Romeo?
Into the night go one and all."

But to return to the average man and woman. How different is the feminine method of approaching the matter from the masculine!

A woman gazes at the last portrait delineating her beauty, and feels that this shall always be an attestation of her loveliness, forgetting that those who gaze at it in future years will probably comment on the absurd fashion of wearing the hair, and on the ridiculous, old-fashioned style of the gown, blind to the prettiness of the face portrayed. All charm, all grace is obliterated in the eyes of the casual observer, by the grotesqueness of bygone fashions.

And yet, when all is said, we turn now and then from the rush and bustle of life, the jewels and tinsel, the music and the splendor, and admit that more than all our worldly possessions we prize a few old photographs, the faces of those who unto our hearts still live, and we feel that not for a world's material wealth would we barter them.

THE
STORY
OF

THE WORLD'S
LARGEST
CORPORATION.



BY JAMES H. BRIDGE.

REVIEWED BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

THE tale of a business, beginning with its earliest inception in a little shop equipped with a single forge-hammer on the banks of the Allegheny, until finally it became the mightiest organization of any continent, is of extraordinary interest. Only a few months ago, *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, discussing the tame qualities of the average novel, predicted the intense interest that would be found in the story of one human life, or one great business organization, if it could be told in its entirety. The prophecy was hazarded that in the near future the reading public would pay as much as half a million dollars for a tale of real life, if it should be competently put into words, omitting nothing essential to the proper telling.

Within half a year after the making of this prediction, Mr. James Howard Bridge has produced a book, the first edition of which was limited to four hundred and fifty copies, for which forty-five thousand dollars, or one hundred dollars a copy, has been paid. Eventually, doubtless,

cheaper editions will be issued from which as much more will be obtained. This wonderful sum of one hundred dollars for a single volume is commanded because there are some men whose business it is to know what the book contains. Never before, so far as the writer knows, has any attempt been made to put in book form the connected story of a great business, starting from the first public effort, and following it along until it dominates American and even European markets, and its stocks become the most anxious factor in Wall Street. The book is the precursor of others to come. It is an analysis of Mr. Carnegie's career such as every man of prominence must in future expect to have made of his life-work.



ANDREW MELLON, OUT OF WHOSE LITTLE FORGE GREW THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY.

No one can escape whose efforts justify so much attention.

The reason is this:

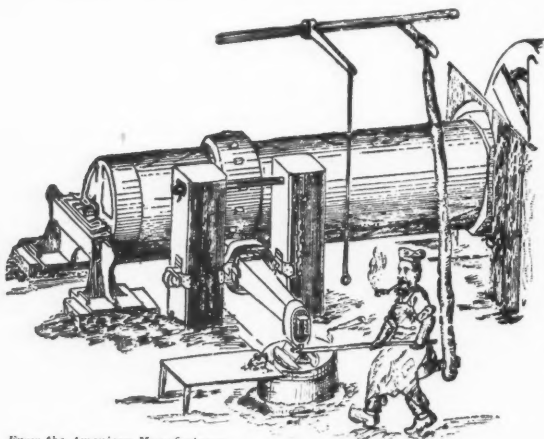
The public will pay for it.

Therefore it will be done.

If one's life is full of petty subterfuges or abounding in trickery, if not downright dishonesty, it must be borne in mind that in the last analysis all this will show. Documents



A GLIMPSE OF PITTSBURG.

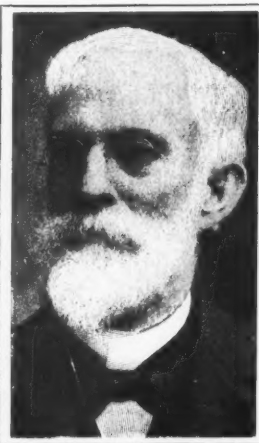


From the American Manufacturer.

TRIP-HAMMER PLANT.

will be produced which will tell the story and suggest inferences which will be unescapable. In the volume entitled "The History of the Carnegie Steel Company," Mr. Bridge has attempted to truly set forth the facts. The result is valuable, although insufficient and evidently, in some matters, prejudiced. Mr. Bridge recites in his introduction that when he asked the Carnegie Company to assist him in procuring facts, he was met with the arbitrary statement that he must submit his manuscript to be edited by the company's censors. He promptly declined to avail himself of their services upon such terms; and it is doubtless fortunate for history that this incident occurred, though it accounts in a measure for the leaning which is evident throughout the book in favor of Mr. Frick. Doubtless Mr. Frick, who, since the famous lawsuit with Mr. Carnegie, has been reported as feeling strongly against the latter, was only too glad to furnish all necessary data.

This affords a very interesting illustration of the lack of diplomacy which prevails in the offices of some of the great



THOMAS N. MILLER, FIRST PARTNER OF KLOMAN AND PHIPPS, AND WITH THEM THE FOUNDER OF WHAT AFTERWARD BECAME THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY.

great work but who found themselves, in the course of time, outside the pale of this very profitable company.

The incipency of the Carnegie Steel Company was

corporations amongst those accustomed to the exercise of much power. They make no distinction between a man of Mr. Bridge's capacity and the youngest reporter. The most trifling mental effort would have made it clear that Mr. Bridge would not be dependent upon the company for information, and that, in failing to put him under obligation, Mr. Carnegie's interests would lose a decided advantage.

At all events, Mr. Bridge sat down in Pittsburg for four months and went carefully about making his investigations. His first discovery was that there were a great number of partners of Mr. Carnegie who had been with him in the early stages of his career but who, through one cause or another, had been eliminated from the organization before its culmination in the United States Steel Company. The author does not say so, but it is to be presumed that it was not difficult to secure information from men who had taken part in this



YOUNG PHIPPS TRUDGING ALONG THE CANAL-BANK ON HIS WAY TO KLOMAN'S.



Taken in Glasgow, 1867.
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

GEORGE LAUDER.

THOMAS N. MILLER.

in the small forge started at Girty's Run, in Allegheny City, in 1858. A small wooden building, a little engine and a wooden trip-hammer constituted the plant. Two brothers, Andrew and Anton Kloman, had shortly before come from Treves, in Prussia.

Kloman presently needed sixteen hundred dollars. As he was manufacturing car-axes and other railway supplies, he suggested to Thomas N. Miller, then the purchasing clerk of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway, that he should become a secret partner in the concern. Miller advanced the necessary sum and placed the accounts in the charge of Henry Phipps, a young bookkeeper who undertook to take care of the Kloman books at night after he had finished his day's work elsewhere. The lines of business ethics were not very closely drawn in those days, but nevertheless Mr. Miller did not desire to have his partnership known.

Quarrels arising between Kloman and Miller, a mutual friend was brought in to arbitrate between them. This young man was at that time connected with the Pennsylvania Railway. He had lived next door but one to the father of Henry Phipps. He had begun work at three dollars a week as fireman in a bobbin-turning shop. His bright qualities being recognized, he presently became bill clerk of a factory, and at the age of fifteen left to take a position with a telegraph company, first as messenger boy, then as operator, and in 1854, at the age of nineteen, receiving promotion into the office of Thomas A. Scott, then superintendent of the Western



WILLIAM COLEMAN, WHO, WITH HIS SON-IN-LAW, THOMAS CARNEGIE, FOUNDED THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL WORKS.



HENRY PHIPPS, OF KLOMAN & COMPANY; KLOMAN & PHIPPS; CARNEGIE, PHIPPS & COMPANY, LTD.; THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED.



DESCRIBING A DIAGONAL LINE ACROSS WOOD STREET FROM BANK TO BANK.

pany. Miller, Carnegie, and George Lauder, Carnegie's cousin, had spent a considerable time in Europe together in 1862. The photograph taken of them in Glasgow shows Mr. Carnegie with face cleanly shaven down to a line of the chin, whiskers growing underneath the chin and around the throat. The face is determined and able. Lauder's portrait has full whiskers and thoughtful eyes and rather a fine mouth; Miller has a fine head with straight.

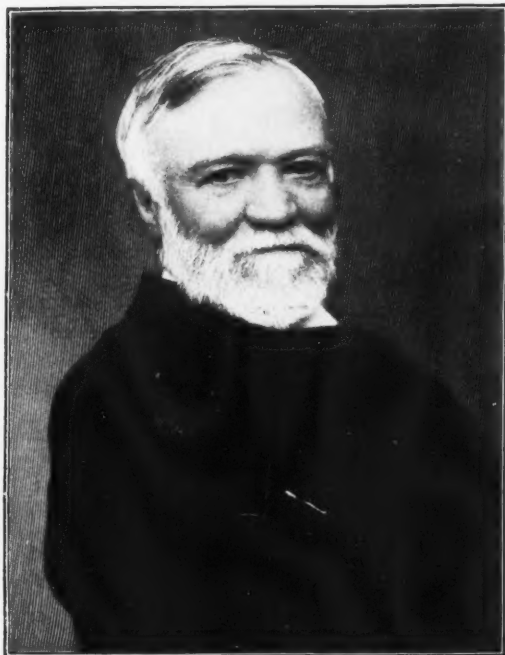
Division of the Pennsylvania Railway. Such was the business beginning of Andrew Carnegie.

Mr. Scott evidently took a fancy to the bright young mind, and gave him opportunities to invest his surplus earnings in various fruitful directions. Mr. Bridge gives a list of the dozen different enterprises in which Mr. Carnegie had been interested, including oil companies, horse-railways and grain-elevators, up to the year 1863, when, at the age of twenty-eight, having become local superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railway, he came by chance into the affairs of Messrs. Kloan, Miller & Phipps.

Mr. Carnegie belonged to a club which called itself "The Original Six." He had a brother, Tom Carnegie, who belonged to another and younger club of six. In the two were some noted names. These clubs took long walks together and attended singing-schools. It is curious to note how many of their members afterward became associated with the Carnegie Steel Com-



FRANCIS T. F. LOVEJOY, WHOSE ANALYTICAL BRAIN GAVE MR. CARNEGIE HIS SPLENDID SYSTEM OF ACCOUNTING.



Copyright, 1901, by Rockwood.
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

positive nose and mouth hasty or uncertain.

"The eventual result of bringing in Mr. Carnegie as peacemaker," says Mr. Bridge, "will recall the ancient fable of the lawyer and the oyster; as the world knows, each of the litigants got a shell." It is an unfair inference, however, that Mr. Carnegie, having by reason of an amiable compliance with a request for his services as arbitrator become familiar with the merits of a business, should not take membership in the firm—even, as was doubtless the case, to the very great advantage of all concerned. After Mr. Miller had been ousted, Mr. Carnegie subsequently joined him in another iron enterprise in the same vicinity. In a letter to Mr. Miller a little later on, he speaks of this iron business as being most hazardous. It is probable that at the time this letter was written, he would gladly have abandoned his connection with all manufacturing interests. Nevertheless, from day to day the iron plants grew; their products became more diversified, and

business sought new ramifications.

While Carnegie was in Europe, conditions in the iron industry underwent a radical change, and the company a dozen times found itself near to failure. Mr. Bridge says: "During this time Tom Carnegie, Andrew's brother, who had been brought into the firm as an additional partner, developed a resourcefulness which he himself had never expected to see. He had a winning personality and made friends even when asking a favor. His nature was broadly human, and he

found a point of sympathetic contact in everybody he touched. The conviviality which his more austere brother afterwards so freely condemned, had a positive monetary value during these trying times. If the situation was saved for the Union Iron Mills Company, it was due to Kloban's mechanical genius and Tom Carnegie's ability



THOMAS M. CARNEGIE AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.



Taken in 1865 during a walking tour in England.

HENRY PHIPPS, ANDREW CARNEGIE AND JOHN VANDEVORT.

to make friends and then promptly convert them into cash."

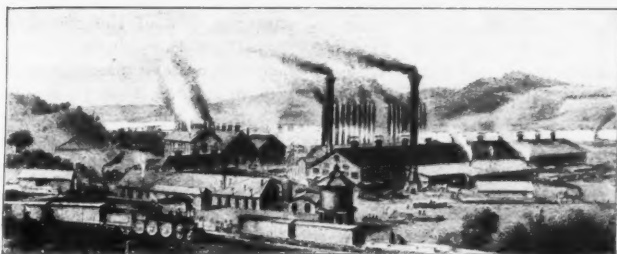
In 1866, Henry Phipps, returning with the elder Carnegie from Europe, took the financial management of the company. The enterprise was still in such financial straits that money was difficult to procure. Mr. Phipps spent much of his time in journeys from one bank to another, and in after years it was told that his old black mare, Gipsy, which he drove from the mill into town, was so accustomed to crossing from one bank to another along Wood Street that it was impossible to drive her in other than diagonals down that financial thoroughfare.

In 1867, the company had its first serious labor difficulty. Funds were raised and workmen imported from Europe to take the places of the refractory puddlers. Among these was John Zimmer, described as a bright, capable fellow, who knew not only his own business but that of the next man. Zimmer, after he had been a short time with Kloman, described to him a pair of horizontal rolls having in addition two movable vertical rollers which could be opened or closed at the will of the operator. Kloman was quick to appreciate the idea, and as a consequence the first

Universal mill was erected. It was an improvement having far-reaching value. Zimmer became foreman of the mill, and died worth one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Bridge, throughout his book, seeks to create the impression that Andrew Carnegie was not far-seeing, nor even moderately quick to recognize improvements and inventions. He claims that Carnegie had taken as his motto, "Pioneering don't pay," and throughout his book he brings repeated examples to show that not only did Mr. Carnegie not recognize the great value of advances suggested by his partners or employees, but, as a matter of fact, retarded progress in many lines. But Mr. Bridge does not seem fair in this contention. Those unfamiliar with manufacturing management are not aware of the number of men in every institution who claim credit for every new thing introduced which proves a success. It is a fact that in nearly every plant there can always be found three or four men, each one claiming to have been the instigator of any successful move; while the same premises may be searched in vain for the man who was the original proposer of a change which was afterward found to be unprofitable.

Mr. Bridge also claims that Mr. Carnegie



THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL WORKS IN 1875.

has taken to himself the credit for introducing the Bessemer steel process, the organization of the bridge-building business, and other matters of importance. He proves that Bessemer steel was used in this country, in Chicago and elsewhere, years before; and that long before the Keystone Bridge Company became a fact, there had been developed in Allegheny a company which operated bridge construction profitably. While these conditions are strictly true, it is nevertheless a fact that the Braddock Plant was the first to bring the Bessemer steel product to any large output, and that the organization of the Keystone Bridge Company under Mr. Carnegie's direction marked that distinct advance in bridge-building which has made bridge material so large a factor in the steel output.

The Keystone Bridge Company was one of the factors in the growth of the iron business which was finally to be united in the Carnegie Steel Company. The bridge-building business had been incorporated by Messrs. Piper & Shiffler. Mr. Bridge describes Piper as "a mechanical genius who was always inventing things—among them a turn-table for locomotives and an improved bridge-post."

"It is also worthy of mention," says Mr. Bridge, "that Andrew Carnegie's principal interest in the Keystone Bridge Company was given to him in return for services rendered in its promotion. He paid no cash for any of his shares, but, desiring to have a larger holding than that gratuitously assigned to him, he gave his note to the company in payment for the increased interest, and the first four dividends sufficed to liquidate the debt."

"It is possible," continues Mr. Bridge, "that the standards of commercial moral-

ity were as high forty years ago as they are to-day. Business men of that period aver that they were even higher. It is none the less certain that the ethics of railroad management in early days were

formed after other standards than those of modern times; else had there been more general condemnation of the fault which Andrew Carnegie discovered in Miller's 'clandestine arrangement with Kloman while acting as agent for the Fort Wayne road.' Such arrangements, not always clandestine, seem to have been the rule in those days, and the early history of the Carnegie enterprise affords many examples. Despite the fact that the principal business of the most important of these enterprises was the manufacture of rails, railway structures and railway material of various kinds, it was from the salaried officials of railways that most of their first financial support was received. . . .

While it is possible that no question of morals is involved in a dual allegiance of such important officials, modern opinion would unhesitatingly condemn it as a breach of propriety and good taste. . . . In the formation of the Keystone Bridge Company this infraction of modern standards was especially conspicuous; although the matter-of-fact way in which Mr. Carnegie speaks of organizing a company 'principally from railroad men' shows that he, at least, had no idea that the propriety of such a proceeding might be questioned. President J. Edgar Thomson, however, had his interest appear on the company's books in the name of his wife. Besides Colonel Scott, vice-president, the Pennsylvania Railroad officials who became stockholders in the Keystone Bridge Company included the chief engineer, the assistant general superintendent, the superintendent of motive-power and machinery. . . . There were also the president of another road, two chief engineers and a general superintendent. . . . It is deserving of notice that these two gentlemen

wrote letters of recommendation to the Keystone Bridge Company in which the work of Piper & Shiffler was spoken of in the most flattering terms; and these were published by the company as an advertisement."

All of this makes extremely interesting reading as showing what was accepted in those times without criticism. And yet it is probable that the men engaged were less dishonest than some of modern times who cover up their antagonistic interests with greater skill.

In 1870, the construction of the first blast-furnace was begun by Messrs. Klotman, Carnegie & Phipps. There were at this time but seven small furnaces in Pittsburgh. The ability to secure Lake Superior ores had prompted the building of two large furnaces, the Isabella and the Lucy, by a number of other Pittsburgh iron men. These two furnaces were put into blast early in 1872.

The gain made by these furnaces constitutes a very interesting exhibit of the genius of Mr. Carnegie as an organizer. Early in his management, he adopted the system of having his accounting department keep a record of the most minute details. Not only was the "cost system" of the most elaborate character, but there were capable brains to weigh the results. Mr. Carnegie took upon himself the final analysis and the making of deductions.

Mr. Bridge tells the story of a workman engaged in building a heating furnace: "There goes that — bookkeeper. If I use a dozen bricks more than I did last month, he knows it, and comes around to ask why." This was no exaggeration," continues Mr. Bridge. "The minutest details of the cost of material and labor in every department appeared from day to day and week to week in the accounts, and soon every man about the place was made to

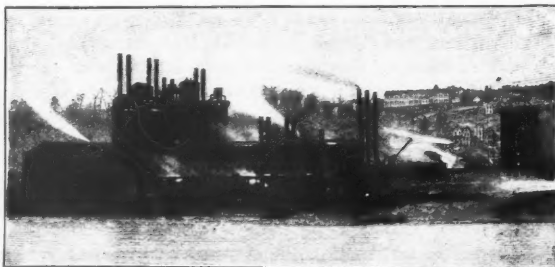
realize it. The men felt, and often remarked, that the eyes of the company were always on them, through the books. If the workmanship was exceptionally good and the output of a high average, which was insisted upon, the head of the department received a letter of congratulation, and perhaps a present at Christmas-time. If it fell behind in either quality or output, the fact was promptly brought to his notice, and Captain Jones would see if the fault lay in the machinery; if it did, he generally knew how to remedy it. If the defect was in the human machine, and reproof did not suffice to correct it, the man was replaced by an understudy, which Captain Jones usually had trained in view of such contingencies."

Such work constitutes the "grand tactics" of a large business. All-essential is an accounting which will bring every group within the organization into a careful system of figures showing the salient facts. But still more important is the competent head, capable of making a thorough analysis of the facts so presented, and drawing inferences for the future benefit of the business.

Mr. Carnegie was fortunate in securing for this work a man who had not only been thoroughly trained in the auditing department of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad but who possessed a fine natural capacity for making figures tell the truth. Under the hands of a commonplace man, figures usually lie. This was Mr. Francis T. F. Lovejoy.

Naturally this close system of espionage, through accounts, was irritating to many of those engaged on the work. Mr. Carnegie was at this time in receipt of daily reports of the product of every department,

and, as already stated, kept the final analysis for his own brain. After making his studies, he was in the habit of dictating notes to the heads



THE CARRIE FURNACES.

of the several departments calling attention to their discrepancies.

Perhaps the most important man in the Carnegie scheme was Capt. W. R. Jones, who not only was a mechanical genius, but through his broad sympathy with his men attained a wonderful personal control over them. Of him Mr. Bridge says: "Captain Jones, who was too high-spirited a war-horse to brook such spurrings, sent in his resignation with almost rhythmical periodicity, and was then tamed back into harness by a handsome gift or by a still more handsome apology. As he put his head into harness again, he would fling taunts at the other managers who took their rowelings more tamely.

'Puppy Dog Number Three,' he would say in sarcasm, 'you have been beaten by Puppy Dog Number Two on fuel;' and, 'Puppy Dog Number Two, you are higher on labor than Puppy Dog Number One,' and so on. This was the lighter side of the system of unfriendly competition which Andrew Carnegie organized and fostered. Some of these managers and partners did not speak to each other for years, so skilfully was their

jealousy and rivalry played upon, and there was hardly a man at the head of any department of the Carnegie Steel Works whose flanks were not ripped open in the fierce race for supremacy. Some, like Shinn, Scott, Griffin, Kennedy, Abbot and Walker, revolted, and flung back the taunts with interest. Others let their anger be transmuted into fresh energy and determination to win. These were the ones who remained and became the young geniuses. . . . 'You can imagine the abounding sense of freedom and relief I experience when I go aboard ship and sail past Sandy Hook,' once said Andrew Carnegie to Captain Jones. 'My God, think of the relief to us,' exclaimed Jones."

Mr. Bridge's book is one of immense value to all classes engaged in affairs. It is doubtful if any man of large business can afford to go without reading it. To those just entering upon affairs, an important lesson is given in this story, which Mr. Bridge does not seem to fully appreciate:

Great results are accomplished only by continuous and persistent effort. This glimpse of Mr. Carnegie serves very well to explain his success. It is further to be remarked that those of the Carnegie Steel Works who made the ultimate successes were those who submitted patiently to criticism of their work and profited by it.

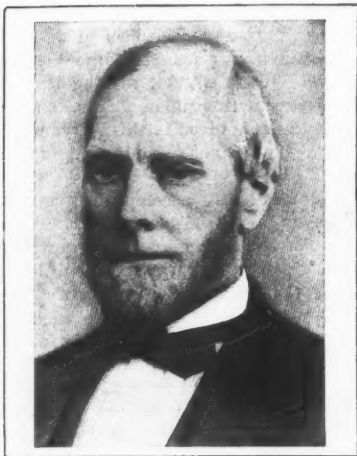


JULIAN KENNEDY.

Never, perhaps, was a better illustration given of what a careful analysis of facts and a comparison of lessons taught may produce, than in the work of the Lucy and Isabella furnaces, built with the expectation that each would turn out about 50 tons per diem. Under the system of competition introduced by Mr. Carnegie, these furnaces began gradually to increase their output. From 350 tons a week, early in 1872, the Lucy had gone up to 500 tons a week

by December. Early in the following year, the Lucy had gone up to 578 tons per week. By February, 1874, this had been increased to 593 tons. The Isabella now shot ahead to 612 tons. In October of 1875, the Lucy was making 642 tons per week, and by the beginning of November, this had increased to 700 tons. "This announcement," the historian says, "was greeted with incredulity by the trade." In 1878, the Lucy made 804 tons in a single week. In 1880, this was increased to 945 tons, and in 1881, to 1,000 tons; then 1,282 tons, and later on 1,438 tons, was the record of the Isabella.

Mr. Bridge discusses very fully the labor troubles of the several periods in the evo-



DAVID McCANDLESS, FIRST CHAIRMAN OF THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL COMPANY.

lution of Mr. Carnegie's establishments. He shows how the mills built by Mr. Kloman, after he had ceased to be connected with Mr. Carnegie, were sacrificed through failure of the manager to understand the points at issue in a strike by labor. The Kloman works at Homestead were splendidly designed, substantially built, and promised to be dangerous rivals to the Braddock mills. But Mr. Carnegie, more ingenious in his plans for securing the railway trade, outpointed his rival; and a strike, conducted upon the part of the management without sympathy and without judgment, wrecked the Kloman Company and enabled Mr. Carnegie to add, at a low figure, the costly mills of his rivals to his own plant.

When he comes to the long-to-be-remembered Homestead strike, Mr. Bridge brings his first serious charge against Mr. Carnegie. He infers strongly that Mr. Carnegie was lacking in manliness, in mentally approving the acts of Mr. Frick while posing before the public as a man anxious to be thought the close friend and protector of labor.

Mr. Carnegie had written an article in which he had used the expression, "There is an unwritten law among the best workmen, 'Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job.' " Mr. Carnegie's clear, direct and logical mind has had from the beginning a correct conception of the position of the work-

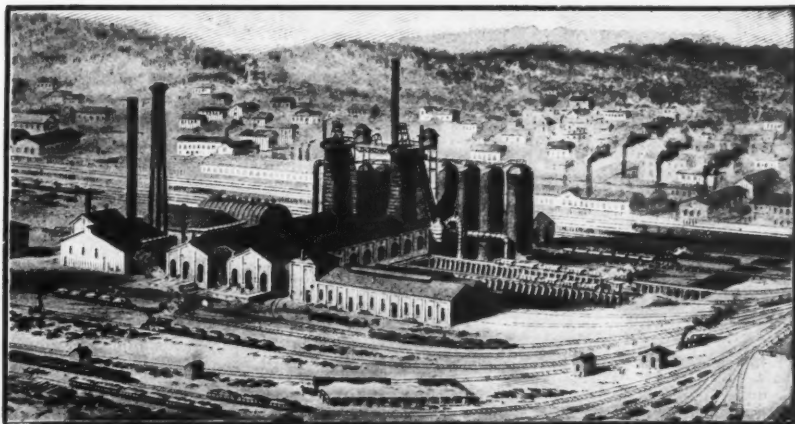
ingman in a "triumphant democracy." It is after following this clear insight of Mr. Carnegie's mind into the labor question, that the reader is filled with wonder regarding the unsatisfactory working out of Mr. Carnegie's life. He has reasoned well, but to the ordinary mind he seems to have acted ill! Recently he is reported to have given to a little town in Scotland two and one-half millions of dollars.

Here is a picture of the scenes around his own mills:—

"Again and again he (Hamlin Garland) is impressed," continues Mr. Alderson, "with the general appearance of exhaustion that is shown in the haggard faces of the toilers, and he says 'their work is of the sort that hardens and coarsens.' Everywhere in the enormous sheds were pits gaping like the mouth of hell, and ovens emitting a terrible degree of heat, with grimy men filling and lining them. One man jumps down, works desperately for a few minutes, and is then pulled up, exhausted. Another immediately takes his place; there is no hesitation. When he spoke to the men they laughed. It was winter when he made his visit. They told him to come in the summer, during July,



WILLIAM P. SHINN, FIRST MANAGER OF THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL WORKS.



THE LUCY FURNACES IN 1886.

when one could scarcely breathe. An old workman, relating the experience of his first day's toil, says he applied for work, and the superintendent, saying he looked strong and tough, set him on the pit work. For the first time in his life he fainted repeatedly, and when he left at night he could scarcely drag himself home.

"They take great risks, too; and the injuries sustained are of a frightful character. An explosion in the pouring of the molten metal, and half-a-dozen men are terribly mangled and one or two killed. The continuous dread of an accident, combined with the intense drive of the work, constitute a fearful strain. This is a fearful picture, painted in the darkest, most repulsive colors, but this is but one side of it. Nothing is said of the comfortable homes which steady employment at from four to ten dollars a day enables the steady, sober workman to maintain—the self-confidence that continuous employment begets. The environments of mills were improved as rapidly as possible, streets were paved, schools were established, and public institutions of various kinds were initiated. Several free educational institutions were founded by Mr. Carnegie in an attempt to help his workmen to help themselves. The other side of the picture is full of light and hope, though there are many exceptions. Many

of the men have happy families, and those of the better class are very well off. The company houses are very good, and have all modern conveniences, and the men who are sober and care for their families, besides being prosperous, live comfortably.

"The effect of the work on these men was brought out in a conversation which Mr. Garland had the morning after his visit to the mills. 'The worst part of the whole business,' said the workman, 'is, it brutalizes a man. You can't help it. You start to be a man, but you become more and more a machine, and pleasures are few and far between. It's like any severe labor; it drags you down mentally and morally just as it does physically. I wouldn't mind it so much but for the long hours. Twelve hours is too long.'"

Yet one would seem to think that Mr. Carnegie's own employees should have been the first beneficiaries of his Aladdin riches. Captain Jones undertook to introduce an eight-hour system, but because he put the Edgar Thomson Works at a disadvantage in 1887, the old scale was ordered reestablished, and the men struck. Under the protection of Pinkerton guards, the works were put in operation by non-union men. From December, 1887, until May, 1888, there was a conflict described by Mr. Bridge as "a night of sorrow and suffering."

The illustrations accompanying this article are from "The History of the Carnegie Steel Company," published by the Aldine Book Company, and have been secured through the courtesy of Mr. James H. Bridge, the author, upon his cable order from London.

This review will be concluded in the November issue.

THE STAFF OF EMPLOYEES.

THE SEVENTH OF THE SERIES "HOW TO ADMINISTER A HOUSEHOLD."

BY ISABEL R. WALLACH.

COMFORT in the household demands the proper performance of the duties comprised within the term "housework." Just what these are, when, how, and by whom they shall be carried out, depend upon individual conditions. But, speaking generally, the work covers:—

I. The preparation of food.

II. The cleaning; an unceasing warfare against matter misplaced.

III. The service; rendered to the family as a whole and individually.

The management of these three distinct but correlated departments devolves upon her whom the Germans affectionately name the house-mother. In her capacity of home-maker she is answerable for the health and the comfort of all who dwell beneath her roof. Hers is a serious responsibility, made more so when she is handicapped by limitations, more or less stringent, of a financial nature.

That this obligation is lightly assumed by women unfamiliar with the details of its first requirements, and unaware that, to be successful, the administration of a household must follow strictly business methods, readily accounts for the number of bankrupt homes in our midst.

A long avenue stretches between the great house of the money-king and the modest one of his junior clerk, and along the way are others of a hundred intermediate grades. Toward the avenue's upper end scarcely a flurry follows the receipt of a telegram from its college boy announcing his homecoming with some "ninety-five" fellows. The order is large, even in such a household, but preparations to fill it are put under way quite as a matter of course; and, when he presently arrives with only half a dozen friends, and explains, with a merry laugh, that he had meant "some '95 fellows," the misunderstanding is treated as a huge joke by all concerned. At the lower end of the road the advent of a single guest would very likely precipitate instant and irrevocable "warning" from the domestic staff.

Why this startling and often humiliating difference?

As well ask why a poorly constructed machine breaks under undue strain.

In the great house the expenditures are on so tremendous a scale that they have been reduced to a business footing in sheer self-defense. Rules have been instituted that cover all ordinary and extraordinary needs, and a capable housekeeper is employed to enforce them. As in a hotel or on a steamship, an adequate staff of workers is retained, with extra people taken on as needed. Each servant, thoroughly trained in his specialty, is made aware from the first that the tenure of his office and the one chance for his advancement lie in the proper performance of his duties. Hence slipshod work and service grudgingly rendered are rarely encountered.

In the other house the relationship of mistress and maid, although purely commercial in its nature, is anything but businesslike. The mistress claims all she can get, and not always gently; the other yields only that which she must, and not always gracefully. Frequent friction is inevitable. The narrow income demands the closest economy in outlay, but it does not and cannot excuse the withholding of extra compensation for extra labor, such as, for instance, the entertainment of a guest entails. Hence the departure of an overtaxed maid-of-all-work at the inopportune moment is merely the natural outcome of conditions radically wrong.

Shops and factories have cut deep into the supply once available for household service, while the demand has increased. Wages have risen accordingly, until, to-day, raw material frequently commands a price that, reckoning the value of board, falls very little below the salary of some of our school-teachers. Scarcely half trained, it seeks the paths of least resistance, and makes its way into specialized lines where the duties are less complex and the wages higher. Inefficiency does not bar progress in this direction.

For obvious reasons, the general houseworker is in greatest demand. But the long hours of service, the absence of a

working-mate, and the ease with which, after a very few months' experience, she is able to specialize as housemaid, as cook or as laundress, make her type exceedingly rare. Consequently, except at rates almost prohibitive to the small income, the woman who can cook, wash and iron, clean the rooms and attend the door is beyond reach. To secure her at all, one must train a nestling, and make her environment attractive enough to hold her when fully fledged. Even then she is very likely to fly away. And who shall blame her? Is it pleasant, or restful—for all the change in occupation—to rise from one's scrubbing, or to lift oneself from the steaming suds, at the summons of the front-door bell? When one has learned to cook, is there any satisfaction in knowing one's finest concoctions must spoil for lack of watching, while one waits upon the table?

She likes her place and her lady, but eventually she gives warning to the mistress who taught her whatever of housework she knows. Viewed impartially, the step she has taken is quite natural and not tainted with ingratitude. Business matters do not rest upon sentiment. From beginning to end the connection between the two women has been governed by the inflexible law of quid pro quo. The balance is even, and, while the outcome is aggravating to the mistress, it is simply one more of the many limitations to which the poor man's wife bravely rises day after day.

General conditions become easier when it is possible to send the washing out, or to call in an extra worker by the day. Division of the labor on these lines costs less than hiring two servants, but the latter arrangement permits of better all-round service. One servant assumes the duties of cook and laundress, the other those of housemaid and waitress. They alternate in their outings, and each performs the duties of the other in her absence. But, since both serve in what is really a dual capacity, it is useless to look to either for perfection. A competent cook does not need to worry with laundrywork. The same is true, in her special line, of the trained waitress, of the laundress and of the housemaid. A thousand households stand open to any one of the four.

Until now the important factor in house-

hold service represented by the care of children has not been mentioned. In the equitable apportionment of work, this duty, in homes like those just described, necessarily devolves upon the mother. If upon occasion she be compelled to relegate it temporarily to her maid-of-all-work, in justice to both work and worker the latter should be excused from all other duties for the time being. Similarly, where two servants constitute the household staff, a certain amount of assistance must be extended if the housemaid be expected to care for the children for a part of the day.

Where means permit, a nursemaid is employed. She has little share in the actual work of the house beyond the care of the nursery and light sewing. But it is necessary to define her duties from the outset, and also her position in the household, lest she become a disturbing element, either as a source of mischief or an object of envy. As the family grows larger, it develops more requirements. If the income have correspondingly increased, the domestic staff of three is no longer adequate. Re-apportionment is again in order. The culinary department is placed under a qualified cook, with or without the privilege—and the perquisites—of marketing. The mistress is freer, and goes about more. The children, in her absence, require intelligent supervision. A "mother's helper" or a nursery governess becomes a necessity. She assists the little folks in their schoolwork, superintends their early musical efforts, teaches them to converse in French and German, accompanies them on their outings, and impresses upon them the little amenities of good breeding.

The staff of employees is at last adequate and presumably receiving fair wages. By this time, partly through costly experience, partly in self-protection against a long succession of servants very much alive to their own interests and not afraid to impose conditions, the mistress has learned to conduct her household upon business principles. Henceforth there is smooth sailing, save for an occasional blow easily weathered.

Increased means, ambition, or social demands lead to the exchange of the comfortable home for a more pretentious one farther up the avenue. Here each of the

three branches of household service comes under the control of a specialist, thoroughly trained and supplied with one or more assistants. These increase in number according to the needs of the family, its social position, the lavishness of its hospitality, and its financial strength.

A chef, a butler and footmen are luxuries that only those whose incomes are generous may indulge in. Their presence lends dignity and éclat to an establishment, and secures that perfection of unobtrusive service that should be an integral part of the great house. An occasional idle hour falls to the share of footmen and attendants, but, since these are often required to work late at night, the equation is even.

The duties of the employees having been outlined, it remains to consider the obligations the household assumes toward those to whom, according to compact, it has promised a home, certain customary privileges and a stated wage. These latter, being fixed quantities, are seldom curtailed. But the word "home" usually means a mere workshop where the tools, meals and a sleeping-place are provided. Sometimes the tools are inferior, and the meals stinted. This is unfair and unpardonable. Rarely is the sleeping-place a private one. Space limitations excuse this, however, for it is obvious that separate rooms cannot be assigned to servants in homes where members of the family are denied that luxury. But separate beds are easily procured, and should be supplied.

Household employees have few leisure hours. Is that why so few ever think of giving them a sitting-room? Yet this is a source of so much comfort that only lack of room should excuse its omission. Under such circumstances the introduction of a rocking-chair or two, a bright table-cover, a book-shelf and a reading-lamp would convert the workaday kitchen into a cozy room wherein to enjoy a restful evening or to entertain a friend.

Company in the kitchen? *Followers*, perhaps! Horrors!

Gently, dear madam, gently! When you engaged your servant, did you not agree to give her a home? Then where but in that home shall she, a woman, receive her friends? Must domestic service condemn its victims to a seclusion, jail-like in its severity? Must a woman forego

the wholly natural desire for companionship, love, marriage, because she does housework in a kitchen not her own?

The privilege of receiving visitors is so valuable to a servant that in conceding it, it is easy to safeguard the kitchen from nightly gatherings unduly hilarious or prolonged. From the outset it can be understood that the company privilege holds good only so long as it is not abused.

Privileges are looked upon as innate rights and, once accorded, should never be revoked. They are jealously guarded, and the mistress, confronted by an emergency, is wrong if she attempts to withdraw one, even temporarily. Her need for the servant's free afternoon or evening may be imperative, but fairness demands that she ask for it as a favor and offer other time in exchange. Her request will probably be met; but if not, she is both unwise and unjust if she view the maid's refusal as a warrant for dismissal. She fails to realize that the woman has interests outside of her daily work. Disappointed, she may lose her temper, and rail at the selfishness of servants. But such tactics are foolish. They simply call out disrespectful answers and provoke open insubordination.

The pivotal point in the entire question of household service lies without doubt in the personality of its head. In the unique and intimate relation of mistress and maid like engenders like. Laxity in the one means laxity in the other. Extravagance encourages extravagance. Nagging and fault-finding breed indifference and impertinence. Conversely, a good executive commands good service. She who shows herself familiar with the details of the work she wishes done, and knows how much time it requires, is sure to win the confidence and cooperation of the worker. Kindly speech, and a friendly manner that neither oversteps the line of dignity nor yet savors of condescension, will always command obedience and respect. Blame should not be withheld when deserved, but the reproof should be quiet and dignified, even under the strongest provocation. After all, employer and employee are but interdependent parts of the household machinery. With each doing her own share, whether of supervision or of labor, harmonious action is assured, and nicety of service attainable, even in a one-maid ménage.

A STORY OF MATRIMONY.

BY JOSEPHINE ARTHUR.

"IT must be the cold that's keeping Miss Louise, this morning. She's that late."

Maggie Gilligan, the old woman who had been a servant in the Barnard family for nearly forty years, rubbed the back of a stiff hand against her red nose, glanced anxiously at the clock and then at the table, hesitating as she realized that coffee, rolls and omelet would be ruined in five minutes more.

"Sure, I'm glad she's goin' to New York to-morrow," added Maggie, as she threw another lump of cannel coal into the grate. "The country's that lonesome in winther and as cold as the saints dead this hundred years. It's low-spirited she is, too, and small blame to her. A good time is what she's afther needin', God bless her."

She broke off suddenly and stepped to one side, smoothing her crisp apron and giving a last, anxious glance at the fastidious table as she heard a swirl of skirts on the stair. The door opened and a smallish but very graceful woman, with slightly gray hair and tired, lovely eyes, came into the room.

"Good-morning, Maggie. What, hasn't the postman come yet?"

Louise Barnard glanced at the table as she passed it, hurrying to the fire and rubbing the palms of her hands smartly together. Maggie watched her with eyes quick to discern the least disfavor of her table.

"No," she answered, "he ain't come yet. The drifts are that big there's no getting through, I'm thinking."

"Of course. I had forgotten the storm."

Miss Barnard set down the coffee-pot and turned toward the window. From her chair she could see a wide sweep of lawn where the January drifts sparkled blindingly under a cloudless morning sky. Not a breath of wind stirred the heavily laden boughs of the pine-trees, and the hush of the frozen, shrouded world penetrated even to the cozy room where the geraniums spread their green palms to the sunshine pouring through the speckless panes.

With a little shiver of satisfaction, Miss Barnard turned toward the hearth.

"There's the mail now," she exclaimed, as heavily booted feet clumped up the piazza steps.

"A telegram, Miss Louise!" exclaimed the old woman, coming back with nervous haste and forgetting to close the outer door, through which the winter air hurtled like a spear.

"I hope it's nothing bad, miss," she ventured, her eyes ignorantly compassionate as her mistress tore the yellow envelope, read the two lines within and laid the paper beside her plate.

Louise smiled faintly. "An urgent invitation," she answered. She smiled again as she stirred her coffee and reread the telegram: "Can you come? Baby and little Lou sick. No cook. Affectionately, Connie."

"Two cents for that last word before her name," said Louise, slowly. "Connie all over. Poor girl." She stared absently at the window, her breakfast forgotten in the contemplation of that picture which had been thrust before her.

"As soon as you have finished your house-work," she said, quietly, to the old woman who was moving around the table, "pack your bag and get ready to go with me. I am going to spend a week with Mrs. Stanton."

"You'll not go to New York, afther all, then?" began Maggie, her wrinkled face expressing disapproval as well as disappointment.

"Not just now," returned Louise. "Mrs. Stanton and the children are not very well and I must go to them. We'll take the early afternoon train, so be as quick as you can, for you'll have to see your brother about staying in the house, and I must go to the bank."

She spoke without raising her voice from its usual languid sweetness, but Maggie's eyes fell submissively; the words her lips shaped were soundless. "Sure, it's God's world but the devil has the bossin' of it," she murmured, as she left the room.

Miss Barnard, standing before her open trunk and looking at the clothes which she had begun to take out and lay on the bed, turned a reflective face as the old woman entered and offered to help her.

"I think I'll just take a hand-bag," she said. She paused a moment, her finger at her lip, her eyes raised to the small bright ones of the servant, who stood several inches taller than her mistress. "I have decided to bring Miss Connie and the children back with me instead of staying there," she added.

"Back here? Not in this weather, ma'am," stammered Maggie, respectful resentment in her tones. "Where'd you be afther putting them all? Sure there ain't but two of them little stoves in the house, and all them children—why, they'd have the place tore up in no time." She stopped abruptly, biting her lips.

Even the privilege of a quarter of a century of service would scarcely bridge this remonstrance.

Miss Barnard dropped her eyelids again. "We could manage," she said, gently.

"Manage," repeated Maggie, fiercely, to herself. "'Manage.' Why couldn't some other folks 'manage' once in a while?" She sent fierce, jealous glances after Miss Barnard all the morning. Once when she saw her pick up a book which had been ripped from its fine binding by one of the children the summer before, she caught her breath quickly and left the room muttering.

Louise looked after her, her mouth drawn a little. "She suffers more than I do," she thought. "What are books or china or flowers or anything compared with Connie and her children? Poor, poor Connie!"

As always, she drew the deep, accustomed sigh at the mention of her sister's name, so heavily darkened had the once bright and beautiful creature's life become. Unlike the cruelties of death, this living tragedy could not be forgotten.

At the station, before they took the train, she telegraphed to her sister that she would be with her that night, but even with this preparation the two women found the house, on a dingy back street of the little inland city, quite dark, and, after repeated ringing, the door was finally opened by a little

boy with his throat tied up in a flannel shawl.

He stared a moment, then gave a happy cry: "Aunt Lutie! Aunt Lutie!"

"Gene, dear!" Miss Barnard stopped abruptly and put her arms around the child, for a moment unable to say more.

In the dimly lit hall she had seen his pale, thin face, his outgrown frock, his ragged shoes.

"Where's mama?" she asked, releasing him and rising.

"In the kitchen, getting supper," answered the child, smoothing her sables with his cold little hands and making soft, inarticulate sounds of pleasure at the feeling of the fur.

A sudden sense of shame stung Louise. She pulled off her collar and hung it with her muff over the baluster as they went down the hall.

"Lutie! How good of you to come!" A gas-jet high overhead sent its flickering light down upon the untidy kitchen; the pretty but neglected children; the woman who, dressed in an old skirt and flannel sacque covered by a checked apron, turned from the stove, a spoon in one hand, a baby over her shoulder, and yielded herself longingly to her sister's arms.

Louise felt her throat tighten. Was this thin, worn, dragged creature the once so beautiful Constance? "Poor child. . . . Here, Maggie, you finish supper. Let me take the baby, dear, and we'll go upstairs."

"We can't," laughed Connie, hastily drying her eyes. "There's no fire in the furnace and I have to keep the children here until they go to bed. The baby has such a dreadful cold."

Louise bent and kissed the tiny face on her arm, then blushed hotly. The three other children were looking at her wonderingly, and her sister's eyes, too, held a silent admiration and envy. Louise felt a quick thankfulness that she had left her furs in the hall. And yet, why should she be ashamed of her beautiful clothes? Were they not merely an alternative? Did her sister feel any compunction at the presence of her children when she saw Louise's solitary spinsterhood?

She asked herself these things again as they sat at supper in the chilly dining-room



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"'HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME!'"

and she observed that Stanton looked from her to his wife with dry, silent comparison.

Louise also looked at Connie. The poor girl had put on a faded but fresh cotton dress, had arranged her hair prettily and pinned a muslin fichu over her shoulders. Worn and faded as she was, harassed with anxieties, aged by toil too heavy for her slender and delicate physique, there was yet a grace, a distinction, a fineness, about her face, the poise of her head, the line of her shoulders, that gave one a pang as of some mutilated treasure. She had always been more beautiful than her elder sister; she was so still, in spite of the contrasting effect of the ten years of comfortable ease, the ten years of hardship, which separated the two.

Louise watched her as she poured the coffee, served the children, told the funny side of the winter's troubles in an effort to hide the poor meal's deficiencies, the raggedness of the table's outfit.

"At all events, I have learned how to cook lots of things, haven't I, 'Gene?'" she laughed.

"Have you?" said her husband. "This seems like the first decent meal we've had in months."

A red stain appeared under Connie's eyes as if she had been crying. "I do the best I can," she said. "I have to be as economical as possible."

"Yes, of course, but it seems like rather poor economy to oblige me to teach on a diet of tough beef and sloppy oatmeal," answered Stanton. "By the way," he added, "tell Maggie to leave the coffee-pot on the stove. I'll get a cup when I come in."

"Do you have choir rehearsal at night?" asked Louise, innocently.

"No, not exactly," answered Eugene, glancing at his wife.

"He has his studio where he practises and gives lessons downtown at the hotel. The children make such a noise, you know." Connie's voice carried a matter-of-fact cheerfulness through this explanation.

Louise looked at the three little ones, who sat in timid silence, watching apprehensively whenever their father spoke.

"Let Maggie hold the baby, while I clear off the table," she begged. "Just

tell me where the things belong. I can do it all. Where do the napkins and silver go? Oh, yes, here. But, Connie——? Where is all your silver?"

"Oh, I don't use it ordinarily. It—it's too much trouble to keep it clean." Connie's voice was curiously smothered.

"But the forks and spoons?"

"Oh, I just—loaned them."

Louise was silent. It had come to this, at last. Pawning.

She tried to talk gaily of home affairs, of neighborly gossip, but each incident seemed a fresh pencil with which to underline the contrast between Connie's poverty and the well-being of the others, and Louise felt a hard lump in her breast.

There was an oil stove in the front bedroom, where Connie slept with the baby and one of the children, and the two women sat down one on each side of it, talking in low tones, while the mother nursed her baby.

Connie spoke of the struggles and disappointments of her life with an appearance of frankness which would have deceived most persons, but Louise knew the reserve of her sister's proud nature and saw through the veil of those brave pretenses about the need of "congenial companions" and "a musical atmosphere," with which she endeavored to explain her husband's failures.

Louise murmured words of loving encouragement as she kissed her and went to bed. She moved very softly for fear of waking little Lou, who slept with her, but her patent-leather boots made a heavy noise on the uncarpeted floor and the rustle of her silk petticoats seemed insolently loud.

Shivering in the chill of the sheets, she lay awake for a long time thinking over once more what she had planned to do and trying to study it in every aspect. As she lay there, wide-awake, she heard Eugene come softly in and creep upstairs. As he went toward his own room, Louise heard Connie say: "Did you latch the front door, 'Gene? I was afraid to go to sleep until you came. What made you stay so late? Did you stop to play cards?"

"Only a game or two," whispered the man in reply, and Louise heard her sister sigh.

In the first flush of their married life,

every one had laughed at Connie's mistakes and trials. Then they had come to laugh with her. Now they looked at her while she laughed alone.

Through it all, Louise had stood by them lovingly. She admitted that Connie had been hasty, but sometimes infatuation ended in love.

She invited the young couple to live at home with her while Eugene was building up a position in New York. And when, at the end of the year, he announced that he thought it foolish for a young unknown man to start out in a big city, that he thought he had better go to some small place and work up a reputation, Louise agreed. With Connie, and the baby which had come, she went to the town in New Jersey where Eugene had taken a place as organist, hired and furnished a little house, saw the two started, and then left them to try life alone together.

For a year, with Louise, and Albert, the married brother, to help, they kept it up. At the end of that year, Stanton resigned. It was not a place which would advance him, he said, and he must be rising in his profession, no matter how humbly he started.

This was honest, and Louise helped them to pack, move and settle themselves at home with her while Eugene was making a fresh start.

Before he found just what he wanted, another baby arrived, and Connie was so far from well that it was decided best to have her stay with Louise for six months, at least, and be ready to go to housekeeping with her husband, who by that time would be settled in his work. But three months passed before he found what he liked; then the salary was so small that Louise and Albert were constrained to send a monthly check, and Connie, broken down by the hard work and anxiety, had to give up and go to the hospital for six weeks.

So the years had slipped craftily by, while they were expecting each to bring the golden future.

Louise, hoping steadily for better things, forgot to regret the thousand sacrifices which fed the clear flame of her love. Not a word of reproach, not a single refusal, met Connie's appeals, and although

the younger woman had more and more often felt the searing scorch of the fire which warmed her, she shrank from the cold outside its radius.

For herself she would have endured, she would have suffered, anything. But her children had made a primitive creature of her; fighting for their needs, she forgot what she took.

She hardened herself when she sent for her sister, poignantly aware of, yet refusing to recognize, the sacrifices to which she forced her by her importunity. She felt almost a sense of injury in that sufficiency which belonged to Louise, forgetting that she possessed it only through the sacrifice of her own life; that she owned the old home only so long as she remained unmarried, and that she could not marry because the man she loved had died while waiting for her to finish taking care of other people.

Louise stared up at the vague circle on the ceiling cast by the arc-light in the street. As it leaped and flickered and ebbed low, yet never went out, so would Eugene's career waver through the years while he dragged his wife with him into as yet unsounded depths of sordidness.

Connie's thin face, with its large, defiantly sad eyes, sensitive scarlet lips and sweet chin, the inquiring child-faces about her knees, came back again to Louise, and she shook off the weak defense which she had begun to build about herself. Whatever came, Connie should share all that was hers.

There was an added pressure in the clasp of her arm when little Lou woke in the freezing dawn and turned to her. Henceforth, this child should be her pictures, her music, her books and travel.

She smiled happily as she sat on the edge of the bed in her wrapper and dressed the little thing, who retarded the process by shivering hugs and kisses and snuggling of ice-cold hands in Louise's neck.

"What happiness it is to have some one get breakfast!" sighed Connie, contentedly. "How often I have longed for a cup of Maggie's coffee!"

Her sister looked at her, smiling strangely.

"Come home with me and have it every day," she said.

"Oh," answered Connie, with a deep

breath, "if I only could! When I think how soon you must go and leave me——" She could not finish. Louise saw her lip tremble.

Louise herself could not speak; she was trembling nervously.

Connie did not appear to notice it. She was busy putting something aside on a plate. "Maggie," she said to the old woman who was waiting on the table, the baby on her arm, "put this where it will keep hot, and make some fresh coffee in about an hour. Mr. Stanton won't be down to breakfast with us."

"Is he always late?" inquired Louise, busying herself with little Lou's bread and milk.

"Oh, no; but you see he can work so much better at night that he stays downtown at his studio very late, and so I let him sleep in the morning."

"And you always make fresh coffee for him?" asked Louise, gently.

"Oh, no," laughed her sister. "That is a luxury he prepares for himself, usually. He will miss Maggie when you go."

"You know I must——" began Louise, when the door opened and Stanton came in. He looked from one sister to the other.

"What is that?" he inquired. "You are going home, Louise? You mustn't think of it. Connie has been looking forward to having you here ever since Christmas. You can't go yet; no, indeed."

As he spoke, he was opening the morning papers one after another, glancing through them and throwing them down. "Where is my breakfast, Maggie?" he demanded. "I must go downtown early this morning."

"You don't really mean that you are going soon?" Connie said, in a low tone. "Why must you, Lou? No one needs you at home as I do here."

Louise smiled a little. "No," she said, "but I cannot leave the house alone. And Maggie's brother has to go back to his family. If you're willing, though, I'll take little Lou with me and keep her through the winter."

"That's a good idea," exclaimed Stanton, looking up from his paper. "You know she'll be much better off there than in this house," he went on, turning to

his wife, who had not spoken. "It will be easier for you, too."

Louise moistened her lips. "Wouldn't you like to have me take Connie home, too?" she asked, in a curious, light, high voice.

Eugene looked at her questioningly. "Why, she really would be better off there," he began, as if uncertain of her intention. "I'm going to give up this job in the spring, anyhow. There's nothing in it. I can see that. And if Connie and the children were with you, it would be a tremendous relief—a help for a while."

"I meant for always," said Louise, looking at him, still, with that far-off smile. She had taken little Lou by the hand and was clinging to her now in a sort of panic, as a man clutches at a frail vine when his ladder falls beneath him.

"Oh! 'Always?'" repeated Eugene, curiously, doubt and a sort of relief in his voice. "You mean for Connie to live in the old place always?" He repeated the word with emphasis.

"Yes," said Louise, "I mean for her to settle down there and make it her home. Would you like it, Connie?" She turned to her sister with a sudden deep appeal in look and voice.

Connie's face grew white, her eyes darkened, yet luminously. "If I only could!" she breathed. The prospect was like heaven to her wearied heart. She looked at Louise, smiling softly.

"You would be willing to let me take her and the children—permanently?"

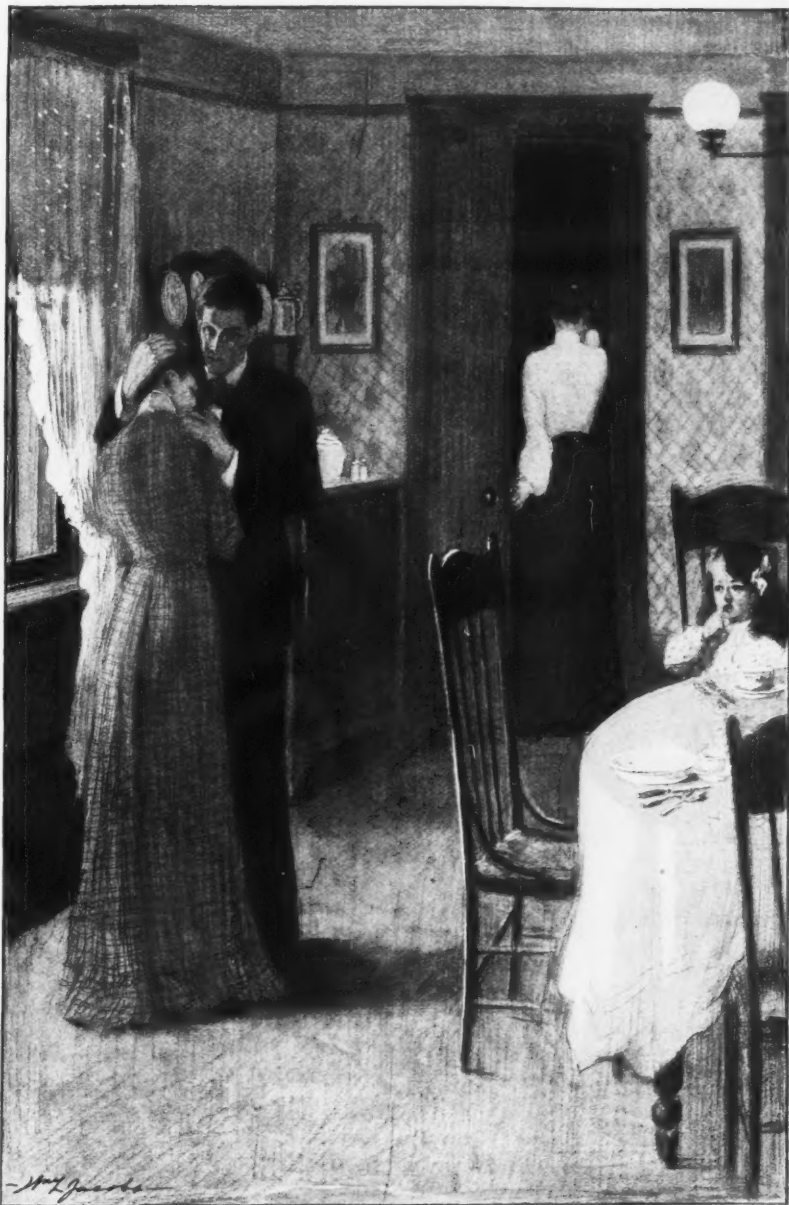
"Why, yes," Eugene laughed awkwardly, but with evident relief. "If you want her to go."

"And you would be willing to go, dear? Everything I have would be yours. I would do all I could to make you and the children happy." Louise spoke earnestly, almost warningly.

"Oh, the mere being at home would be enough," laughed Connie, a catch in her voice. "And then when Eugene comes——"

"No," said Louise, in a sharp, deep tone that made them both turn. "No, there would be no time when he would come. I meant that you should stay with me and leave him for—for always."

Her voice rang strangely at the last word;



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"I LOVE YOU! NOTHING ELSE MATTERS."

she looked to and fro between them. "Why," she laughed, sharply, "did you think it was for him I meant it? No. I meant to take you out of this misery, this poverty, this—this neglect that you have endured for ten years through—through your husband's selfishness, and give you all you were used to before he took you away from me.

"Yes, I say all this to you, Eugene. I have never said it to your wife alone. You know whether it is true. If she were happy, the rest wouldn't matter, but she is unhappy. She is tired, lonely, discouraged, sick. Sick at heart because you neglect—neglect——" Her voice came in sharp gasps, her eyes burned the husband and wife with their fused fires of love and loathing. She had risen, and now went toward Connie, her hands held out. In her slight, faultlessly dressed figure, her silky gray hair, her soft, beautifully kept hands, there spoke a reproach, a plea, stronger than her words.

"Come with me, Connie dear. I will take care of you, I will love you."

She had taken the wife's hands as they hung nervelessly beside her, and standing close to her looked up into her silent face.

Connie did not stir. She was gazing at her husband.

He had dropped the newspaper, and with his hands on the back of a chair had listened silently to Louise's terrible words.

His boyish face, with its round, beautiful forehead, big blue eyes and weak mouth, had grown stiff and old as he stared back at her, and a dull-red flush stained his eyelids. When she had finished speaking, he too looked at his wife, but with expressionless eyes.

"You of course understand what your sister says," he began. "She wants you to go to live with her and to leave me out of the question. Simply ignore the fact that you have a husband. She will take care of you——" He paused.

"Yes. Do you want me to go?" Connie spoke in a level, dead voice.

Her husband shrugged one shoulder, spreading out his hands in a dull caricature of indifference. "I?" he said, with a laugh. "What can I say? As your sister tells you, ever since you have been married you have been poor, overworked and neglected. You have nothing to look forward to, for I shall never be a rich man. I have nothing to promise, nothing to offer. She has—everything." He let his hands fall and went to the window.

"Do you want me to go? Eugene?" Only in that last word was there an echo of the cry she stifled.

He turned sharply. "Do I want you to go? Want you to!" he cried out. "Why, Connie——"

"Don't, 'Gene, don't! Let me stay with you!" She sobbed piteously as they ran and clung to each other.

"It is only for your happiness, sweet-heart," he said, unsteadily, as he smoothed the head pressed close to him. "I have done nothing to make you happy, nothing to deserve your love——"

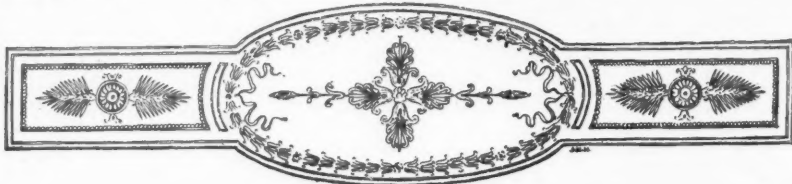
"Oh, 'Gene, let me stay! Let me stay! I love you! Nothing else matters."

"I love you too, dear. You know that. I'll try to make you happier."

They had quite forgotten the other woman—they had forgotten everything, past sorrows and future trials—as they held each other close.

As Louise closed the door softly and stepped into the hall, Maggie was coming from the kitchen, muttering to herself and shaking her head. At sight of Louise she stopped abruptly.

"Whatever is it, miss?" she began wonderingly, and then she opened her arms as Louise, overwhelmed in strange, unfamiliar grief, drooped forward blindly against the old nurse's shoulder, sobbing again and again: "I didn't understand. I didn't understand!"



PUBLIC TASTE AND THE WINTER'S DRAMA.

BY OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

IT is impossible for any one to tell, with any degree of certainty, what the outcome will be in the theatrical world from now until next May, especially in view of the disturbances in the money market which have recently taken place.

In my roof-garden season I noticed that the box sales were very poor. The boxes were deserted, while last season and dur-

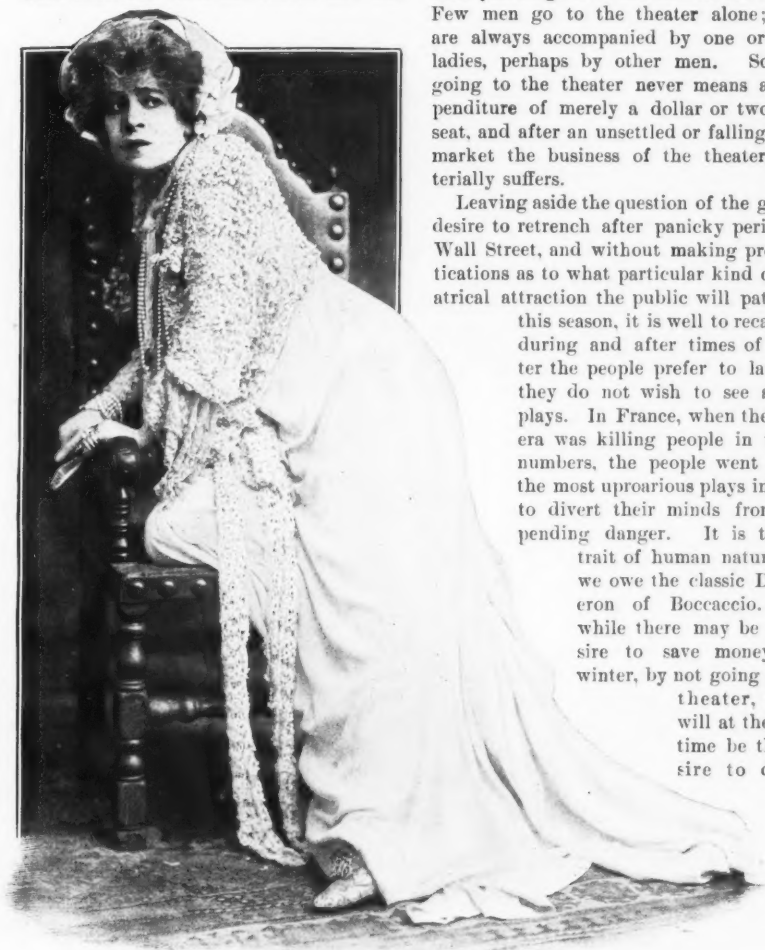
ing previous years they were always fully occupied.

The prices for seats in this country are lower than in England, France and Germany, but Americans make it a habit to have some sort of festivity after the theater; that is the reason why the Broadway restaurants receive the principal amount of their patronage after the theaters are closed. Few men go to the theater alone; they are always accompanied by one or more ladies, perhaps by other men. So that going to the theater never means an expenditure of merely a dollar or two for a seat, and after an unsettled or falling stock market the business of the theaters materially suffers.

Leaving aside the question of the general desire to retrench after panicky periods in Wall Street, and without making prognostications as to what particular kind of theatrical attraction the public will patronize

this season, it is well to recall that during and after times of disaster the people prefer to laugh—they do not wish to see serious plays. In France, when the cholera was killing people in untold numbers, the people went to see the most uproarious plays in order to divert their minds from impending danger.

It is to this trait of human nature that we owe the classic Decameron of Boccaccio. So, while there may be a desire to save money this winter, by not going to the theater, there will at the same time be the desire to divert



MRS. LESLIE CARTER.



VIRGINIA HARNED.

fully occupied. The middle class is very proud in this country, and so, to a great extent, is the laboring class. The middle class does not like to prove that it is middle-class by being seen in the gallery by its more prosperous acquaintances in the orchestra. People in moderate circumstances want to be downstairs where the moneyed classes are. These people are as appreciative and critical as the financially better situated ones, but although they can see the performance just as well from upstairs, they do not want to be known as patrons of the gallery. It is, therefore, almost unnecessary in the higher-priced theaters to have a gallery, and its day has gone by.

The building of so many new theaters in New York and Chicago will be of great benefit to the authors this season, and when the authors are benefited, the public profits by it. The managers are compelled to make more new productions in order to fill the new theaters with audiences. The supply of new theaters outstrips the supply of plays. In former years, managers were able to fill their houses with

the mind, and that tendency will mean light theatrical attractions which bring about hilarity.

It is also well known to every person in the theatrical business that, as a rule, people will patronize plays with fun and laughter in preference to sober and somber productions.

This season will show, in New York City—and the same thing seems to be true of other large cities—that theaters will be built for classes, and that the time has come for the passing of the gallery in high-priced theaters. Theatrical managers are catering to classes. You will find at plays of high character, and especially those at which two dollars is charged for orchestra seats, that the gallery is deserted while the orchestra and front balcony are



MABEL TALIAFERRO.



ELEANOR ROBSON.

race-track investments and Wall Street "flyers" sink into the background. Already American playwrights occupy a very independent position. They are accorded hearings for the asking, while in former days they were considered next to nuisances and bores.

The same condition of things is apparent in other large cities; up to a year ago, important new theatrical productions were made in New York City exclusively; the lack of producers has forced these managers also to turn producers; in consequence, quite a number of successful new plays and musical productions have been launched in the West and found their way into New York. Nevertheless, this does not signify that what is a success in New York

productions made by stars or speculative road managers. They were known in the theatrical profession as "producers." Authors dealt with these men almost exclusively. The largely increased number of theaters and the decreasing number of producers now force the manager of a theater to become a producer himself, taking not alone the burden of the risk in a production but also that of running his house. The enormous cost of running a playhouse and the expenses to be incurred in making a production, are ventures beside which



MARGARET ANGLIN.



MRS. FISKE.

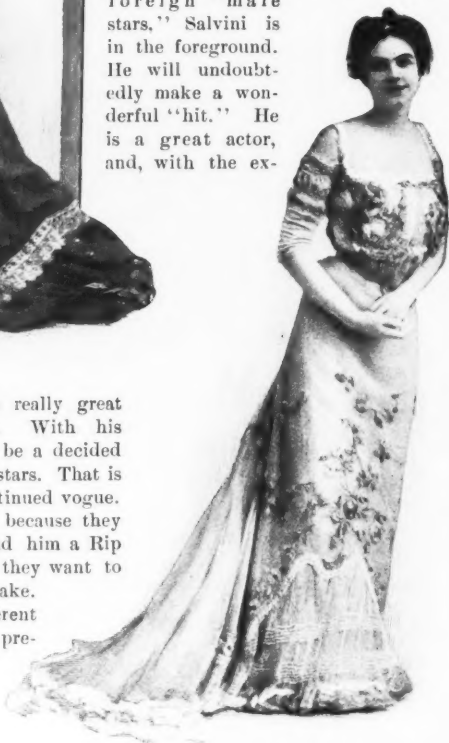
ception of Irving, we have seen no really great foreign male star for some years. With his world-wide reputation, he is sure to be a decided success. The world has very few male stars. That is one reason for Joseph Jefferson's continued vogue. People go to see him year after year because they fear that each coming season will find him a Rip Van Winkle in another world, and they want to see the last of him for old times' sake.

In musical matters there is a different condition in Europe from that which prevails here. There is not a labor organization in Europe that has not a singing association incorporated with it. The Housesmiths' Union in Germany would have a section of house-

would be a success elsewhere, and vice versa. Take Dusé for an example. She played at my Victoria Theater for two weeks; her receipts were nearly fifty thousand dollars for those two weeks. Then she played in Washington to empty benches. It was her peculiar repertoire that did it. New York went to see the artist; Washington went to see the play. New York is not prudish. Washington is.

The stories of a brother's love for a brother's wife and a brother's love for his sister were deemed criminally indecent by Washington; New York, while not enthusiastic as to the subjects, merely looked upon them as vehicles for the powers of the greatest actress of the day.

As to the possibilities of success during the coming season of so-called foreign "male stars," Salvini is in the foreground. He will undoubtedly make a wonderful "hit." He is a great actor, and, with the ex-



FAY DAVIS.



MAXINE ELLIOTT.



BONNIE MAGINN.

down." In all these melodramas somebody is always "trodden down." There is the poor servant-girl "trodden down" by the boarding-house mistress; and the boarding-house mistress "trodden down" by the landlord; and the landlord "trodden down" by the heartless mortgagee.

The producer of dramas, operas or musical comedies must be a man having unlimited confidence in himself—in his ideas, his tastes and inclinations. He stands alone against a hydra-headed public. He gives them what he feels they want. He is alone, at the night of a first production, in front of a thousand different minds. There are a jury of critics, and a sea of sober faces behind them. Men who are compelled by their

smiths as a singing society. The tailor and the shoemaker belong to singing societies. The best illustration as to the musical standing of our country will be a glance through the list of attractions playing throughout it, published every week in the "Dramatic Mirror." There are five hundred dramatic attractions to but a dozen musical ones. Melodramas are the favorites, and theaters playing them are more prosperous than others. In such houses low admission-prices prevail. The audiences are tradesmen and laborers. Both feel "trodden



MARGARET DALE

professions to stake everything upon their opinions—it is not conceit or vanity to say so—are to be compared to heroes almost. Just as the courage of the soldier increases with many battles, so the manager gradually loses all sensation of fear. He becomes hardened.

Mr. McDonald, who is building the subway, is spoken of with a great deal of respect, but is there anybody who does more good to the public—in looking after its mental recreation—than the theatrical manager? He is not half enough appreciated and respected by the public. In former years he was classed among the adventurers in line with strolling players. The feeling has not yet changed to the extent to which it should. The lawyer and physician are honored with degrees. The manager is simply received with ridicule when failure



ETHEL BARRYMORE.



WYNNE MATTHISON.

is made, or with indifference when he succeeds. The people say, when a success is made, "We paid you for this." If the physician has helped you and cured you, he has your gratitude for life for affording you relief. We afford the population an infinite amount of enjoyment, as necessary to it as milk and bread and butter. One goes to the theater for mental and bodily recreation; his mind is diverted; scenes of pleasure, great and glorious teachings, are unrolled before him; for hours the cares and tribulations of his own life are forgotten; his sober, somber thoughts are changed into laughter and hilarity; it brightens and freshens him for the morning, if not for all time; and he "paid the fellow two dollars for it"—meaning the manager.

THE FUTURE OF INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACING

BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON

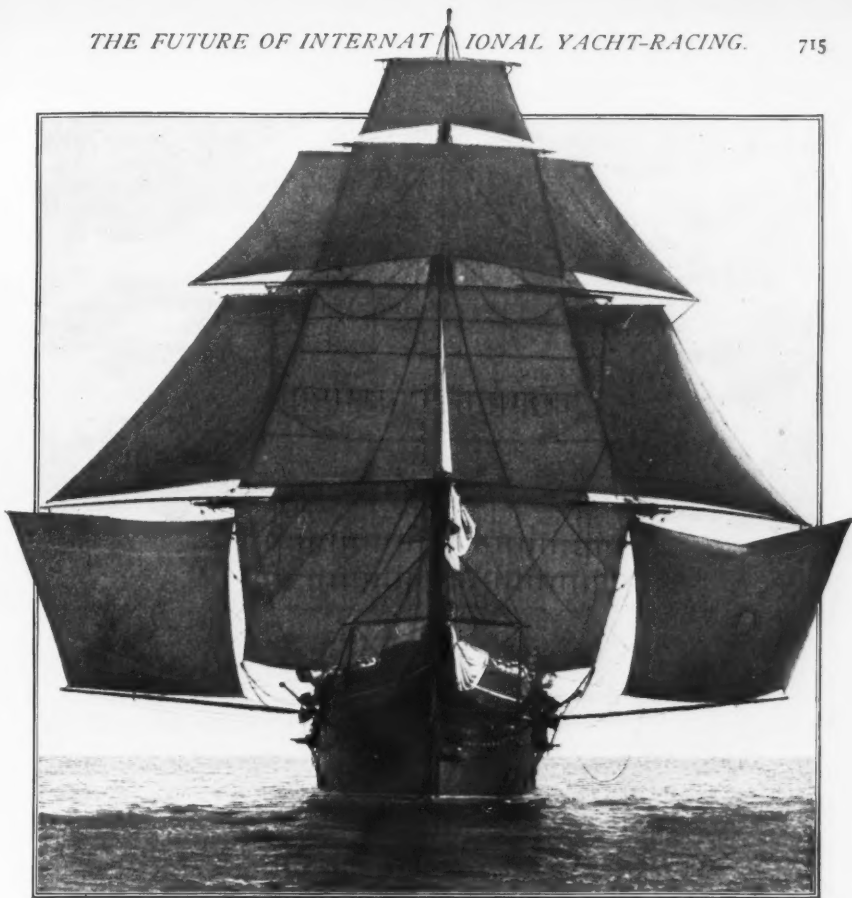


AS a matter of natural evolution, the future of international yacht-racing will bring forth a large, wholesome and legitimate type of boat that will be a true yacht in every sense of the word, and the course of the future will surely be across the broad ocean. The real cause of the present type of ninety-footers, which since 1895 have been steadily deteriorating as pleasure-craft, is easily seen. They are extremes of a type that exhibits the factor of speed at its maximum and the energies of the respective designers have been aimed toward that end exclusively. The boats have absolutely no other merit than that of extreme facility in traveling through the water, and for other purposes are entirely worthless.

A defeated racing-machine is a useless combination of steel, canvas and hemp. It can never be transformed into a real yacht. There is danger on one at all times, for that towering spar with its acres of swelling canvas, supported only by faith and the singing threads of wire stays, is at any moment liable to go by the board. In a moment the tall fabric is swept off to leeward, and being caught under the great expanse of duck or struck by a falling spar

means death. Again, these great hulls, with their pendulums of one hundred tons of lead swinging twenty feet below the troubled surface of the sea, cannot get into many harbors along the coast and must perforce ride out the fury of the elements in the open. This is true particularly of Newport, the Cowes of America, where the "Reliance," "Columbia," "Constitution," and even the "Defender," have been compelled to anchor outside the island, as would also be the case with the "Shamrock III."

While it is true that speed alone will win in a yacht-race, and that a ninety-footer will again be brought across the ocean in quest of the "America's" cup, I believe that the time is not far distant when these conditions will be altered so that a racing-machine pure and simple will not be permitted to contest for the treasured cup without being handicapped so much as to reduce her chances of victory to a minimum. A desirable racing-boat of the long ago, and a successful one too, if we can judge by the history of the sport made by her more than half a century ago, was the old "America." She, I believe,



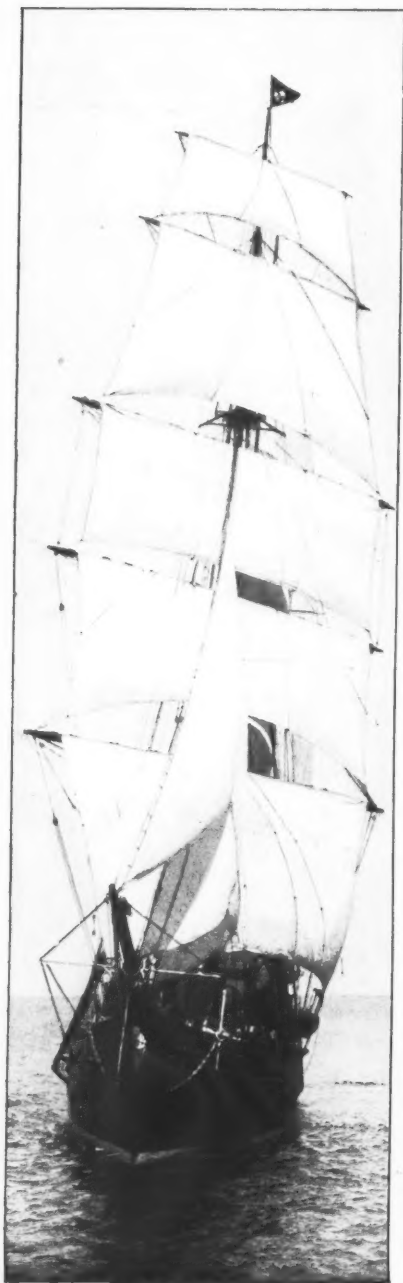
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U. S. S. "MONONGAHELA" UNDER STUNSAILS.

was similar in design to your American pilot-boats, but of course the designers of both your country and Great Britain will not go back fifty years for a design of which that grand old schooner is the prototype. Naval architects on both sides of the Atlantic have built fine schooners since that memorable summer.

In England, the "Rainbow," built up to the one-hundred-and-fifteen-foot water-line, was believed by many to be a sort of trial boat from which a schooner might be designed to make a trial for the cup. She was not a racing-machine, but was a splendid seaworthy craft. One of the latest English schooners was the "Cicely," built last season for Mr. Cecil Quentin and

sailed by Captain Wringe against the "Meteor" and other crack two-stickers. The "Cicely" lost only one race and that was through an accident to the jaws of her gaff. In America your great schooners are more numerous, and the "Dauntless," the "Coronet," the "Yampa"—now the property of Emperor William of Germany—the "Fleur-de-Lys," the "Amorita," the "Colonia," the "Emerald," and a score of others, were acknowledged to be very fast, yet each one exhibited splendid seaworthy qualities, and they were the summer homes of their respective owners while they drifted the summers through from port to port in luxurious comfort. The "Thistle," flying the broad pennant



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THE FLAGSHIP OF THE SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.

of Com. Robert E. Tod of the Atlantic Yacht Club, is a later boat of a still better type. She is fitted up in palatial style and is an ideal summer home, yet she has sailed in four ocean races during the past summer; and, contrary to the custom of carrying a racing-crew of some sixty souls, Commodore Tod entertained a score of friends on board during the races.

These craft are good seaboats and mean something for naval architecture. In no case is their draft of water so great that they cannot enter any harbor. They are yachts in all the name implies; are equipped with comfortable, even sumptuous quarters; and speed is also a factor without detracting at all from their well-appointed elegance. These luxuries would be utterly impossible under the conditions that exist among the freaks of racing-machines that have no legitimate claim to being called yachts.

Types of craft such as the "Reliance" or the "Shamrock III." mean nothing for marine architecture, except the development of speed. Their respective models exhibit no knowledge that could be really valuable in building the craft that make either England or America the commercial power that it is, nor can any lesson be drawn from the light construction and deep fin with its one hundred tons of lead flirting with eels and flounders almost within touch of the bottom. The day when such craft are built is fast passing into the dim astern, and it is not far in the future of international yacht-racing when we shall see a return to a legitimately designed boat.

Ocean racing is the sure outcome of a better type of yacht. The first races for the "America's" cup on this side of the Atlantic were started from off the Elysian Fields, near Hoboken. Another favorite course was from Owl's Head on the Bay Ridge shore. Each of these courses had for outer marks the Southwest Spit, where the main ship-channel turns to the eastward. The adventurous spirit of the Yankee next made the starting-line just a trifle nearer old ocean, and the contestants for the coveted mug began their voyage from Craven's Shoal, just below the Narrows. To-day the course is on the open sea, starting from the lightship and voyaging somewhere in the direction of Spain.

The course to-day is free from confusing currents and beyond all headlands, and it is but a small step to race across the ocean with the splendid boats that can be evolved now by our representative marine designers. As a matter of history, races across the ocean have been sailed, and were splendidly satisfactory both as tests of speed and of weatherly qualities of the yachts. The names "Cambria," "Henrietta," "Dauntless," "Coronet," "Fleetwing" and "Vesta" are familiar to yachtsmen throughout the world. All of these were schooners that represented the best work of the designers of their day. They were fast, but they were not racing-machines. It is the modernized type of such vessels as these that I should like to see racing for the cup, and it must be from such as these that we will have ocean racing

in the future. The racing-machine could not live through an Atlantic storm, but an up-to-date schooner, possessing the advantages of seaworthiness of any of the above-named yachts, associated with the greater speed of the up-to-date design, could not only live, but make better weather than an ocean liner. The type would not be exaggerated, as is the case in the ninety-footers that have just completed the 1903 series of races for the "America's" cup.

Even in the days when the last century was comparatively young and the "America" was new from the board of Designer Steers, there were accommodations for owner and guests. Of course, they were simple as compared with the magnificent quarters of the up-to-date cruising palace, and doubtless there were many restrictions that had to be observed, for back in 1851



Drawn by Parker Newton.

"SHAMROCK IV." SUGGESTED BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

yachting was not the luxurious sport it is to-day; but even comparing the boats of that age with the racing-machines of to-day, the advantage of comfort is distinctly with the older craft. On the ninety-footer of the present year there are practically no accommodations. On deck there is no rail that would hold a cat aboard if its claws were out of commission, and below the entire space is necessary for the "stopping" and handling of extra sails, such as spinakers, balloon-jibs and other silken finery that was unheard of in the long ago. Again, at that period the factor of measurement was in tonnage only, and there was not that feature which exists under the racing rule to-day, to cheat the rule as much as possible.

While it is absurd to think for a moment that the naval architect will return to

the rule-of-thumb methods of that period, every thinking yachtsman must deplore the error that has sacrificed everything for extreme speed, and that the progress made has brought nothing in weatherly excellence to our greatest racing-yachts. It is an acknowledged fact that in the type of craft challenging or defending the cup the great draft of water, combined with the labor and expense of keeping a large crew and the risk in navigating the great white-winged flyer, make yachting as a sport almost impracticable. There is, of course, the element of excitement, coupled with the danger that has always appealed to the Anglo-Saxon, that makes it fascinating.

Since the earlier races for the treasured trophy, yachting has undergone many changes, and still greater ones are sure to reach us in the near future. One of the most striking is the relative number of men in the crews. When the "America" crossed the big western ocean, she carried eight men, and I have been told that those on board thought they had a big crew when they had seven more sailors to help them in a race. Must not yachting have been a more fascinating game in the days

when the "America" was in her youth than at the present day?

We who are interested in the sport today realize that yachting has become much more elaborate than when the New York Yacht Club was organized, and as a natural consequence, much more expensive as a

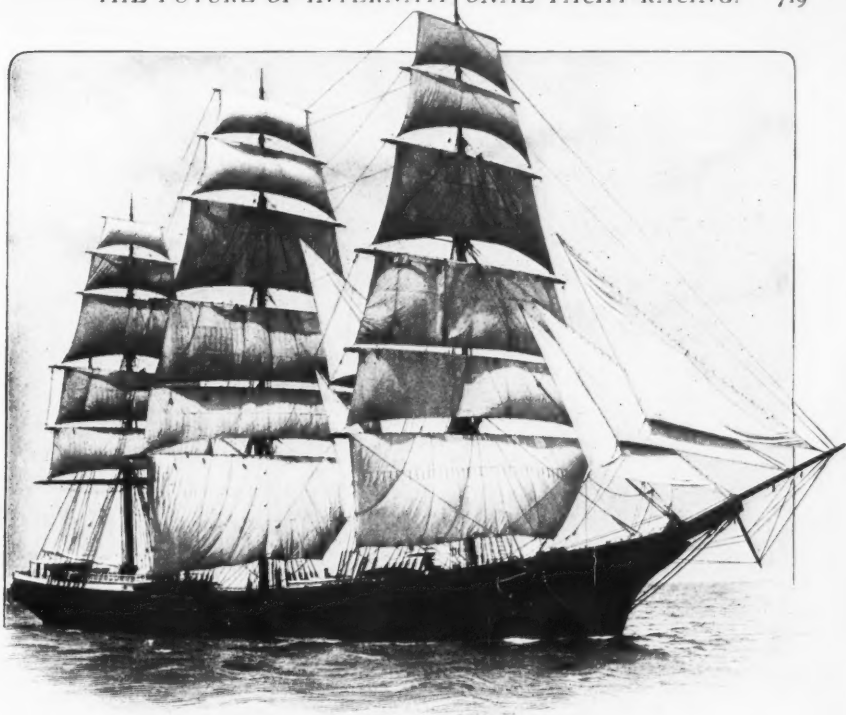
pastime. In the late races for the "Blue Ribbon of the Sea," my fleet was quite a formidable one. I had two large racing-yachts in commission, a steam-yacht, an ocean-going tug, several barges, launches, and a sidewheel steamboat. In all I had thirty-four boats, and altogether I believe it was the most elaborate attempt ever made to win back the trophy captured by your grand old "America" on that memorable August day when there was no second boat. Yet I lost. I did not have the boat, and your wonderful de-



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A BARKANTINE.

signer, assisted by an excellent skipper, defeated us. I find no fault with my designer, my captain or my crew. They are the best in all Great Britain, and we were beaten fairly by a faster boat, the product of the best genius in the world. My boat was not any worse but your boat was so much better, and I am not in the habit of



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THE "BENJAMIN F. PACKARD."

making excuses. Your victory was fair and square, and I must try again just as soon as I can get a boat designed that will stand a chance of winning.

In the days of long ago when most of us had not grown gray and some of us were not bald, the subject of a smaller boat as the challenger was considered on our side of the pond. It is a fact that the larger boat with its attendant greater expense has been a natural evolution and no one designer is responsible for the type.

Its growth has been gradual, but can be traced to the several challengers. When, in 1881, Captain Cuthbert brought the "Atalanta" from Belleville, Canada, she was sixty-four feet on the water-line (and incidentally the cup-hunter of that year was a centerboard boat). She was met by the "Mischief," sixty-one feet on the water-line, and the latter craft was victorious. Four years later, Sir Richard Sutton challenged with the cutter "Genesta," and the

New York Yacht Club, fearful of being overpowered by the larger craft, brought out the "Puritan," which successfully defended the will-o'-the-wisp for British yachtsmen. Then the "Galatea," owned by Lieutenant Henn, a still larger craft than the "Genesta," made an effort to lift the trophy, but found it was securely nailed down when she met the "Mayflower," and so on through the list of challengers to the races that ended so greatly in favor of the "Reliance" during the present year. Each succeeding challenge brought a larger ship, and she was met by one of practically the same dimensions. The result has always been remarkably alike as far as the lifting of the cup is concerned, and no matter how large the challenger has been, the defender has proved herself equal to the occasion.

As a matter of fact, the deed of gift for the cup at present is, in effect, that challenges for the trophy may be made with

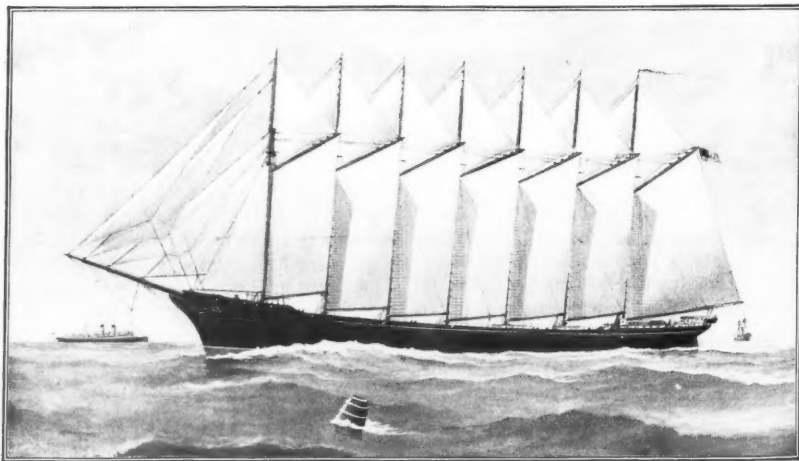


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THE AUXILIARY YACHT "INTREPID."

sloops or cutters of sixty-five feet water-line, but the New York Yacht Club is not compelled to meet such yachts with boats of the same water-line length unless it be mutually agreed to that effect. Personally I will not ask that the Club meet a smaller boat than a ninety-footer of mine.

The deed of gift has already been altered twice, and may be again. Until it is, the ninety-foot racing-machine will be the boat adopted by both challenger and defender. The boat that is successful has been considered to be worth all it cost, and the one which failed must be viewed with



By courtesy of the Scientific American.

A LATE ACHIEVEMENT IN AMERICAN SHIPBUILDING.

composure as an experiment, while one hopes for more favorable smiles from Dame Fortune the next time. As far as I know, we have no designer on the other side capable of competing against your Mr. Herreshoff in evolving this type of boat; but ocean racing, which I sincerely hope to see, will be the means of bringing forward other marine architects. The style of boat that will, of necessity, be evolved will be of real value to naval architecture, not only as a means of bringing out the best type of seaworthy pleasure-craft, but as of inestimable use to those who design fishing-boats, pilot-boats, and other vessels that influence the commerce of the great nations of the earth.

That yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic realize the need of obtaining a better and more seaworthy type, is shown by the measurement rule of the two English-speaking nations. In Great Britain the formula obtains as nearly as practicable the actual tonnage of the yacht by measuring the actual or "skin" girth at the mid-ship section, and penalizing the overhangs. These are important factors, and are adopted



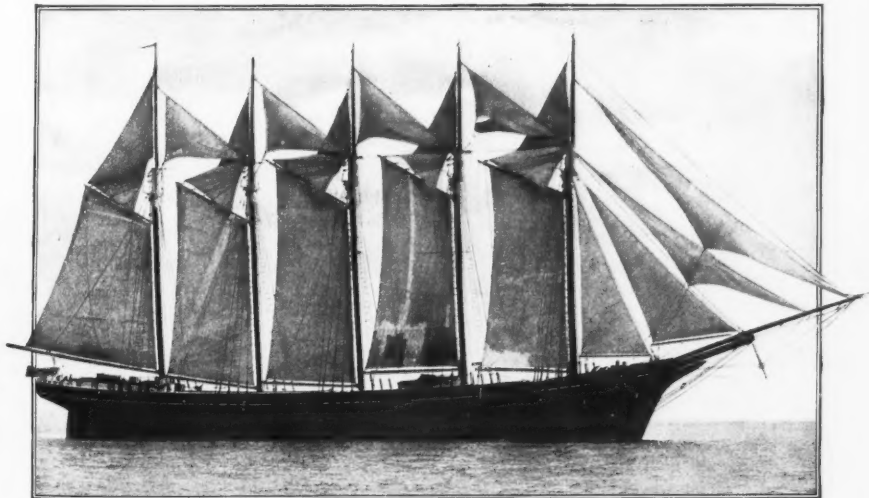
Copyright, 1900, by N. L. Stebbins.

THE SIX-MASTED SCHOONER "GEORGE W. WELLS."

in a modified form by the New York Yacht Club in all classes except the special one in which the race for the "America's" cup is sailed.

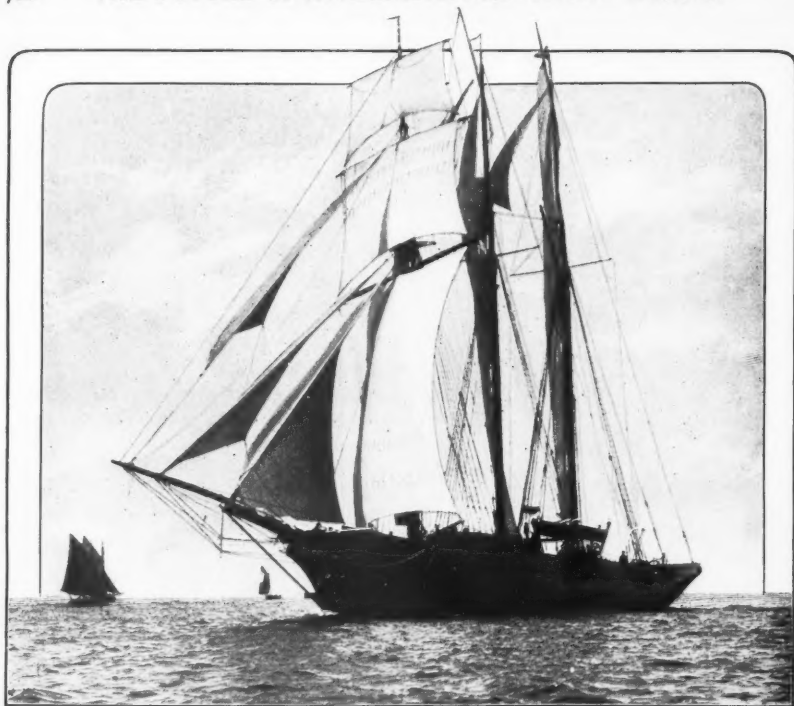
Under either of these rules, the "Reliance" would be taxed far beyond the penalty imposed under the water-line and sail-area rule, that is obsolete except for the contests for that cup for which I have made three voyages in vain. It permits such monstrosities as "Shamrock III." and the still greater monstrosity, the "Reliance."

Of course, we knew the rule and I do not complain. We were beaten by the best



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THE FIVE-MASTED SCHOONER "GOVERNOR AMES."

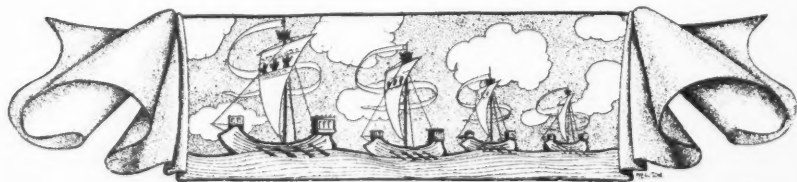


THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT "CZARINA."

sportsmen in the world. I am quite certain that the yachting supremacy will be contended for by America and Great Britain, for the reason that no other country on the globe is equipped with designers or builders who can compete with us. I firmly believe that the "America's" cup will go abroad, if only for one or two years, and I would give my life to be the one who carries it back to our beloved little island. If I knew a designer who could build a boat for me that had a chance, I would challenge again before I leave America. I also want to win it over the same course where others besides myself have failed. This

designer will surely be found, however, and my belief that we shall eventually win is absolute.

In the mean time, ocean racing is surely being received with greater favor each year, and will do much to bring out a craft that will be desirable in every way. Then Britons and Americans will meet on the high seas, and we will have ocean contests between our nations that will bring us who speak the same language and are of one race closer than ever before. It is a grand prospect and may the best boat win. She will have the cheers of Great Britain and the United States alike.



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By SIR THOMAS LIPTON

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NUMBER 6

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BY THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONISTS.

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STOP THIS "RACE SUICIDE."
From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



SETTING THE SIGNAL.
From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle

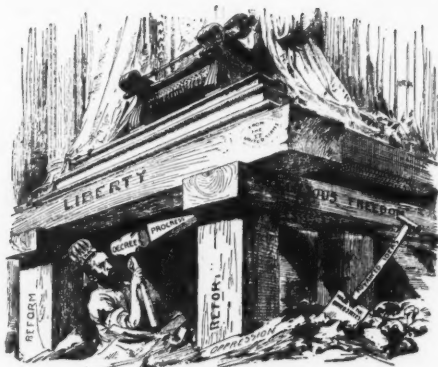


PULL THE THORN OUT, THAT I MAY ATTACK THE ENEMY.
From Nebelspalter, of Zurich.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



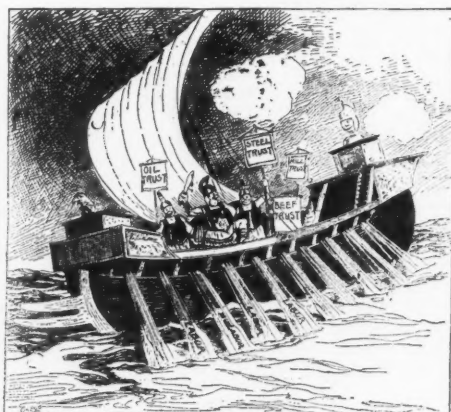
HE "VIEWS WITH ALARM" THE FLOOD IN THE WEST.
From the Philadelphia Record.



A NEW FOUNDATION FOR HIS THRONE.
Utilizing a few "Yankee Notions."
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.



THE SALESMEN ARE GETTING NERVOUS.
From the Boston Herald.



BENEATH THE FEET OF THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY ARE
THE GALLEY SLAVES OF LABOR.
How long will they propel to world conquest the war
galleys of the trusts unrecognized?
From the Denver Post.



THE HARP THAT LONG HAS SUNG.
From the Boston Herald.

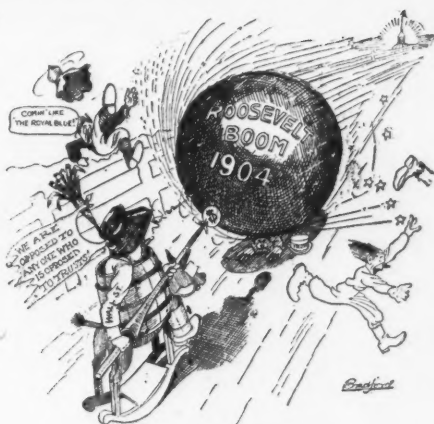


JUSTICE ON THE WABASH.
Federal Judge Adams, of St. Louis, has enjoined the
Wabash trainmen from striking. This is the most radical
labor injunction ever issued.—News Item.
From the Cleveland Press.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



"RACE SUICIDE? WELL, I'M NOT GUILTY."
From the Boston Post.



THE LATTER-DAY DON QUIXOTE.
WALL STREET AND ROOSEVELT.
From the Baltimore Morning Herald.



UNCLE SAM: "Guess I'll have to get a bigger umbrella."
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.



DON'T BE ALARMED. HE HAS A WONDERFUL DIGESTION.
From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.
From the Minneapolis Journal.



SPOOKS?
From the Boston Herald.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



BABEL-BIBLE.
We are getting sick.
From Kikeriki, of Vienna.



THE SHEPHERD: "Come on."
From The World, of New York.



THE WORLD'S BEST WISHES GO WITH HIM.
From the Boston Herald.



"You can't keep in one organization men who want to cut each other's throats."—From a speech by Mr. Bryan on March 10th.
From the Ohio State Journal.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



"THE SOWER." WHAT WILL HE REAP?
(With apologies to J-n Fr-nc-s M-ll-t.)
From Punch, London.



NO LACK OF GAME.
From the Minneapolis Journal.



UNCLE SAM: "I thought this bag seemed pretty heavy."
From the Philadelphia North American.



THE HOME-COMING OF THE VICTORIOUS STOREKEEPER,
WHO EXPECTED FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
SOMETHING MORE THAN GOOD WISHES.

From Nebelspatter, of Zurich.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



AFTER MANY YEARS.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



"SHOO, FLY, DON'T BOTHER ME!"
From the Detroit Evening News.



ALL HILLS LOOK ALIKE TO HIM.
From the Daily Picayune, of New Orleans.



BOTH WEIGH THE SAME IN THE LAW'S SCALES.
From the Cleveland Leader.



A REPUBLICAN VIEW OF THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION.
From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



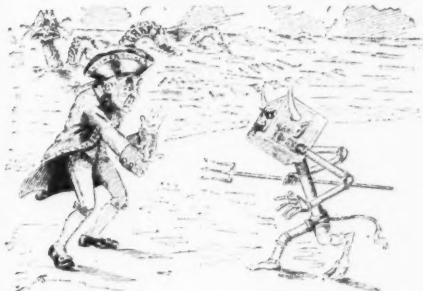
SLAVE OF THE LAMP: "And what task have you next for your servant?"
ALADDIN CARNEGIE: "Build me a million-dollar Engineer's Club."

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

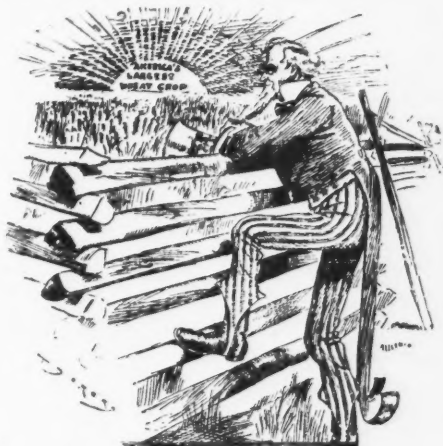
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BY THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONISTS.

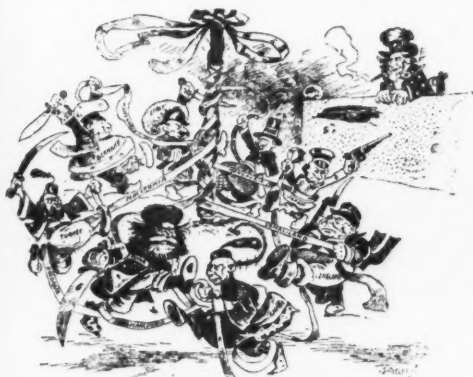
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BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.
From the New York Times.



ANOTHER GLORIOUS SUNRISE.
From the Minneapolis News.



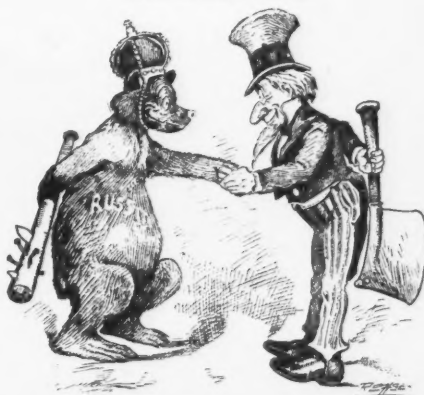
THE EUROPEAN MAY-POLE DANCE.
UNCLE SAM: "I thought I had troubles of my own in the Philippines, but I guess they don't amount to much."
From the Cleveland Press.



THE BRANDING-SEASON OPENS.
From the Boston Herald.



THE CONDITION OF PARTIES IN GERMANY.
"Who will fare best after this unclean start?"
From Der Floh, of Vienna.



THE MANCHURIAN QUESTION.
"Why, certainly; we understand each other perfectly."
From the Daily Pioneer Press, of St. Paul.

SCALES.

you next for
ollar Eng-

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



UNCLE SAM: "This reminds me of the Old Star Route Days."
From the New York Herald.



"Can Such Things Be,
And Overcome us Like A Summer Cloud
Without Our Special Wonder?"
From the Philadelphia Record.



MR. CARNEGIE'S CEASELESS ACTIVITY.
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



WHEN GERMANY WAS UNITED, THE PEASANT WAS VERY PROUD OF HIS LITTLE CALF.



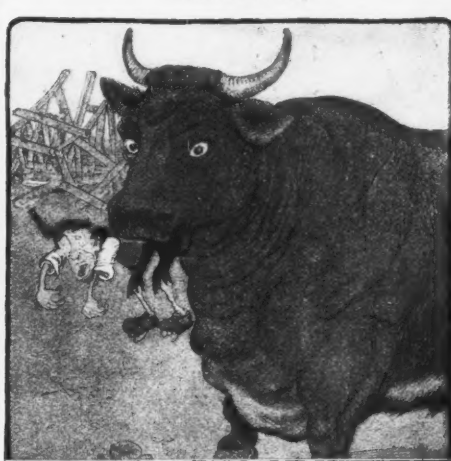
PRETTY SOON IT BEGAN TO DEVELOP A GREAT APPETITE,



AND, AFTER DESTROYING EVERYTHING OF VALUE ON THE FARM, SEIZED THE PEASANT'S WIFE.

THE GERMAN MILITARY BULL.

From Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.



FINALLY, THE BULL REDUCED THE FARM TO A WILDERNESS, AND DEVoured THE PEASANT HIMSELF.



PROBABLE ALTERATIONS AT THE CAPITOL.
From the Chicago Daily News.



MR. BRYAN'S VIEW OF MR. CLEVELAND AS A LEADER.
From The Commoner.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



GROWING TOO FAST.
From the Minneapolis Journal.



PAUL AND VIRGINIA UP TO DATE.
From the New York American.
Copyright, 1903, by W. R. Hearst.



RUSSIA: "I don't mind the faces he makes—it's the look of those legs."
From Punch, of London.



THE GREEDY NURSE.
From Judge, of New York.



THE LATEST HOLD-UP.
From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

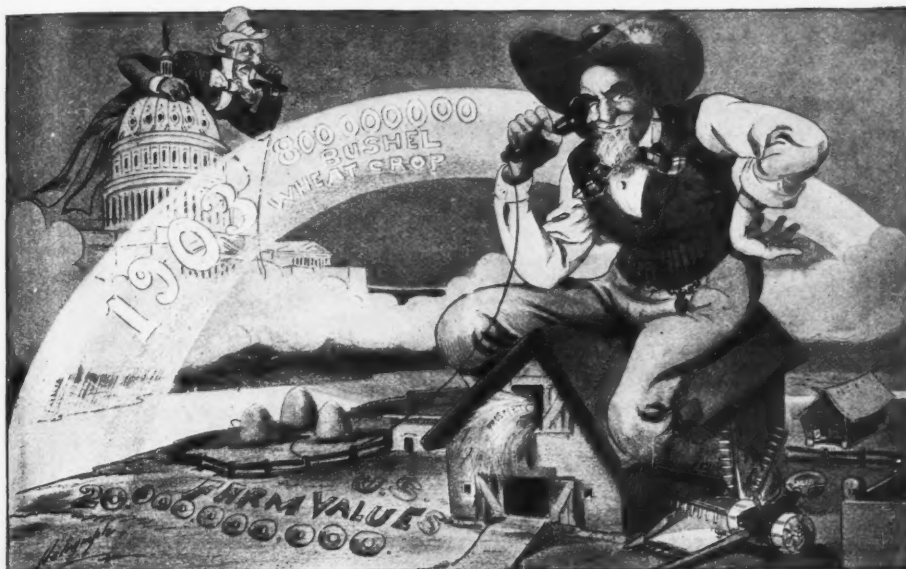


HERCULES IN HIS CRADLE.
From Punch, of London.

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THE BOW OF PROMISE.

From Judge, of New York.



A GERMAN POLITICAL FORECAST.
WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE OTHER PARTIES?

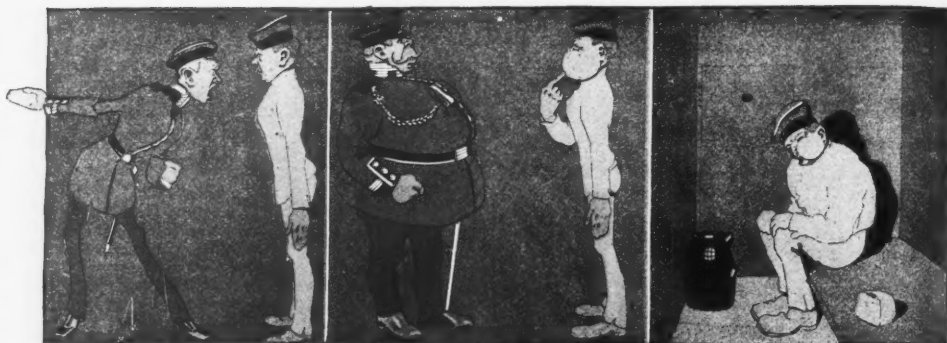
From Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.



THE GERMAN MINISTRY TACKLES THE QUESTION OF
MILITARISM, WITH UNCOMFORTABLE RESULTS.

From Lustige Blätter, of Berlin.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



PRIVATE GABELJÖRG'S EARS ARE BOXED BY A SUBALTERN.

HE REPORTS IT TO HIS CAPTAIN,

AND GETS THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE FOR DISORDERLY APPEARANCE.



GABELJÖRG IS KICKED BY THE SUBALTERN.

IN FULL DRESS UNIFORM, HE REPORTS IT TO HIS COLONEL,

AND GETS FIVE DAYS FOR NOT KEEPING SILENCE.



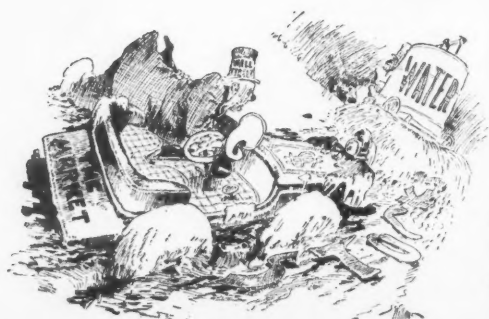
GABELJÖRG IS PUNCHED IN THE BACK,

AND DOES NOTHING BUT RUB IT.

HE GETS SEVEN DAYS FOR FAILING THROUGH FEAR TO REPORT.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE IN GERMANY.

From Lustige Blätter, of Berlin.



HARD GOING.

From the Boston Herald.



MARS EXPECTS TO GO OUT OF BUSINESS.

From the Boston Herald.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.

BY THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONISTS.

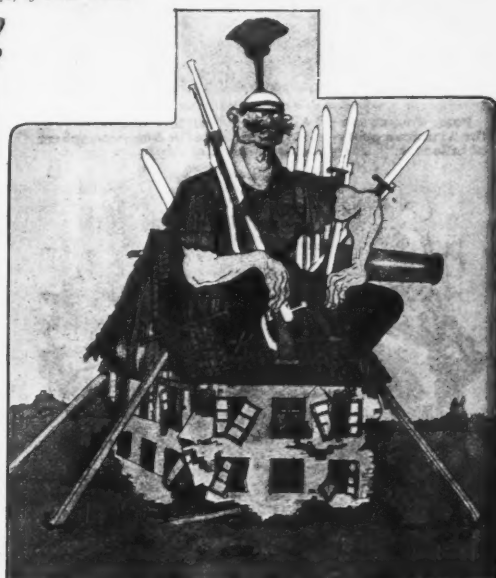
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THE UNRESTRICTED DUMPING-GROUND.
From Judge, of New York.



THE OPEN DOOR AS RUSSIA MAINTAINS IT.
From Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.



MILITARISM, CREATED TO GUARD THE GERMAN HOME,
HAS OUTGROWN HIS JOB.
From Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.

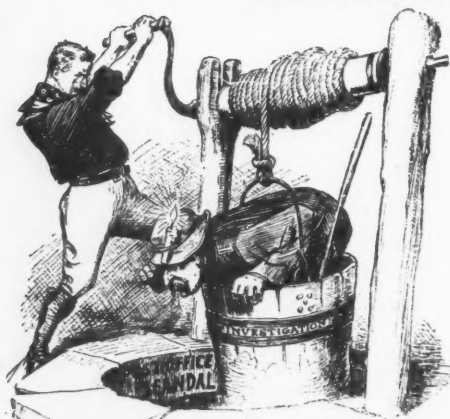
THE GUARD-
PEARANCE.

OT KEEPING

R FAILING
REPORT.

ESS.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



ROOSEVELT: "You must go clear to the bottom."
PAYNE: "There doesn't seem to be any bottom."

From Harper's Weekly, of New York.

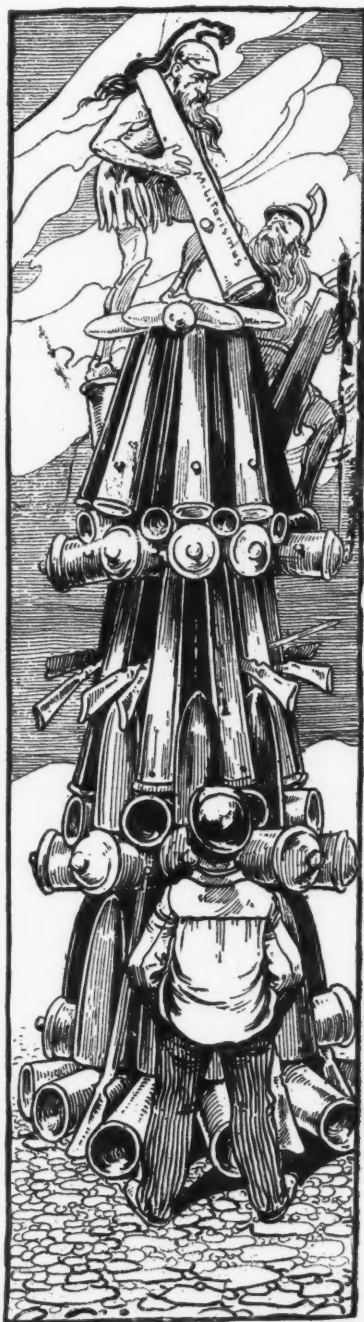


THE RULER OF THE WORLD.

POPE ROOSEVELT: "All to the left of this line belongs to the American polity—all to the right, to the American sphere of influence." *From Lustige Blätter, of Berlin.*



BOUND TO COME OUT.
From the New York World.

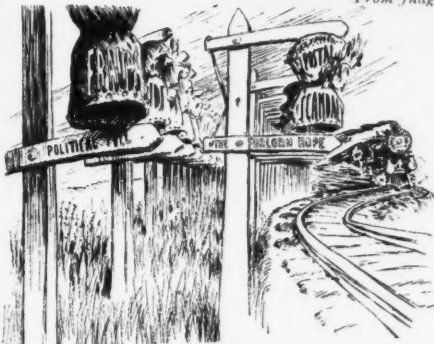


GERMANY'S TOWER OF BABEL.
From Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



DEMOCRACY'S HOPELESS CRY--"WANTED, A LEADER."
From Judge, of New York.



IS THE TRAIN RIGGED TO CATCH THEM ALL?
From the Boston Herald.



PANTOMIME CHILD: "Please, sir, do go away. I'm so happy with this nice, old dragon."
From Punch, of London.



AN ORGANIZATION FOR PROFIT.
Illustrating an article in Christendom, "A State Legislature Seen From Within."

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



MRS. RAILWAY: "Say you're too fast, do they?—
You should have heard what they said about me when I was
your age."

From Judy, of London.



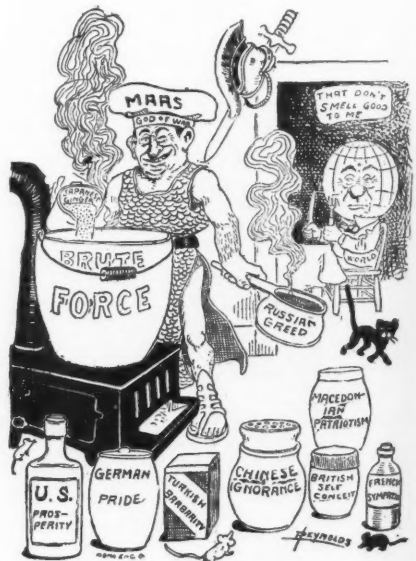
BOATMAN BALFOUR: "Wonder if Joe will find anything
in the old hulk."

From Punch, of London.



THE CARTOONIST OF THE FUTURE.

From the Minneapolis Journal.



WHAT IS CHEF MARS PREPARING?

From the Tacoma Daily Ledger.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



THE RECEPTION OF THE AMERICAN NAVY AT KIEL.
From *Lustige Blätter*, of Berlin.



LABOR, THE CHAMPION OF PROGRESS AND CIVILIZATION.
From *Wahre Jacob*, of Stuttgart.



IRELAND: "I thank you, sir, but I can sing it better still without this neck-cloth."
From the *Ohio State Journal*.



IN FRONT OF THE GERMAN THEATER—
AND BEHIND THE SCENES.
From *Wahre Jacob*, of Stuttgart.



THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.
From the *Chicago Daily News*.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



A LITTLE DIVERSION FOR THE DOG-DAYS.
From the New York American and Journal.
Copyright, 1903, by W. R. Hearst.



A DIFFICULT FEAT.
From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



INDUSTRY MUST HALT WHILE BULL AND BEAR GAMBLE.
From the Philadelphia North American.



AN INCONSISTENT ATTITUDE FOR UNCLE SAM.
From the New York World.



OUR NEW NAVY.
UNCLE SAM: "Gee whiz! I've left out the guns!"
From the Chicago Daily News.

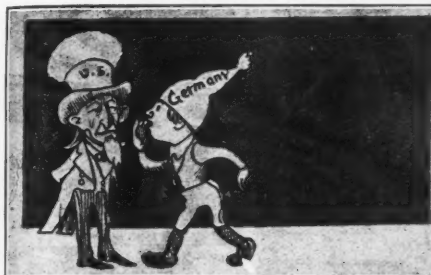


TRYING TO STOP THE LEAKS.
From the Philadelphia Record.

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GERMANY TELLS UNCLE SAM THAT RUSSIA'S DESIGNS LOOK SUSPICIOUS.



THEN UNCLE SAM COMMUNICATES WITH JOHN BULL.



WHO TELLS HIS FRIEND, JAPAN.



THEY THEN INFORM CHINA, AND ALL GO TO PROTEST.



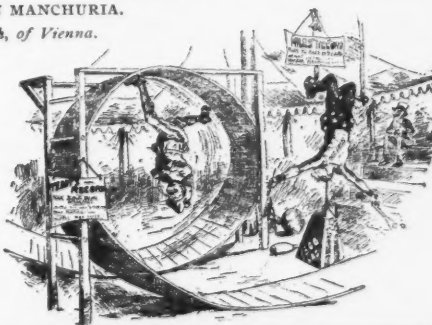
BUT FIND RUSSIA ALREADY IN FULL POSSESSION.
THE POWERS IN MANCHURIA.

From Der Floh, of Vienna.



THE DUCK WITH A BROOD OF CHICKENS.
A GERMAN CARTOON ON THE SHIP TRUST.

From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.



WHAT WE MAY WITNESS IN THE NEXT PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN IF THE POPULAR TASTE FOR STRENUOUSNESS CONTINUES.

From the Denver News.

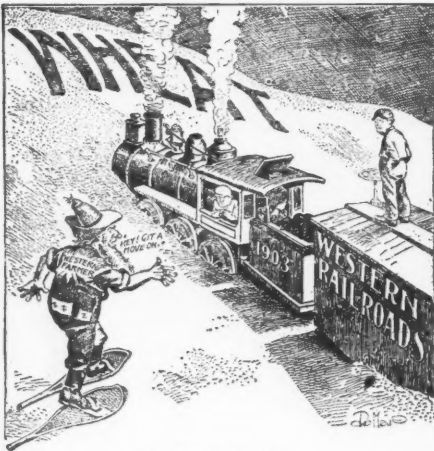
GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



UNCLE SAM: "It's funny that I don't make any progress."
From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



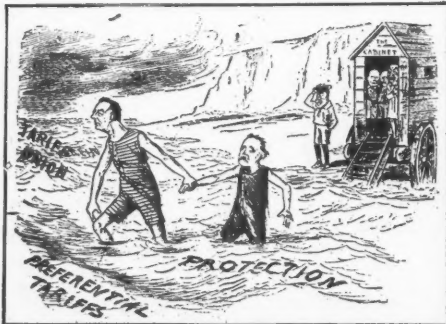
LET US HAVE PEACE, IF WE HAVE TO FIGHT FOR IT.
From the New York World.



A HARVEST HOLD-UP.
From the Philadelphia Record.



CHAMBERLAIN, IN THE RÔLE OF LIGHTNING-ROD, PLEASES
THE REST OF THE CABINET.
From Punch, of London.

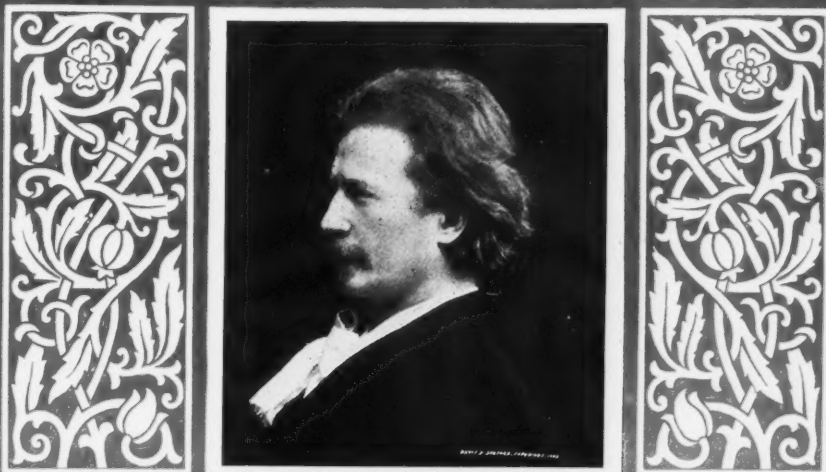


THE BRITISH MINISTRY SHIVERING ON THE BRINK.
BALFOUR: "I hope Chamberlain won't take me over my
depth. Besides, it's awfully cold."
THE OTHERS: "Let's wait and see how they get on."
From the Westminster Gazette.



THE JOLLY MODERN ST. PATRICK DRIVING OUT
THE SNAKES.
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA



*The line on this roll indicates
the tempo according to my inter-
pretation*

J. Paderewski

Paderewski's authorization of rolls marked by him

THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA

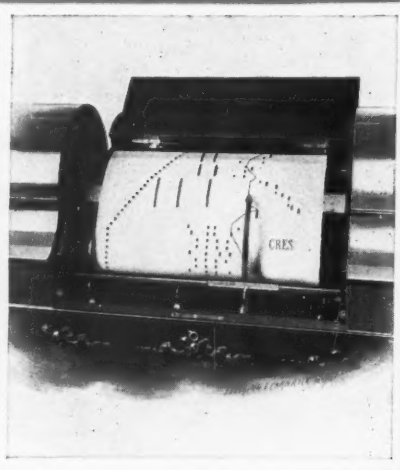
*Preserving and giving access to the interpretation of music as well as to the
technique of piano-playing*

IT IS very possible that the many thousands who know from personal experience what the Pianola has been heretofore, and something of the complete revolution in piano-playing of which it is the origin and chief promoter, will hardly believe at first the statement that an improvement has been made thereto which in Musical Importance, Artistic Advancement, and Far-reaching Consequences is second only to the Pianola itself—if, indeed, it does not transcend it.

But as the nature of this improvement is explained, its possibilities are understood, and its inevitable effects upon musical development in a measure realized; all doubt gives way to conviction that stops nothing short of positive enthusiasm.

This has been the case with the many eminent composers, pianists, and critics to whom the invention was submitted prior to bringing it before the public.

THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA



THIS NEW attachment is called "The Metrostyle." Broadly speaking, it accomplishes two former impossibilities :

- (1)—It records an interpretation of a performance on the piano. That is, it indicates the exact tempo, note by note, phrase after phrase, in which every bar is played, together with the accentuation.
- (2)—It enables another person—not necessarily a musician—to render the interpretation so recorded.

The achievement implied in these few words is so startling in its newness—so far beyond what has ever before been attempted or even imagined that some consideration will be necessary rightly to comprehend it. Heretofore a performance on the piano has been as evanescent as a performance on the stage. It is as impossible to know to-day how Liszt played his Rhapsodies as it is to know how Edmund Kean performed Richard III. We have the score—we have the words. Various artists have varying ideas of how the one should be rendered, and the other acted; but the masters themselves are forever silent.

So far as the piano is concerned this need no longer be the case.

A hundred years from now any pianist may know how Paderewski played Mozart's Rondo in A Minor or his own Theme and Variations—that is, the tempo in which Paderewski plays every phrase of these compositions has been so clearly and accurately indicated by the Metrostyle that over his own signature the great artist has acknowledged the interpretation to be his own.

What is more, the person then living who has a Pianola with Metrostyle attachment and the Pianola music with the Metrostyle-markings can play these pieces in exactly the same tempo, phrase by phrase, and with precisely the same accent that Paderewski played them.

And what can be done then can be done now, by whomsoever has a Pianola with Metrostyle attachment, and the music-rolls with their simple markings.

The Pianola furnishes Technique;

The Metrostyle—Interpretation.

THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA



WITH THE Pianola, so far as touching the right notes is concerned, any one can play the piano. It furnishes a technique, even for the most difficult compositions, which is perfect and which does not change. At the same time, it leaves expression, which is the soul of music, to the varying mood, taste, and ability of the individual performer.

This very excellence, however, placing as it does the Pianola immeasurably above the plane of all merely mechanical devices, involves the necessity on the part of the performer of *knowing what expression to give*, often for the skilled pianist a difficult proposition, and for the novice, especially in unfamiliar and intricate pieces, quite impossible. Hence, the long-felt want of some kind of an interpretory guide which, while it should not in the slightest degree interfere with the freedom of the performer to interpret according to his own ideas, should serve as a standard for those who have no ideas to interpret.

But that such a thing could ever be made available in the all-important matter of detailed application to the playing of every note was probably never dreamed of till the invention of the Metrostyle. And yet, it is very simple.

As all musicians know, the great factor in expression is the phrasing or punctuation of the music, which in the case of the Pianola is indicated by the Metrostyle markings.

With the Pianola the tempo is regulated by a lever which is moved on a slide to the right or left, to quicken or retard the movement. To this lever is now attached the Metrostyle which by means of a pen or pencil can be made to trace on the roll of perforated paper as it runs through the instrument, a line indicating by innumerable curves and angles every degree of dynamic contrast—every shade of musical feeling. It will be seen at once that this simple line assumes importance corresponding to the standing of the musical authority by whom it is thus traced. When operated or directed by Paderewski, by Harold Bauer, by Moszkowski, by Emil Paur—all of whom, and many other conductors and composers, have cheerfully rendered their invaluable assistance—this line is of the greatest interest simply as a record.

THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA

A FEW EXCERPTS FROM ENDORSEMENTS

While I consider the Pianola superior in every way to all other pianoforte-players, I am convinced that no instrument can be considered complete unless equipped with the Metrostyle.
HAROLD BAUER.

The Metrostyle Pianola will enable any one to play the rolls that I mark in the tempo of each composition as I interpret them.
JOSEF HOFMANN.

The Metrostyle makes the Pianola of the greatest artistic value, and this places it in a musical position far ahead of any other instrument of this nature.
MARK HAMBOURG.

The most striking feature of the Pianola is the Metrostyle. Without this the Pianola would lack the one feature which makes it possible for those who have not studied music to learn to interpret artistically the great masterpieces.
JOSEPH SLIVINSKI.

The Metrostyle allows the lay music-lover to give the interpretation of a virtuoso.
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

The Metrostyle Pianola has inestimable value for every student of music.
ALFRED HERTZ.

BUT ITS immense practical value, as well as its untold artistic and educational significance, lies in the fact that when copied on rolls of the same music and followed on the Pianola with the Metrostyle, the result is the most wonderful reproduction of these great interpretations—even at the hands of those who have no knowledge of music whatever.

Those who prefer a different rendering are not obliged to follow the marking. They can do so wholly or in part—vary, improve, or ignore it altogether. But here at least is a Standard Interpretation—according, where he is available, to the composer himself—and in every instance by an authority entitled to the highest consideration. In some cases several different renderings of the same composition have been recorded by different eminent pianists, and both in Europe and America the work of collecting these interpretations is going on continuously.

It is difficult to say to whom the Metrostyle means the more:

The Musician, who finds in these simple but definite records the foundation for unlimited study, comparison, and criticism to which no conservatory in the world presents a parallel;

Or the Novice who for the first time finds himself playing a great composition with intelligence and meaning. Of absorbing interest to the one, it would seem to be indispensable to the other.

To every one to whom piano-playing means anything at all, the Metrostyle Pianola adding to the perfection of technique, an easily and universally available means of the highest, and at the same time a flexible interpretation, is to-day the most important development in the entire World of Music.

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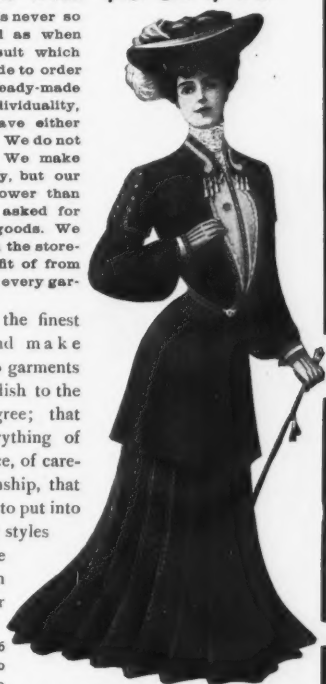
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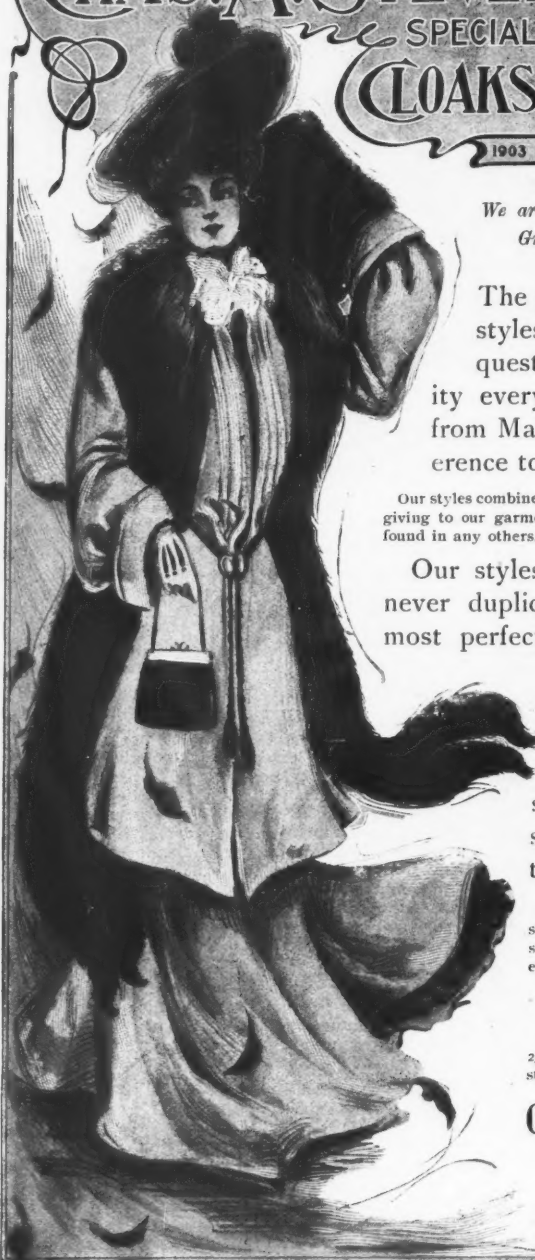
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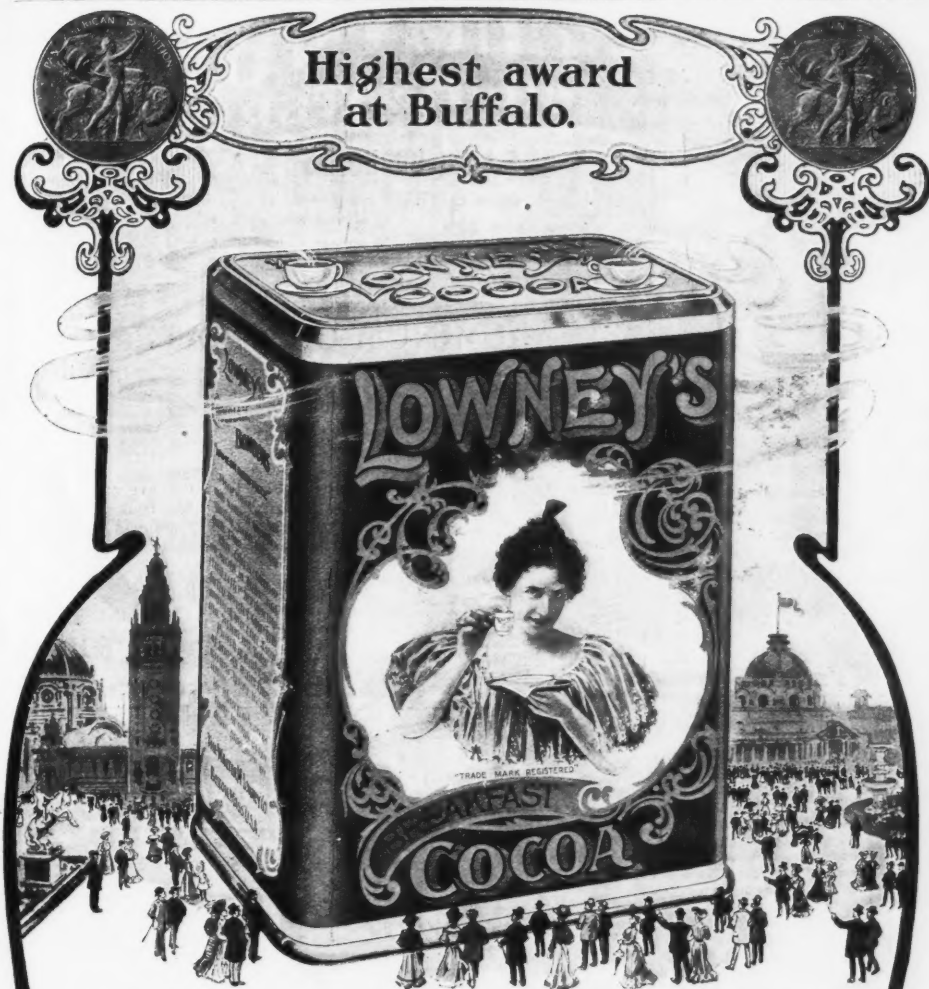
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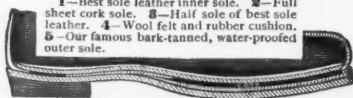
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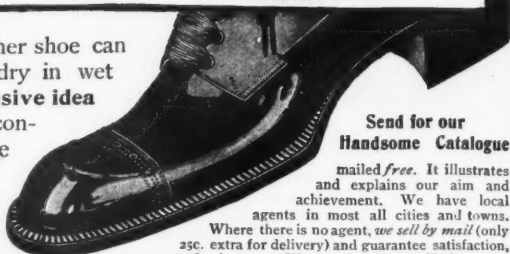
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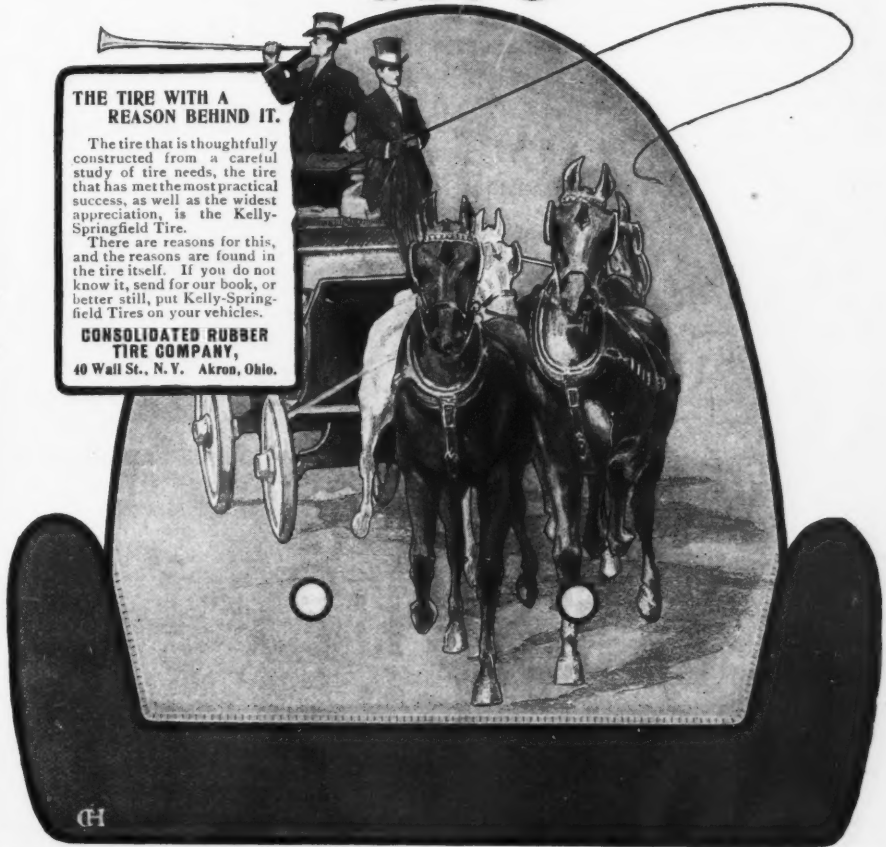
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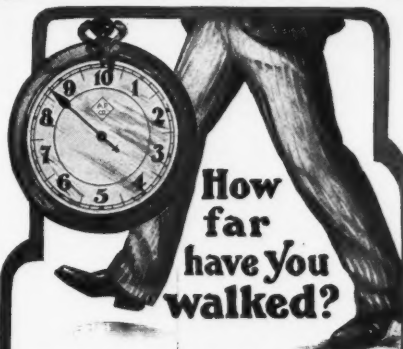
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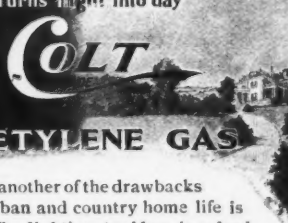
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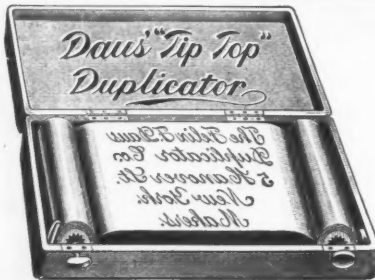
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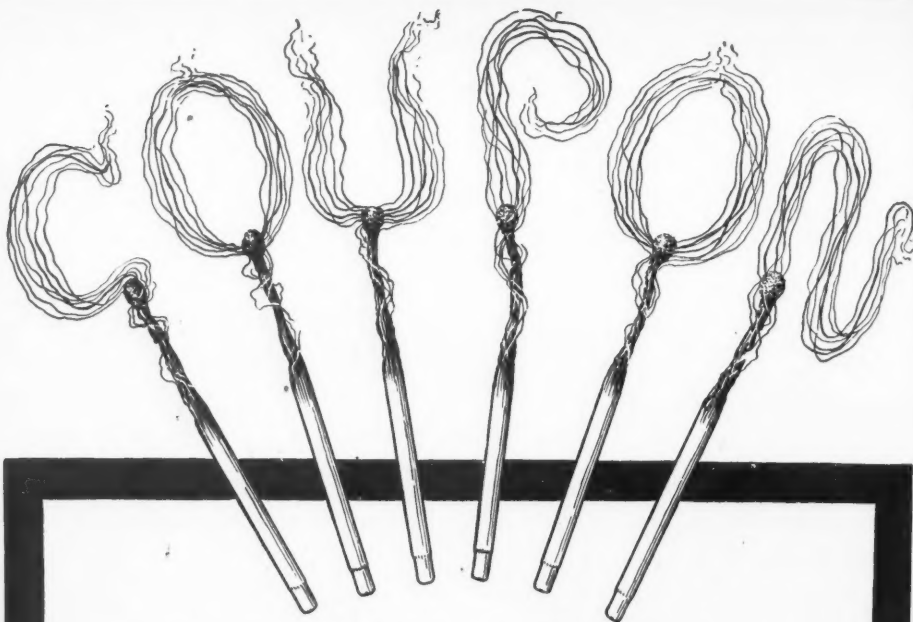
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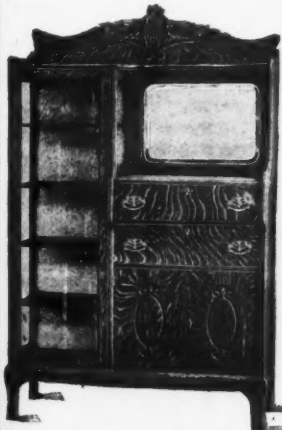
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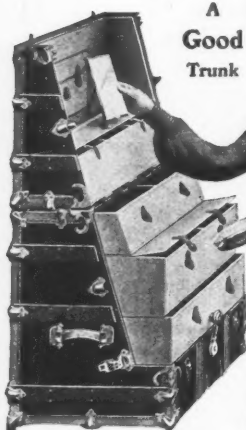
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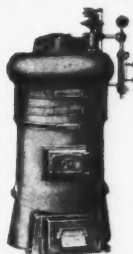
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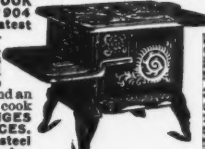
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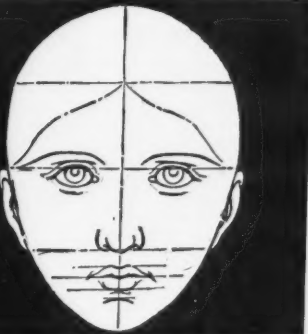
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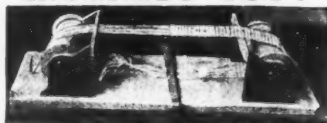


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Let every person who needs this at once send to the company for its 190-page book, which you can have free. It describes and illustrates **Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums** and contains many bonafide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from people in every station of life—clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from the use of this wonderful little device; you will find among them the names of people in your own town or state, and you are at liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure their opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear drums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

Write to-day, and it will not be long before you are again hearing. Address for the free book and convincing evidence, **Wilson Ear Drum Co., 1047 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

PERMANENTLY REMOVED

By my Scientific Treatment Especially Prepared for Each Individual Case.



I SUFFERED FOR YEARS with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success; but I ultimately discovered the TRUE SECRET for the permanent removal of hair, and for more than seven years have been applying my treatment to others, thereby rendering happiness to, and gaining thanks of, thousands of ladies.

I assert and will prove to you, that my treatment will destroy the follicle and otherwise PERMANENTLY REMOVE THE HAIR FOREVER. No trace is left on the skin after using, and the treatment can be applied privately by yourself in your own chamber.

IF YOU ARE TROUBLED, WRITE TO ME for further information, and I will convince you of all I claim. I will give prompt, personal and strictly confidential attention to your letter. Being a woman, I know of the delicacy of such a matter as this and act accordingly. Address

HELEN DOUGLAS, 35 West 21 St., New York.

HOW TO GROW TALL

WHY BE SHORT AND STUNTED

when for the mere asking you may become tall and graceful? Write today for the secrets of "How to Grow Tall." Can be accomplished at home, by either sex. Success guaranteed.

CARTILAGE TREATMENT CO.,

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BLIND 23 YEARS SIGHT RESTORED



MR. PAUL LEONI, Pres. Quick Service Laundry, 232 So. Paulina St., Chicago, after being blind for twenty-three years, has his sight restored by Dr. Madison, and now reads finest print.

The Madison Absorption Method cures Cataracts, Spots, Scums, Granular Lids, Optic Nerve Diseases, and all causes of blindness. You Can be Cured at Home. It has restored sight to thousands after other methods fail. NO SURGICAL OPERATION OR RISK. I want to hear from those disappointed by failures of other methods. I straighten Cross Eyes by a bloodless method, always successful. No knife, pain or risk. M. J. Bryan, Gen. Agt., Wisconsin Central Ry., Duluth, Minn., cured. Latest book, in colors, with testimonials and my advice, sent FREE. No medicines sent until ordered.

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Instantly and permanently removed by VELVINE (nature's own remedy), leaving the skin as smooth as velvet. No matter if you have superfluous hair on the face, neck or arms, try this wonderful remedy. Contains no lime or anything injurious. Recommended by all doctors. \$1.000 REWARD IF VELVINE FAILS IN ANY CASE. Price for large size package, \$1. Sample, 25 cents, large enough for mild cases. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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Your Fat REDUCED 5 pounds weekly by my Guaranteed Home treatment. No starving, no wrinkles or discomfort. It Purifies the Blood and gives you health, clear skin and good figure. Endorsed by Physicians. Write for my new book telling all about it. Mailed in plain sealed letter free. Address

Mrs. A. R. STOCKHAM, Box 916, New York City.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT CURES THE WORST COUGHS.



MISS EMMA EMOND, of St. Sauveur, Quebec, Can., before and after using Foso Treatment.

package, enclosing a 2c. stamp to cover postage. Write to-day.

Free Hair Grower

A trial package of a new and wonderful remedy mailed free to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows and eyelashes. Send your name and address to the Alt-Enheim Medical Dispensary, 9296 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free trial package.



Reduce Your Fat

but don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs and patent medicines. Send to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 855 Kellogg Building, Battle Creek, Michigan, for a free trial package of a treatment that will reduce your weight to normal without diet or drugs. The treatment is perfectly safe, natural and scientific. It takes off the big stomach, gives the heart freedom, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home treatment.

DEAFNESS

The Morley Ear-Drum



is the most recent and most effective invisible device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company, Dept. C.
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Lovely Complexion FREE.

A Trial Package Mailed FREE which will give any lady a beautiful complexion. It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, but is absolutely pure and you can use it privately at home. It permanently removes moth patches, redness, crow's feet, pimples, blackheads, flesh worms, sallowness, freckles, tan, sunburn, and all complexion disfigurements. Address:

MADAME M. RIBAUT, 5322 Elsa Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



*I have never
injured the eye
of a patient.*

*I give my per-
sonal study to
every case.*

I HAVE GIVEN SIGHT TO THE BLIND

In Thousands of the Most Serious Cases of Eye Trouble from Every Cause during my more than twenty years' experience, since I perfected my dissolvent treatment. It has not been in some isolated case, but every time when any sight remained and my treatment was given a fair trial. I have kept every promise to my patients. Write any one of them and they will tell you that I not only kept my word with them, but that the results in every instance were just as I predicted they would be.

I CURE MY PATIENTS IN THEIR OWN HOMES

rendering it unnecessary for them to make a long trip to see me. My system of diagnosis is so accurate, and my method of treatment perfected to such a degree that this is done in every case with the very best results. I have thousands of happy cured patients in all parts of the world, and will furnish their names upon request. Mrs. Aurelia P. Hise, 75 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y., cataracts; Mrs. S. C. Willard, Libertyville, Ill., cataracts; Mrs. C. H. Sweetland, Hamburg, Iowa, paresis of optic nerve; Mrs. Herman Burdick, Richland Center, Wis., hemorrhage of retina; A. J. Staley, Hynes, Cal., cataracts; W. W. Dinwiddie, Colbran, Colo., cataracts; Rev. Alfred Martin, Mapleton, Ia., cataracts; Mrs. E. M. Cooper, Ridgeway, Minn., ulcers, iritis, and obstruction of tear duct; E. Kaye Allison, care of Bank B. N. A., St. John, N. B., Canada, congestion optic nerve; are just a few who cured themselves at home with my Dissolvent Treatment applying the medicine themselves. They will be very glad to tell you all about their case if you will write them.

EYE DISEASES CURED WITHOUT SURGERY

My latest book on eye diseases—twenty-fourth edition—will be sent absolutely free of all charge upon request. It illustrates and describes all eye diseases, contains information of a general nature about the eyes, and will be of the utmost value to anyone having eye troubles. I straighten cross eyes by a new and painless method that is always successful. I want all who write to me to understand that by so doing they do not in any way obligate themselves to take my treatment. I am very much interested in knowing about every case of eye trouble, and it will give me the greatest pleasure to give you my written opinion of your own case if you will write and tell me about it. Address

**OREN ONEAL, M. D. Suite 511,
52 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.**

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Varicocele Cured at Home

PAINLESSLY, RAPIDLY and PERMANENTLY.

Men suffering from weakened nerve force, constant depression, gloomy forebodings, fast becoming unfitted for active business life, fail to attribute their deplorable state to the proper cause. They know they have Varicocele as they have suffered some discomfort on account of it, particularly while standing. But the evil effects due to Varicocele are so gradual that they neglect it until the entire system is undermined and they are forced to realize that something must be done to prevent them from breaking down completely. To such sufferers I say, don't fall into the hands of Quacks—don't submit to the knife—don't pay enormous sums to so-called specialists. After an exhaustive study of pelvic and nervous diseases extending through my entire medical life, I became convinced some years ago that Varicocele was the foundation of almost all nervous breakdowns among men. I then bent every energy toward the discovery of a cure for this disease, and two years ago succeeded in perfecting and patenting a simple mechanical device with which I have since cured 3621 cases. I guarantee this device to cure any case of Varicocele without inconvenience or loss of time from business.

I will send sealed my treatise on the cause, effect and cure of Varicocele, to any sufferer FREE OF CHARGE, or my device in a plain, sealed package, prepaid upon receipt of \$2.00.

MARK M. KERR, M. D.,

301 Park Building,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.



H. J. TILLOTSON, M. D.
The Master Specialist of Chicago, who Cures Varicocele, Hydrocele, and treats patients personally.
Established 1880.
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Varicocele Hydrocele

Cured to Stay Cured in 5 Days. No Cutting or Pain. Guaranteed Cure or Money Refunded.

VARICOCELE. Under my treatment this insidious disease rapidly disappears. Pain ceases almost instantly. The stagnant blood is driven from the dilated veins and all soreness and swelling subsides. Every indication of Varicocele vanishes and in its stead comes the pleasure of perfect health. Many ailments are reflex, originating from other diseases. For instance, innumerable blood and nervous diseases result from poisonous taints in the system. Varicocele and Hydrocele, if neglected will undermine physical strength, depress the mental faculties, derange the nervous system, and ultimately produce complicated results. In treating diseases of men I always cure the effect as well as the cause. I desire that every person afflicted with these or allied diseases write me so I can explain my method of cure, which is safe and permanent. My consultation will cost you nothing, and my charges for a perfect cure will be reasonable and not more than you will be willing to pay for the benefits conferred.

Certainty of Cure is what you want. I give a legal guaranty to cure or refund your money. What I have done for others I can do for you. I can cure you at home.

Correspondence Confidential. One personal visit at my office is preferred, but if it is impossible for you to call, write me your condition fully, and you will receive in plain envelope a scientific and honest opinion of your case. Free of charge. **My home treatment is successful.** My books and lectures mailed free upon application.

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DRUGS ARE USELESS

In the Cure of Complicated Pelvic Diseases

VARICOCELE and its concurrent or attending diseases never were, and never will be, cured by ordinary drugs. Applied either externally or internally, drugs usually prove, in such cases, either ineffectual or injurious. As all diseases of this class involve the very organs and nerves in man which are the most sensitive and delicate, it follows that they are the most difficult to reach—and by drug methods the slowest to respond to treatment. These diseases demand the personal care and attention of an expert specialist, and the patient who desires to be cured, once and for all, without loss of time, should enter a sanitarium devoted exclusively to the treatment of pelvic diseases.

The only institution of the kind in America is the Richardson Sanitarium. It provides every possible scientific equipment and facility for successfully administering the **Richardson Method**—the system which

has the unparalleled record of over 12,000 successful cures of Varicocele, and is the only positive and infallible cure for that treacherous disease.

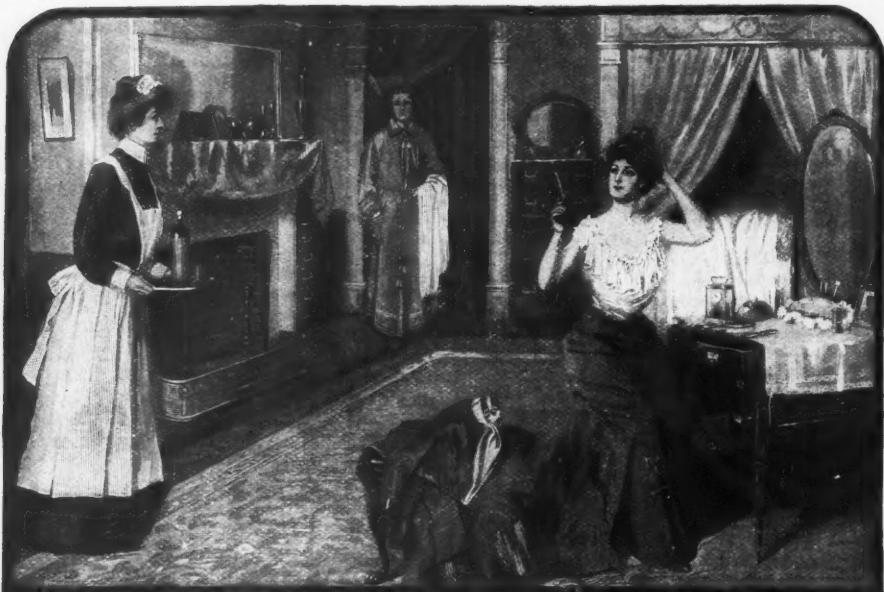
All patients are under my personal care and treatment, and enjoy the same quiet, comfort and privacy they would in their own homes. Charges are reasonable, considering the superior service and equipment. The treatment requires only from five to ten days in complicated cases, is perfectly safe, and absolutely curative.

A personal examination at my office in Chicago is most desirable, but to anyone desirous of a cure who will write to me a statement of his condition, I will send a copy of my latest treatise on Pelvic Diseases. Ten cents must be enclosed to cover postage. Every man who writes to me receives, without charge, my professional opinion of his case, and letters answered by

All consultations are given, and letters answered by

DELMER D. RICHARDSON, M.D., 124 Michigan Av. Chicago

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Good morning, Carrie. Thank you for bringing the Hunyadi Janos. Always be sure to get **Hunyadi Janos** (full name) and bring two glasses. My husband takes it before breakfast—half a tumbler. It always relieves him of **Constipation** as it does me of biliousness.

Superfluous Hair Removed AND GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED!



Write at once for **Kalpos**, the greatest achievement in modern chemistry. Failure impossible. It dissolves the hair when and where applied, as if by magic in a minute, without a particle of pain, injury or inconvenience. One application will remove every vestige of hair from the spot applied. Then follow special directions to destroy forever its growth. **Kalpos** is sold upon strict guarantee not to fall. Full course treatment sent plainly sealed, prepaid, for \$1. Stamps, cash or money-order.

AGENTS WANTED.

KALPOS MFG. CO.
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Manufacturers and Distributors of Standard Preparations.



HAIR-DYEING COMB

German patent; produces any shade by simply combing, without staining the scalp; harmless, durable, undetectable. Saves time and money. Practically demonstrated at our showroom. Write for particulars. Dept. 65, H. BIENEKE, 40 E. 124th St., New York.

NEW INVENTION.



Write for new booklet, Special Offer this month. Our new Quaker Folding Vapor Bath Cabinets, finest produced. Everybody delighted. Enjoy at home for 30 each all the marvelous cleansing, invigorating, curative effects of the famous Turkish Baths. Opens the 5,000,000 skin pores, purifies the entire system. Beats Hot Springs. Prevents disease. Saves Dr. bills. Cured thousands. Nature's drugless remedy for colds, grip, rheumatism, aches, pains, blood and skin diseases, Kidney trouble, children's diseases and female illa. Guaranteed. Sent on 30 days' trial. \$100.00 to \$200.00 a month. salesmen, managers, general agents. 100 per cent profit. Address,

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Perfect Curves



which give to women a beautiful figure, are produced quickly by **Vestro**. It fills out all hollow and flat places, adds grace and beauty to the neck, softens and clears the skin, adds charm and attraction to the plainest women. **Beautiful Women** everywhere owe their superb figures, perfect health and matchless loveliness to **Vestro**. Absolutely unfailing. Full information, new "Beauty Book," testimonials, etc., sealed in plain package for 2-cent stamp. Address:

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PROF. I. HUBERT'S MALVINA CREAM

"The one Reliable Beautifier"
Positively cures Freckles, Sun-burn, Pimples, Ringworm, and all imperfections of the skin, and prevents wrinkles. Does not merely cover up but eradicates them. **Malvina Lotion** and **Ichthyol Soap** should be used in connection with **Malvina Cream**. At all druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Cream 50c., postpaid; Lotion, 50c., express collect; Soap, 25c. postpaid. Send for testimonials. PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, CULTURE

A Clear Skin and a Good Figure are more to be desired than a Pretty Face

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to induce every woman who sees this advertisement to at least write to me. I have spent 12 years in prescribing **reducing, developing, and curative exercises** for women in person, and my marvelous success in my work and my desire to reach and help more women induced me to take up the course of physical culture by mail. I can take only a limited number of pupils, because I give each one my personal attention, and no two lessons are exactly alike; each woman receives just the work adapted to her individual needs—no more. I know that I can give you **Health, Strength, and a Good Figure**; relieve you from **NERVOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, TORPID LIVER, OBESITY, LEANNESS**, and all so-called chronic ailments, and build up women who are run down. I prefer to let my students speak for me, and the following extracts are from letters from my pupils:

"I am not nearly so nervous. My chest expansion is four inches, and the best of all I am gaining in weight."

"My height is increased a good inch. My hip measurement has reduced from 44 to 38 inches."

"It seems wonderful that the exercises could have helped me so much in a short time—the exercises for the eyes are so good, as are all your other exercises."

"My husband, who has been away for six weeks, was so surprised and delighted over my reduction and my improved figure."

"I never felt or looked as well as at the present time. I have not had an attack of indigestion and but one headache in six weeks, and compared with the previous weeks it is a miracle."

"My constipation is entirely relieved. I only wish I had known of your physical culture years ago. I should have been saved 10 or 12 years of suffering. Your breathing exercises are helping me greatly."

"I feel better in every way—lighter, brighter, and a desire to live. My nerves are better and my general health improved. My carriage is very materially better."

"Since I began working with you I have increased my chest expansion 8 inches, my diaphragm expansion from 2 to 5 inches, my bust measurement from 32 to 36. I have lengthened my front waist line 3 inches."

"My deep breathing has given my skin a new life and color."

"Never in my life have I been as well as I am now, and I am indeed grateful to you. My sister, who had not seen me for three months, was surprised at my changed appearance."

Hon. Wm. T. Harris, LL. D., U. S. Commissioner of Education, says: "It is the glory of the present revival of physical exercises that it is led by educated physicians. It is a new movement of the highest importance. It means the end of the era of quackery in hygiene."

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., LL. D., writes me: "Your thorough preparation for your work and your high aim must surely give you a worthy success."

My exercises cultivate the distinguished carriage and bearing which at once bespeak culture and refinement. Men cannot do this work for women. They do not understand our conditions nor limitations.

Write to me. For 10 cents I will send you full information regarding my system, and testimonial letters from numbers of women who have worked with me, an instructive and interesting booklet, and a card for your dressing-table, showing the correct lines of the woman's figure. Yours for a body expressing perfect health, perfect grace, and perfect womanhood.

SUSANNA COCROFT

Dept. 258, 57 Washington Street Chicago

NOTE: Miss Cocroft is President of the Extension work in physical culture. This position has given her a wide experience in personal work.



BOOK-KEEPING Stenography, etc., taught by mail. Positions for all graduates of complete commercial course. Outfit for Home Study, \$5. Catalogue free. C. C. GAINES, Box 655, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or 119 West 125th St., New York, N. Y.

PENMANSHIP Stenography and Book-keeping, complete course for Home Study in all three, \$5. Insures a beautiful hand. Situations for all graduates. Catalogue free. C. C. GAINES, Box 655, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or 119 West 125th St., New York, N. Y.

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We are the largest dealers in slightly used Pianos in the U. S. All the best makes in stock.
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A Portrait of Brahms
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MUSICAL RECORD AND REVIEW

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THE IMMENSE DAILY PRODUCT (6000) OF

The Ingersoll Dollar Watch?

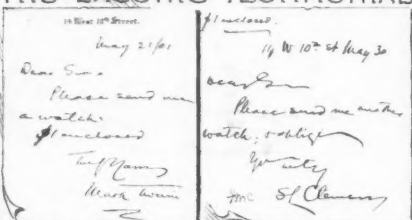
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Representative men of all callings who appreciate an accurate watch **BUY IT**. Its sales are not confined to any class—rich and poor alike, business men, professional men and laborers meet in recognition of the practical worth of the Ingersoll.

Absolutely guaranteed—Sold Everywhere.

MARK TWAIN

HIS LACONIC TESTIMONIAL



J.P. MORGAN

GRANDSTONE, N.Y.
J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Grandstone, N.Y., Sept. 1st, 1902.

Ingersoll 2706,
New York City.

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Enclosed please find U. S. Order for one dollar (\$1.00) and to return kindly send one of your "Traces", please.

Will you be so kind as to see that it is started early so the way here, as others that have been ordered from your house have taken such a time to get here.

I need 100 for registry.

Address,

J. Pierpont Morgan, R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
Grandstone, Ind.

Walter Dyer

NEW YORK

110 me up

Yours, etc

REGISTER RETURN RECEIPT

Received from the Treasurer of the U. S. Mint, New York, N. Y., the sum of \$1.00 for the purchase of one of your "Traces", please.

Addressed to J. P. Morgan

J. P. Morgan

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. DEPT. 53
51 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.



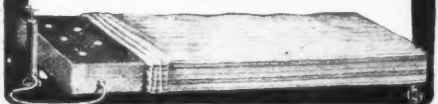
SWEET REST FOR THE INVALID.

We owe him every comfort, more especially one that aids materially in ultimate recovery.

"Perfection AIR Mattresses and Cushions

support each part of the body equally and obviate totally the fatigue and stiffness usually suffered by the patient. Are cool and induce no perspiration; soreness incidental to constant confinement is impossible. Damp-proof, odorless and hygienic. Mattresses for home, camp and yacht, and cushions for Invalid, Morris, Easy and Office Chairs are shown in our catalogue which we send free if you ask for Booklet I.

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"KLADDERADATSCH'S" IDEA OF EDWARD VII.



"THE STREETS OF BERLIN WILL BE NO LONGER CLEARED FOR EMPTY COURT CARRIAGES, BUT UNCLE SAM WILL OCCUPY THEM ON HIS GOLDEN CALF."

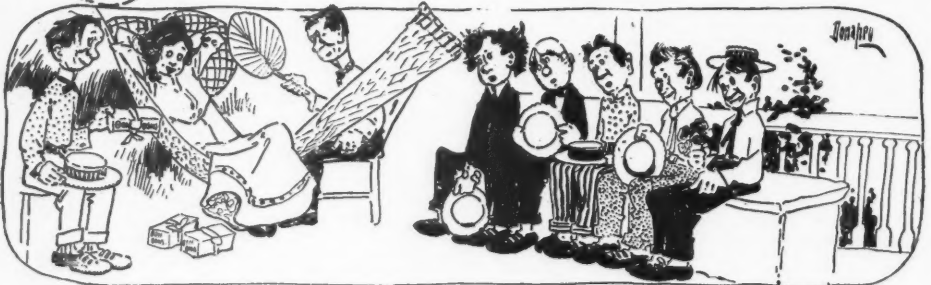
From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.



IF DIOGENES WERE HERE NOW, LOOKING FOR AN HONEST MAN—

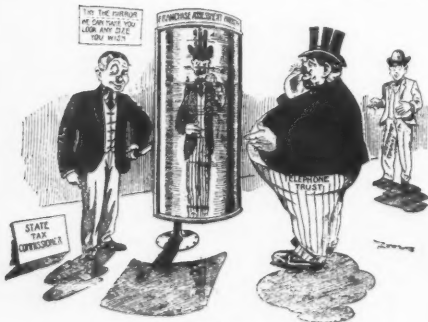
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GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



THE YOUNG LADY WHO SPENDS HER VACATION AT THE SEASHORE AND THE ONE WHO STAYS AT HOME.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



THE MAGIC MIRROR.

From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



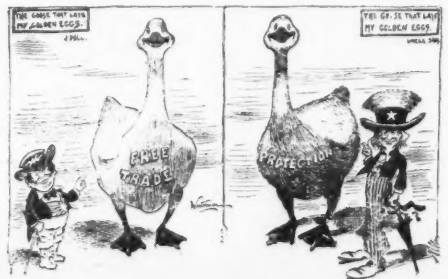
WHICH IS THE WAY TO MAKE THE WORLD HAPPY?

From the Denver Post.



THE VOICE OF THE COLOMBIAN CONGRESS, BUT THE HAND OF THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY TRUST.

From the Ohio State Journal.



TWO GEESE.

From the Ohio State Journal.

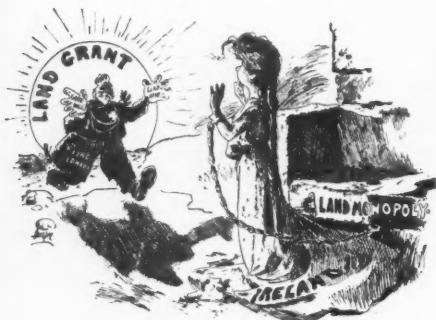
GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



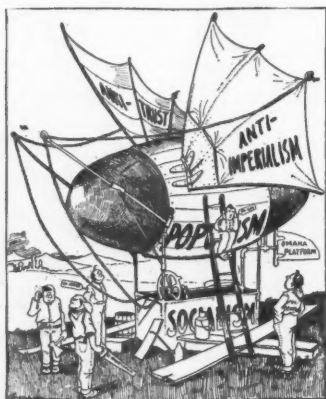
GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



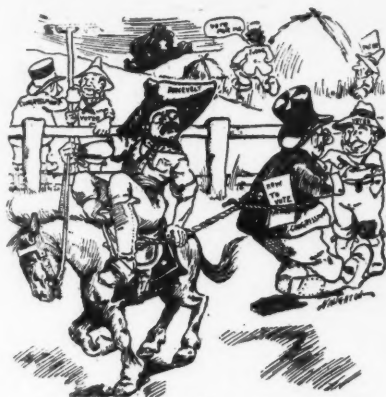
IT PAYS TO RIDE IN A SUBSTANTIAL BALLOON.
From the Ohio State Journal.



THE NEW DAWN.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



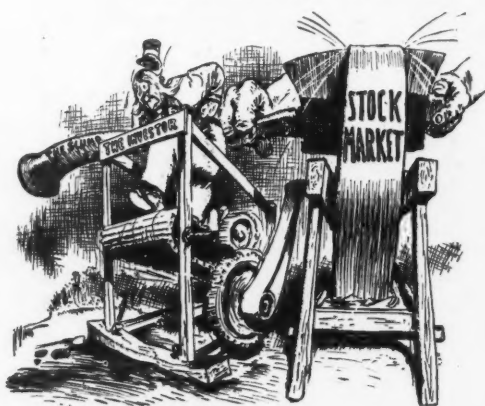
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MAKE A TRIAL TRIP.
From the Denver Republican.



IF THE PRESIDENT CALLS AN EXTRA SESSION.
From the Minneapolis Tribune.



A TRY-OUT ON WALL STREET.
From the Tacoma Daily Ledger.



WHOSE AX?
From the Boston Herald.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

HERE is the boiled down story of the **LOFTIS SYSTEM** of selling **Diamonds and Watches on Easy Payments** to people hundreds of miles away and of whom we never heard until receiving their request for our **Catalogue**. Our catalogue shows the finest genuine Diamonds mounted in every conceivable and artistic form, at prices considerably lower than the home jewelers would ask for spot cash. From our catalogue you select any Diamond that you would like for your- self, or which you would like to give a friend or loved one; send one-fifth of the price, and very soon thereafter it will be handed to you at your home or place of business, as you prefer, with all express charges fully paid. Now, examine it as critically as you like and if it is not the best bargain you ever saw in Diamonds, and perfectly satisfactory in every way—send it back at our expense, and your money will be refunded instantly.

You will want to keep it for you can do so and pay the balance in eight equal monthly payments. We charge no interest; require no security and create no publicity; everything is confidential, prompt and satisfactory. Some people prefer not to send money in advance, in which case we send the Diamond to their Express Office or Bank with all charges paid, where they may call and examine it and make the first payment. Most persons, however, prefer to see the Diamond at home and have absolute possession of it and the fullest opportunity for examination, before deciding to buy. Every Diamond sold is guaranteed in writing, and may be exchanged at full price for a larger stone at any time in the future. We frequently exchange for Diamonds which we sold ten or twenty years ago. You need not hesitate to accept any representation which we make, and you may assure yourself on this point by asking your local bank about us. They will refer to their Commercial Agency records and tell you that our reliability, promptness or responsibility is not questioned in the business world. **You can make no mistake in buying a Diamond or Watch from us for we guarantee satisfaction.** If you want a watch—we sell them on the same easy terms. We are perhaps the largest retailers of high-grade Watches in America. Diamonds are advancing rapidly in value and are the best investment in sight at present. As a method for saving small amounts monthly, there is nothing equal to a Diamond purchase. You have the security in your possession; you have all the pleasure and prestige that comes from wearing a Diamond, and you have a certain annual increase of from ten to twenty per cent in value. If you prefer to pay cash, we will give you a bill of sale with any Diamond, giving you the option of returning the Diamond at any time within one year and receiving spot cash for full amount paid, less ten per cent, the reasonable cost of doing business. **For Example:** You may wear a Fifty Dollar Diamond for a year, then send it back to us and receive \$45.00 in cash. You may have all the pleasure and prestige of wearing a beautiful Diamond a whole year for \$5.00 or less than ten cents per week.

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Established 1858

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"THE ONLY ONE THAT WORKS"

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**The Sun Never Sets on the Students
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Correspondence**



The map above shows the distribution in New Zealand of students of the American School of Correspondence. Every dot indicates a group of students. Wherever the knowledge of American prosperity, American industry and American enterprise has found its way, there will be found students of the American School of Correspondence.

The courses are Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Stationary, Locomotive and Marine Engineering, Architecture, Heating Ventilation and Plumbing, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing, Pen and Ink Rendering, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, Refrigeration, Telephony, Telegraphy, Navigation, and the Manufacture of Cotton and Woolen Cloth. They offer an opportunity to obtain instruction at home under the direction of members of the faculty of a resident engineering college of wide reputation.

The instruction papers are used as text books in the United States Government, in the School of Submarine Defence, Fort Totten, New York, and in a number of colleges and schools.

Our courses offer parents who have not the means to send their children to college, an opportunity to obtain for them a certain amount of technical training under men of acknowledged standing at a moderate cost.

If you are too far from a technical school or college to attend it,—if you must support yourself, or have others dependent on you,—if you have not the entrance qualifications demanded by a resident college of engineering, the courses of the American School provide a means of fitting yourself for a position requiring technical knowledge without leaving home or giving up your position.

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Is it worth while to put the finest material and workmanship on a sound foundation? The

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PIANO

Is the only piano with a solid cast-iron frame that makes the tone permanent and wonderfully clear and liquid. It makes it stand in tune. It warrants the exceptional workmanship that is put on the rest of the instrument. No other piano has this advantage. 46 years have proved its superiority, and earned its title

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TELEGRAPHY Stenography, etc., thoroughly taught. EASTMAN trains for practical work. Positions for all graduates. Complete Home Learner's telegraph outfit, \$5. Simplified shorthand by mail, \$2. Catalogue free. C. C. GAINES, Box 655, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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THE MAGIC HAND

A Modern Buzzer, or Madstone, for Developing the Muscles of the Face and Clearing the Complexion. A Marvellous Instrument Perfected by the World's Leading Dermatologist, for Self-Treatment and Beautifying the Skin. Sells on sight and application. Send for particulars.

Price, \$2.00. Agents Wanted.

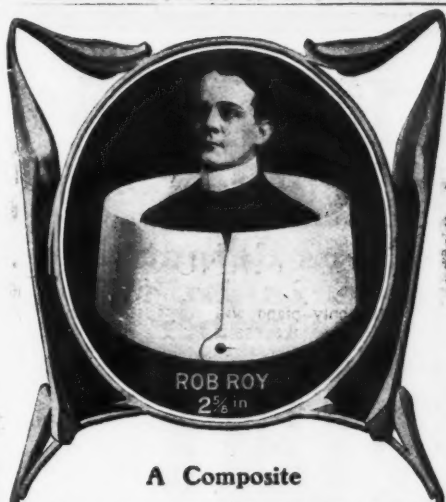
JOHN HUMPHREY, 105 W. 72d St., New York, Inventor of Magical Buzzer Soap and Cream. At dealers or by mail, 25c. Send 12 wrappers of either and I will send you a Magic Hand free.

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Men and women. Salesmen, managers, general agents for wonderful new invention. Harrison's Blue-Flame Wickless OIL-GAS STOVES, for cooking, baking, heating. Wonderful seller. Big profits. Generates oil-gas fuel from kerosene oil. Hottest blue flame gas fire. No wick. Cheapest fuel. Absolutely safe. Gasoline is dangerous. Catalogue FREE. Write for special offer and new plan. Address, **WORLD MFG. CO.,** 5577 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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Frost King and Frost Queen Chamois Vests

are worn by men and women who appreciate cold-weather comfort—who want protection against cold—damp winds and sudden changes; people who go out of doors on the coldest days—those who make it their duty to reduce the dangers of pneumonia and all chest and lung troubles to a minimum.

These garments are made of specially-tanned chamois skin; they cannot be made warmer—or better. Perfect fitting—light and comfortable. Price, \$3.00 each.

Ask your druggist to show you a Frost King or Frost Queen Chamois Vest. Look for the label—you'll find satisfaction. "Health and Comfort"—an interesting and descriptive booklet sent free upon request.

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**THE IMPROVED
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IS KNOWN AND WORN
Every Pair Warranted
The Name is stamped on every loop—
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Lies flat to the leg—never
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GEO. FROST CO., Makers,
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Send
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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

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Collars & Cuffs.
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Have You Tried Them?
Perfect in fit, never ragged or uncomfortable. Very convenient, stylish, economical. Made of fine cloth, and exactly resemble linen goods. Turn-down collars are reversible, and give double service.
NO LAUNDRY WORK.
When soiled, discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c. Send 6c. in U.S. stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.
REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 3, BOSTON.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

SHERLOCK HOLMES HAS RETURNED

The tale of the famous detective's
marvellous escape is in the
October Household Number of



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(ON SALE ALL MONTH)

It is the first of the *New Series* of his adventures
which *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* has written for
Collier's in response to an irresistible demand.

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By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

Is it not strange, knowing that starch is the most important factor in our foods, that we do not make more use of Corn Starch, which furnishes so much food value in a convenient form, easy of use, readily assimilated, and inexpensive?

The quality of the Corn Starch used, however, has much to do with its palatable taste and digestibility. Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, which has been used for 55 years, is of unquestioned purity, and never disappoints in results. Try this brand in the following receipt and see if Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is not well worth a prominent place in your pantry.

QUICK COFFEE CAKE.

Sift together twice, one cup of flour, one-half cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, one-third cup of sugar, three level teaspoons of baking powder and half a teaspoon each of salt and ground cinnamon. Mix to a soft dough with about half a cup of milk stirred into a well-beaten egg. Add four tablespoons of melted butter, spread in a shallow pan, sprinkle with sugar mixed with cinnamon and bake in moderate oven. Serve fresh.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

Londonderry Water

PURE
SPARKLING
DELICIOUS

THE FAVORITE
WITH EPICURES



SERVED AT ALL LEADING
CLUBS HOTELS AND CAFES

THE SPARKLING IN QUARTS, PINTS
AND SPLITS. THE STILL IN $\frac{1}{2}$ GALLON
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THE offer made every fall to New Subscribers by the Publishers of The Youth's Companion includes all the coming November and December issues as a gift, in addition to the 52 numbers of the subscription year. Therefore, New Subscribers for 1904 receive, as shown above,

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These, with the new volume, give the New Subscriber more than 700 large pages of the best reading—instructive, amusing, helpful in the forming of character. It is the paper in which every member of the family has a personal share. See below The Companion's

New Subscription Offer.

The New Subscriber who cuts out and sends this slip or the name of this Magazine at once with \$1.75 will receive all the issues of The Companion for November and December, 1903.

Free

The Double Numbers for Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's.
The Youth's Companion's "Springtime" Calendar for 1904, lithographed in twelve colors and gold.

Then the fifty-two issues of the Companion for 1904—a library of the best reading for every member of the family.

Full Announcement and Sample Copies of the Paper Free.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

School Children Should Drink

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Children require a nutritious, palatable table drink. It is well known that tea and coffee are injurious, as they impair both the digestion and nerves of a growing child. Horlick's Malted Milk is invigorating, healthful, upbuilds and strengthens the brain, nerves and muscles.

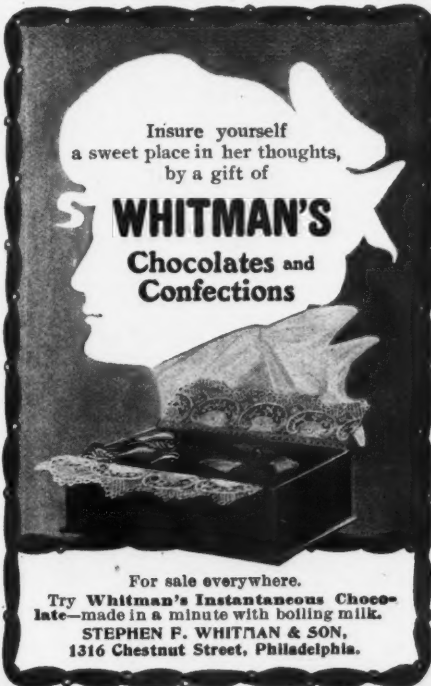
Horlick's Malted Milk contains, in the form of a tempting food-drink, pure, rich milk, from our own dairies, combined with an extract of the choicest grains. It is very nourishing, delicious, and easily digested. Put up in powder form, instantly prepared by stirring in hot or cold water, without further cooking or addition of milk.

In TABLET form, also, ready to eat as a quick school luncheon, or in place of candy, at recess, or between meals. In both natural and chocolate flavor.

Samples of powder or tablet form, or both, will be sent free upon request. All druggists sell it.

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Insure yourself
a sweet place in her thoughts,
by a gift of

WHITMAN'S

Chocolates and
Confections

For sale everywhere.
Try Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate—made in a minute with boiling milk.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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JELL-O

A Dainty
Dessert

in Four
Fruit
Flavors



"Mama calls me the JELL-O girl. She says I want it to eat every day. Now I am having lots of fun with the packages building a house for my doll."

Order a package from your grocer to-day. Four Fruit Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry. 10 cents.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

For Dessert

This Evening



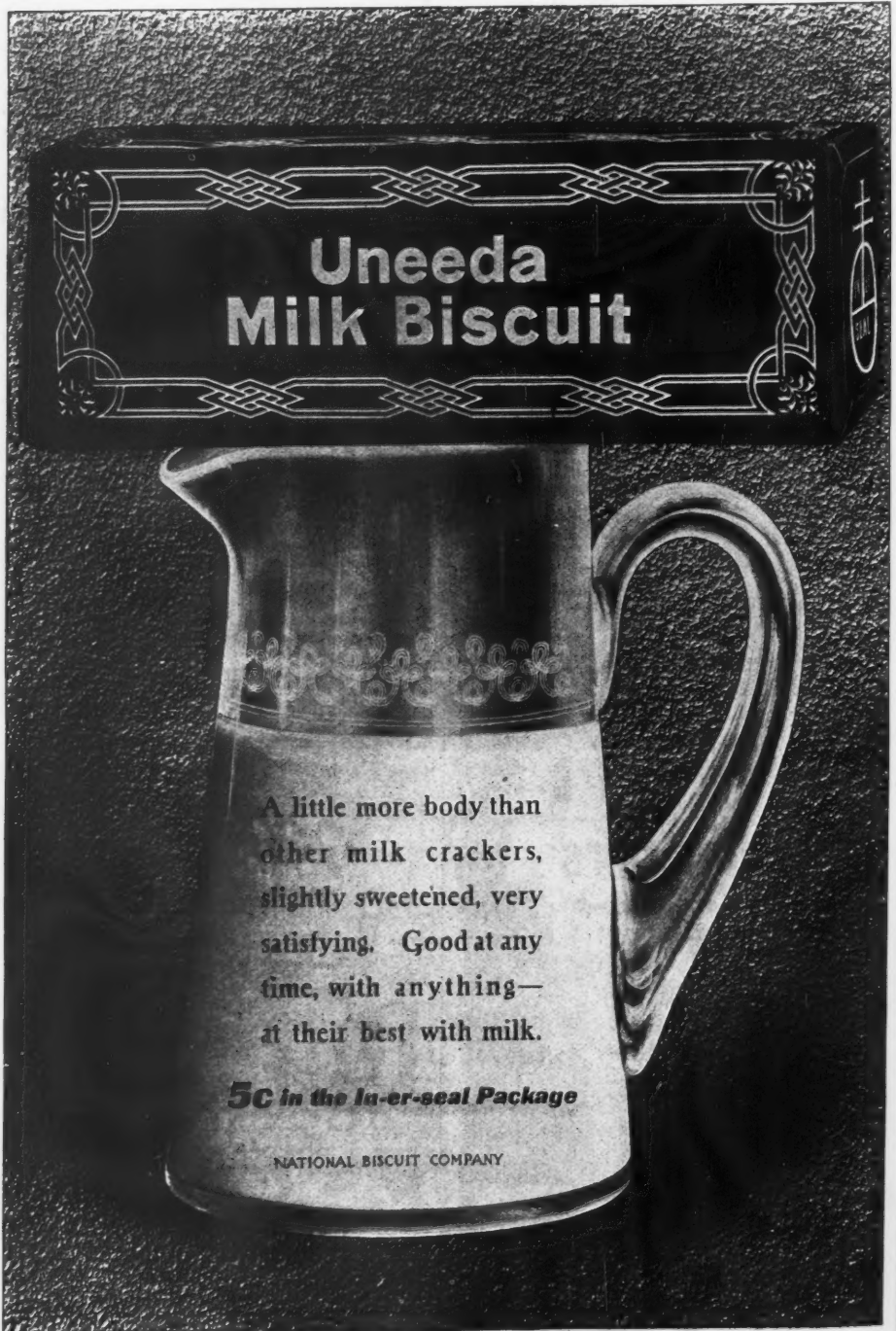
Impromptu Coconut Dessert.
Cover bottom of dish with sliced oranges, dust thickly with powdered sugar and layer of Dunham's Coconut; add layer of sugared oranges and coconut as desired. Cool 20 minutes and serve.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer.

Dunham's Coconut

more than any other preparation helps solve the dessert problem. Its delicate flavor and beautiful snow white appearance makes desserts delicious and tempting. These trade-marks on every package.

"Dainty Desserts," a booklet of 54 beautifully illustrated receipts, will help you. Drop a postal with your name and address.

Dunham Mfg. Co., 881 Pearl St., New York



**Uneeda
Milk Biscuit**

A little more body than
other milk crackers,
slightly sweetened, very
satisfying. Good at any
time, with anything—
at their best with milk.

5c in the In-er-seal Package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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Karo

CORN SYRUP

The new table delicacy with a new flavor. A pure, wholesome, delicious product of corn with all the strength-giving elements of the grain retained.

Karo Corn Syrup

A fine food for feeble folks.

A table delight for morning, noon or night. Unlike ordinary syrup, its purity is protected, cleanliness assured, goodness guaranteed, by airtight, friction-top tins.

Best for *every* home use—from griddle cakes to candy.

The Great Spread for Daily Bread.

At all grocers in three sizes, 10c, 25c and 50c tins.

CORN PRODUCTS CO.,
New York and Chicago.



This half-tone reproduction of "Autumn Riches" only partially conveys the beauty and design of the lithographed plaques.

The four Season Plaques containing no advertising and the Calendar Plaque make beautiful and artistic decorations.

The Anheuser-Busch Art Plaques With Calendar Plaque for 1904

AT GREAT expense, Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n has secured from the brush of the celebrated color artist, A. Von Beust, a series of magnificent oil paintings, representing the artist's conception of the four seasons. These are reproduced with splendid fidelity as to detail and coloring, in the form of four plaques, "Spring Breezes," "Summer Flowers," "Autumn Riches," "Winter Winds," and an additional plaque containing the twelve monthly calendars for 1904. The five plaques are each 12 inches in diameter, lithographed in the highest style of art, fourteen printings on finest ivory china-finished cardboard, with relief embossing, giving the effect of hammered metal rims.


The five plaques will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in money or stamps sent to the Malt-Nutrine Department, Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Malt-Nutrine

A food in liquid form easily assimilated by the weakest stomach. Invaluable to nursing mothers and feeble children, gives appetite, health and vigor to the weak and ailing. Sold by druggists and grocers.



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SHREDDED W^{WHOLE}HEAT BISCUIT

Makes Strong, Healthy Children.

BE ALERT where the welfare of your children is concerned. If you want them to become vigorous manly men and strong womanly women safeguard their health with the Natural Food—*Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit*—the only naturally porous (digestible) food made from wheat. In this natural builder is contained the exact food counterpart of every element of the body and in the same proportion—that is why it is called the Natural Food.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is crisp and compels thorough mastication which strengthens the teeth and insures perfect digestion.

Dr. Francis H. Plummer, Chelsea, Mass., says:

"Your product has been in constant use in my family for a long time. It is a perfect food from a physiological standpoint and aside from that, it has the additional merit of being an appetizing addition to one's menu. I can especially commend it as a very desirable addition to the dietary of any family."

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The Finest Cleaner-Made

(11 yrs. for mkt.)

A Scouring Soap. A Metal Polish. A Glass Cleaner.

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**CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR**

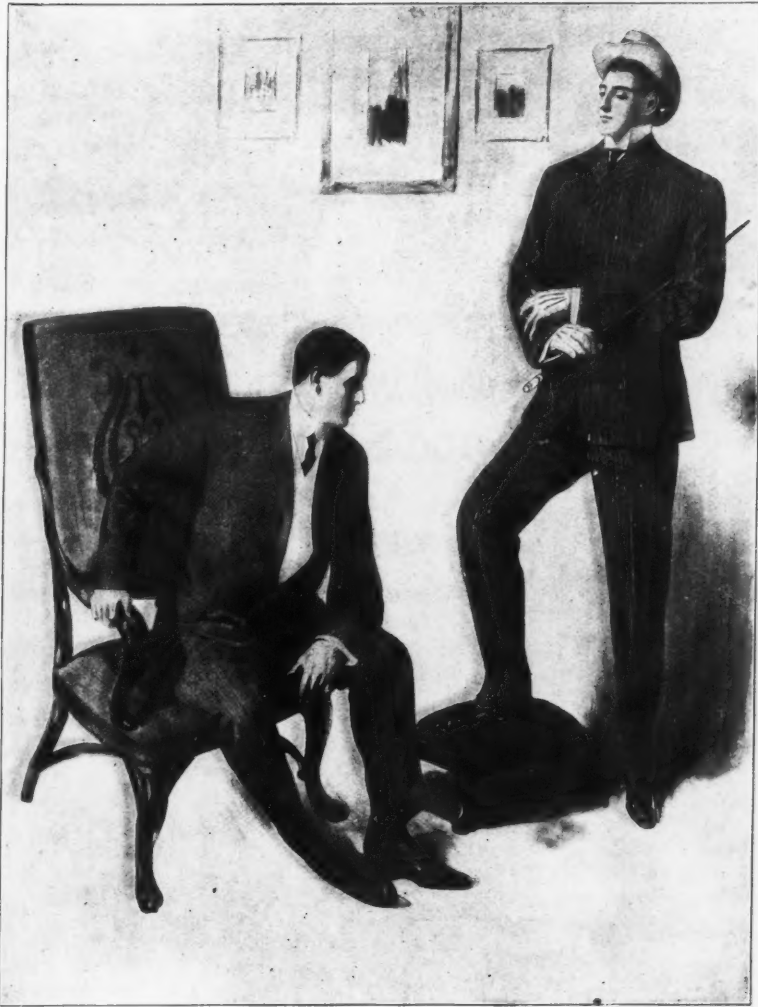


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Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

"CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR" is packed in neat, sealed boxes, and is NEVER sold in bulk. It is packed at the refinery and opened in the household;—there is no intermediate handling. Hence, no dirt, no waste, no possible adulteration. Every piece alike—and every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. When buying this sugar remember that the sealed package bears the design of a "Domino" Mask, "Domino" Stones, the name of "Crystal Domino," as well as the names of the manufacturers. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. You will be better pleased when you have tried it in your tea, coffee, etc. It is sold by ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS, and is manufactured only by HAVEMEYERS & ELDER SUGAR REFINERY, NEW YORK.

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THE "KENT" and THE "SAXON" SUITS
are two of the neat and graceful Fall and Winter Garments in
KUPPENHEIMER GUARANTEED CLOTHES

There are many handsome Suits and Overcoats made from superior fabrics in a manner to please the most fastidious. Most of the up-to-date clothiers can and would be pleased to show them to you.

The Review of Fashions, Vol. III, shows the new garments; sent to anyone anywhere for the asking.

B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO., America's Leading Clothes Makers
CHICAGO **NEW YORK** **BOSTON**

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"Good Diet with Wisdom" means Good Soup with Dinner

With a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef at hand you have the basis of all good soup ready for instant use. Anyone can make delicious thick or thin soup with it in a few moments, and it's economical. It will be relished by the children as well as the grown up. Try it at luncheon and dinner for one or two months and cut down your household expenses.

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

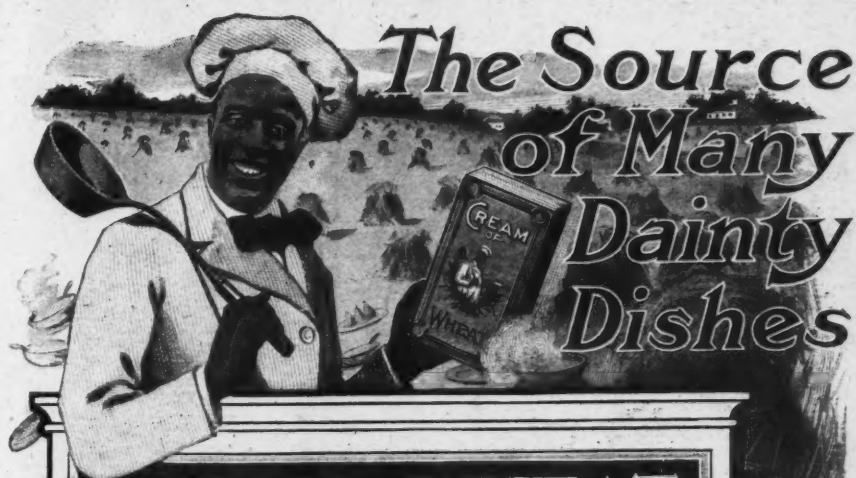
is the pure essence of Beef highly concentrated; it will go twice as far as the cheaper brands for making Soups, Sauces, Beef Tea and for all culinary purposes.

When ordering be sure you specify **ARMOUR'S**.

ARMOUR & COMPANY, CHICAGO



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The Source of Many Dainty Dishes

CREAM *of* WHEAT

knows no seasons...
or special mealtimes.

It makes not only...
a dainty breakfast
dish but a hundred
delicious desserts...

A bright cook becomes
a magician with CREAM
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If Coffee causes your physical aches and ails—

What's that? Coffee?

Yes, that's what we said.

You can convince yourself when you find the delicious bound and spring of returning health in ten days after you leave off Coffee and take on Postum Food Coffee.

There's a reason.

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MADE IN OUR OWN FACTORIES AND SOLD WITH GUARANTEE OF BETTER SATISFACTION THAN COMES WITH HATS OFFERED AT NEARLY TWICE OUR

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ACCREDITED AGENTS EVERYWHERE

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The amount of beef used in the Liebig Company's Factories in a single day is sufficient to feed two million people.

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is the best Hair Restorative known. It is also a most excellent Hair Dressing. The sweet and refined odor which it leaves in the hair makes it a toilet luxury. 4 oz. bottle, 50c.—8 oz. bottle, \$1.00.

ED. PINAUD'S latest exquisite perfume
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is admitted by connoisseurs to be the most delicate embodiment of the violet odor ever produced. SOLD EVERYWHERE.
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have been established over 80 YEARS. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new

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